OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS ENGLISHED.

Charles BY Aldworth

GEO. SANDYS.

His Book

The Seventh Edition.

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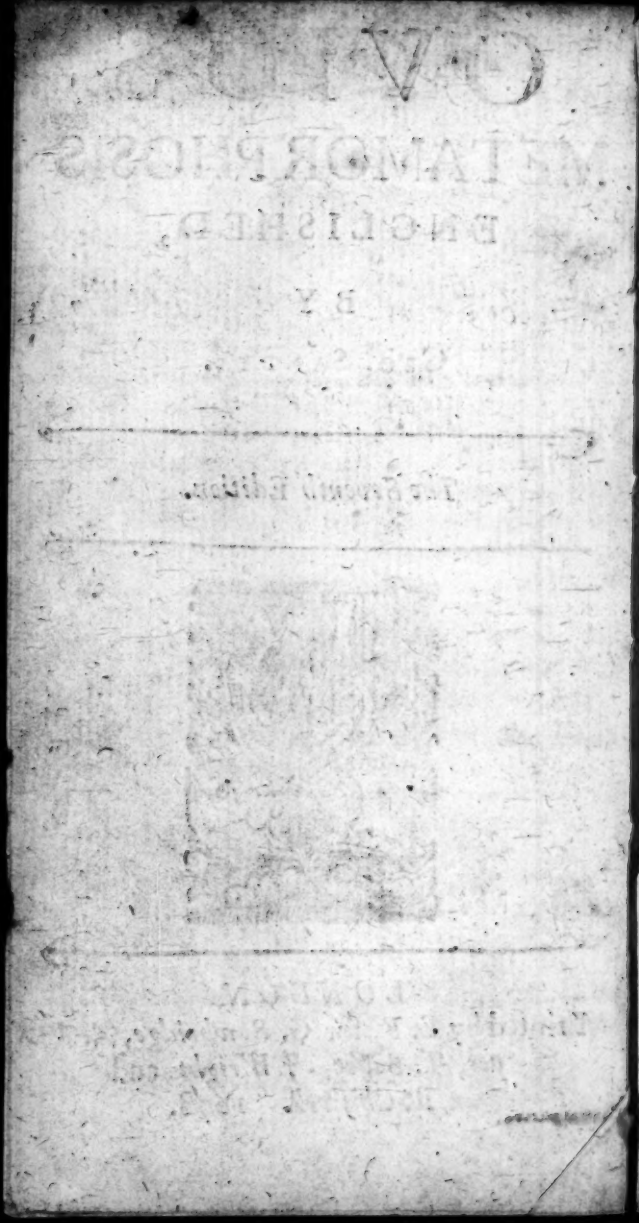

TO THE
Most High and Mighty Prince
CHARLS,
King of Great *Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*.

SIR,

YOur Gracious Acceptance of the first Fruit of my Travels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happiness, hath actuated both Will and Power to the finishing of this Piece; being limn'd by that unperfect Light which was snatcht from the hours of the Night and Repose: For the Day was not mine, but dedicated to the Service of your Great Father and Your self; which had it proved as fortunate, as faithfull in me and others more worthy, we had hoped, e're many Years had turned about, to have presented you with a rich and well-peopled Kingdom, from whence now, with my self, I onely bring this Composure,

Inter Victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

It needeth more then a single Denization, being a double Stranger sprung from the Stock of the ancient Romans, but bred in the New world, of the rudeness whereof it cannot but participate; especially having Wars & Tumults to bring it to light, in stead of the Muses. But however unperfect, Your Favor is able to supply, and to make it worthy of Life, if You judge it not unworthy of Your Royal Patronage. Long may you live to be, as You are, the Delight and Glory of Your People: and slowly, yet surely, exchange Your mortal Diadem for an immortal. So wishes

Your Majesties most humble Servant,

GEORGE SANDYS

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

The World form'd out of Chaos. *Man is made.*
The Ages change. The Giants Heav'n invade.
Earth turns their Bloud to Men. Jove's *Flames con-*
Lycaon, *now a Wolf. The World is drown'd.* *(found*
Mankind caſt Stones reſtore: All-quickning Earth
Renews the reſt, and gives new Monſters Birth.
Apollo Python *kills: heart-wounded, loves*
Luſt-flying Daphne: *She a Laurel proves.*
Jove Io *made a Cow, to maſk foul Deeds.*
Hermes *a Herdſman,* Syrinx *chang'd to Reeds.*
Dead Argus *Eyes adorn the Peacock's Train.*
The Cow to Io Jove *transforms again.*

OF Bodies chang'd to other ſhapes I ſing.
Aſſiſt, you Gods, (from you theſe Changes ſpring)
And from the World's firſt Fabrick to theſe (Times
Deduce my never-diſcontinued Rhymes.
The Sea, the Earth, all-covering Heav'n unfram'd,
One face had Nature, which they *Chaos* nam'd:
An undigeſted Lump; a barren Load,
Where jarring Seeds of things ill-joyn'd abode.
No *Titan* yet the World with Light adorns;
Nor waxing *Phœbe* fill'd her wained Horns;

Nor hung the self-pois'd Earth in thin Air plac'd;
Nor *Amphitrite* the vast Shore imbrac'd.
With Earth was Air and Sea: the Earth unstable,
The Air was dark, the Sea unnavigable:
No certain form to any one assign'd:
This That resists. For in one body joyn'd,
The Cold and Hot, the Dry and Humid fight,
The Soft and Hard, the Heavy with the Light.
But God, the better Nature, this decides,
Who Earth from Heav'n, the Sea from Earth divides;
And purer Heav'n extracts from grosser Air.
All which unfolded by his prudent Care
From that blind Mass, and happily dis-joyn'd,
With strifeless Peace He to their Seats confin'd.
Forthwith up sprung the quick and weightless Fire,
Whose flames unto the highest Arch aspire.
The next, in Levity and place, is Air.
Gross Elements to thicker Earth repair,
Self-clogg'd with weight. The Waters flowing round
Possess the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.
What God soever this Division wrought,
And every part to due Proportion brought;
First, lest the Earth unequal should appear,
He turn'd it round in figure of a Sphear.
Then Seas diffus'd, commanding them to roar
With ruffling Winds, and give the Land a Shore.
To those he added Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;
And Rivers, whom their winding Borders fence.
Of these not few Earth's thirsty Jaws devour;
The rest their Streams into the Ocean pour;
When in that liquid Plain, with freer Wave,
The foamy Cliffs in stead of Banks they lave.
Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plains extend,
The rocky Mountains rise, and Vales descend.
Two equal Zones, on either side, dispose
The measur'd Heav'ns; a fifth, more hot then those.
As many lines th'included Globe divide.
I'th' midst unsufferable Beams reside:
Snow cloaths the other two: the Temperate hold
'Twixt these their Seats, the Heat well mixt with Cold.
As Earth, as Water upper Air out-weighs;
So much doth Air Fire's lighter balance raise.
There he commands the changing Clouds to stray;
There thundring terrours mortal minds dismay;

And,

And, with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow:
Yet not permitted every way to blow,
Who hardly now to tear the World refrain,
(So Brothers jarr) though they divided reign.
To *Perſis* and *Sabæa Eurus* flies,
Whoſe Gums perfume the bluſhing Morn's up-riſe.
Next to the Evening, and the Coaſt that glows
With ſetting *Phœbus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blows.
In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his Reign,
Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Wain.
The Land to this oppos'd doth *Auſter* ſteep
With fruitfull ſhowrs, and Clouds which ever weep.
Above all theſe he plac'd the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly Dregs, did higheſt riſe.
Scarce had he all thus orderly diſpos'd,
Whenas the Stars their radiant Heads diſclos'd,
(Long hid in Night) and ſhone through all the Skie.
Then, that no place ſhould unpoſſeſſed lie,
Bright Conſtellations and fair-figured Gods
In Heav'nly Manſions fixt their bleſt Abodes:
The glittering Fiſhes to the Flouds repair,
The Beaſts to Earth, the Birds reſort to Air.
The nobler Creature, with a Mind poſſeſt,
Was wanting yet, that ſhould command the reſt.
That Maker, the beſt World's Original,
Either him fram'd of Seed Celeſtial:
Or Earth, which late he did from Heav'n divide,
Some ſacred Seeds retain'd to Heav'n ally'd;
Which with the living Stream *Promethem* mixt,
And in that artificial Structure fixt
The form of all th' all-ruling Deities.
And whereas others ſee with down-caſt Eyes,
He with a lofty Look did Man indue,
And bade him Heav'n's tranſcendent Glories view.
So that rude Clay, which had no Form afore,
Thus chang'd, of Man the unknown Figure bore.
The *Golden Age* was firſt; which uncompell'd,
And without Rule, in Faith and Truth excell'd.
As then there was nor Puniſhment nor Fear;
Nor threatning Laws in Braſs preſcribed were;
Nor ſuppliant crouching Priſ'ners ſhook to ſee
Their angry Judge: but all was ſafe and free.
To viſit other Worlds no wounded Pine
Did yet from Hills to faithleſs Seas decline.

Then un-ambitious Mortals knew no more,
But their own Countrie's Nature-bounded Shore.
Nor Swords nor Arms were yet: no Trenches round
Besieged Towns, nor strifefull Trumpets sound:
The Souldier of no use. In firm Content
And harmless Ease their happy daies were spent.
The yet-free Earth did of her own accord
(Untorn with Plows) all sorts of fruit afford.
Content with Nature's un-enforced Food,
They gather Wildings, Straub'ries of the Wood,
Sour Cornels, what upon the Bramble grows,
And Acorns, which *Jove*'s spreading Oak bestows.
'Twas alwaies Spring: warm *Zephyrus* sweetly blew
On smiling Flowers which without setting grew.
Forthwith the Earth Corn (unmanured) bears,
And every year renews her golden Ears.
With Milk and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,
And Honey from green Holly-Oaks distill'd.
But after *Saturn* was thrown down to Hell,
Jove rul'd; and then the *Silver Age* befell:
More base then Gold, and yet then Brass more pure.
Jove chang'd the Spring (which alwaies did endure)
To Winter, Summer, Autumn, hot and cold:
The shortned Springs the Year's fourth part uphold.
Then first the glowing Air with fervour burn'd;
The Rain to Ice-icles by bleak Winds turn'd.
Men Houses built, late hous'd in Caves profound,
In plashed Bowers and Sheds with Osiers bound.
Then first was Corn into long Furrows thrown,
And Oxen under heavy Yoaks did groan.
Next unto this succeeds the *Brazen Age*;
Worse-natur'd; prompt to horrid War and Rage;
But yet not wicked. Stubborn Ir'n the last.
Then blushless Crimes which all degrees surpast
The World surround Shame, Truth and Faith depart
Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art;
Force, Treason, and the love of wicked Gain. (strain;
Their Sails those Winds which yet they knew not
And Ships, which long on lofty Mountains stood,
Then plow'd th'impractis'd Bosom of the Floud.
The Ground as common earst as Light or Air,
By Limit-giving Geometry they share.
Nor with rich Earth's just nourishments content,
For Treasure they her secret Intralls rent.

The

The powerfull Evil which all Power invades,
By her well hid and wrapt in *Stygia* shades,
Curst Steel, more curséd Gold, she now forth brought;
And bloudy-handed War, who with both fought.
All live by Spoil. The Hoſt his Gueſt betraies;
Sons, Fathers-in-law: 'twixt Brethren Love decaies.
Wives Husbands, Husbands Wives attempt to kill;
And cruel Step-mothers pale Poiſons fill.
The Son his Father's haſty Death deſires:
Foil'd Piety, trod under foot, expires.
Aſtræa, laſt of all the Heav'nly Birth,
Affrighted leaves the Bloud-defil'ed Earth.
And that the Heav'ns their ſafety might ſuſpect,
The Giants now celeſtial Thrones affect;
Who to the Skies congeſted Mountains rear.
Then *Jove* with Thunder did *Olympus* tear;
Steep *Pelion* from under *Oſſa* thrown.
Preſt with their Burthen their huge Bodies groan,
And with her Children's Bloud the Earth imbru'd:
Which ſhe, ſcarce throughly cold, with Life indu'd,
And gave thereto, t' uphold her Stock, the Face
And Form of Man: a God-contemning Race,
Greedy of Slaughter, not to be withſtood;
Such as well ſhews that they were born of Bloud.
Which when from Heav'n *Saturnius* did behold,
He ſigh'd, revolving what was yet untold
Of fell *Lycaon*'s late inhumane Feaſt.
Juſt Anger, worthy *Jove*, inflam'd his Breaſt.
A Synod call'd, the ſummoned appear.
There is a Way well ſeen when Skies be clear,
The *Milky* nam'd; by this the Gods reſort
Unto th'Almighty Thunderer's high Court.
With ever-open Doors, on either hand,
Of noble Deities the Houſes ſtand:
The Vulgar dwell diſperſt: the chief and great
In Front of all their ſhining Manſions ſeat.
This glorious Roof I would not doubt to call
(Had I but boldneſs lent me) Heav'n's *White-hall*.
All ſet on Marble Seats, he leaning on
His Ivory Sceptre, in a higher Throne,
Did twice or thrice his dreadfull Treſſes ſhake;
(The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake)
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, ſpake:

I was not more perplext in that ſad time
For this World's Monarchy, when, bold to climb,
The Serpent-footed Giants durſt invade,
And would on Heav'n their hundred Hands have laid.
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that War depend
But of one Body, and had ſoon an end.
Now all the Race of Man I muſt confound,
Where-ever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round.
And this I vow by thoſe infernal Floods
Which ſlowly glide through ſilent *Stygian* Woods.
All Cures firſt tought; ſuch Parts as Health reject
Muſt be cut off, leſt they the ſound infect.
Our Demi-Gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyrs, Fawns,
Who haunt clear Springs, high Mountains, Woods an
(Since yet on them we pleaſe not to beſtow (Lawn
Celeſtial Dwellings) muſt ſubſiſt below.
Think you, you Gods, they can in ſafety reſt,
When me (of Lightning and of you poſſeſt,
Who both at our Imperial pleaſure ſway)
The ſtern *Lycaon* practis'd to betray?
All bluſter, and in Rage the Wretch demand.
So when bold Treaſon ſought with impious hand
By *Cæſar's* Bloud t' out-race the *Roman* Name,
Mankind and all the World's affrighted Frame
Aſtoniſh'd at ſo great a Ruine, ſhook:
Nor thine for thee leſs thought, *Auguſtus*, took,
Then they for *Jove*. He, when he had ſuppreſt
Their Murmur, thus proceeded to the reſt:
He hath his Puniſhment; remit that Care.
The manner how, I will in brief declare.
The Times accus'd, (but as I hop'd bely'd)
To try, I down from ſteep *Olympus* ſlide.
A God, tranſform'd like one of Humane birth,
I wandred through the many-peopled Earth.
'Twere long to tell what Crimes of every ſort
Swarm'd in all parts; the truth exceeds Report.
Now paſt den-dreadfull *Mœnalus* Confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines,
There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when doubtfull Light
Drew on the dewy Chariot of the Night,
I entred his unhoſpitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their Pray'rs reſort,
When I by Signs had ſhewn a God's repair.
Lycaon firſt derides their zealous Pray'r;

The

Then said, We straight th' undoubted truth will try,
Whether he be immortal, or may die.
In dead of Night, when all was whist and still,
Me in my Sleep he purposed to kill:
Nor with so foul an Enterprise content,
An Hostage murthers from *Molossia* sent.
Part of his sever'd, scarce-dead Limbs he boils;
Another part on hissing Embers broils.
This set before me, I the House o'erturn'd
With vengefull Flames, which round about him burn'd.
He, frighted, to the silent Desart flies;
There howls, and Speech with lost endeavour tries.
His self-like Jaws still grin: more then for Food
He slaughters Beasts, and yet delights in Blood.
His Arms to Thighs, his Cloaths to Bristles chang'd;
A Wolf; not much from his first form estrang'd.
So hoary hair'd, his Looks so full of Rape,
So fiery ey'd, so terrible his Shape.
One House that Fate, which all deserve, sustains:
For through the World the fierce *Erinnys* reigns;
Youl'd think they had conspir'd to sin. But all
Shall swiftly by deserved Vengeance fall.
Jove's words a Part approve, and his Intent
Exasperate; the rest give their Consent.
Yet all for Man's Destruction griev'd appear,
And ask what Form the widowed Earth shall bear;
Who shall with Odours their cold Altars feast.
Must Earth be onely by wild Beasts possest?
The King of Gods recomforts their Despair,
And biddeth them impose on him that Care;
Who promis'd, by a strange original
Of better People, to supply their Fall.
And now about to let his Lightning fly,
He fear'd lest so much Flame should catch the Sky,
And burn Heav'n's Axle-tree. Besides, by Doom
Of certain Fate he knew the time should come,
When Sea, Earth, ravisht Heav'n, the curious Frame
Of this World's mass, should shrink in purging Flame.
He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts rejects,
And different-natur'd Punishments elects:
To open all the Floud-gates of the Sky,
And Man by Inundation to destroy.
Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* Prison laid,
And those dry Blasts which gathered Clouds invade,

Out flies the South, with dropping Wings, who shrouds
His terrible Aſpect in pitchy Clouds; (Showrs,
His white Hair ſtreams, his Beard big-ſwoln with
Miſts bind his Brows, Rain from his Boſom pours.
As with his Hands the hanging Clouds he cruſht,
They roar'd, and down in Showrs together ruſht.
All-colour'd *Iris*, *Juno*'s Meſſenger,
To weeping Clouds doth Nouriſhment confer.
The Corn is lodg'd, the Husbandmen deſpair;
Their long Year's Labour loſt with all their Care.
Jove not content with his Æthereal Rages,
His Brother's auxiliary Flouds ingages.
The Streams convented; 'Tis too late to uſe
Much ſpeech, ſaid *Neptune*; all your Powers effuſe,
Your Doors unbar, remove whate're reſtrains
Your liberal Waves, and give them the full Reins.
Thus charged, they return, their Springs unfold,
And to the Sea with headlong fury roll'd.
He with his Trident ſtrikes the Earth: the ſhakes,
And way for Water by her motion makes.
Through open Fields now ruſh the ſpreading Flouds,
And hurry with them Cattel, People, Woods,
Houſes, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
What ſuch a Force (un-overthrown) oppos'd,
The higher-ſwelling Water quite devours,
Which hides th' aſpiring Tops of ſwallow'd Towr's.
Now Land and Sea no different Viſage bore;
For all was Sea, nor had the Sea a Shore.
One takes a Hill: one in a Boat deplores,
And where he lately plow'd, now ſtrikes his Oars;
O're Corn, o're drowned Villages he ſails.
This from high Elms intangled Fiſhes hales.
In Fields they Anchor caſt, as Chance did guide;
And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide.
Where Mountain-loving Goats did lately graze,
The Sea-calf now his ugly Body laies.
Groves, Cities, Temples, cover'd by the Deep,
The Nymphs admire: in Woods the Dolphins keep,
And chaſe about the Boughs: the Wolf doth ſwim
Amongſt the Sheep: the Lion (now not grim)
And Tigres tread the Waves: ſwift Feet no more
Avail the Hart, nor wounding Tusks the Boar.
The wandring Birds, hid Earth long ſought in vain,
With weary Wings deſcend into the Main.

Licen.

Licencious Seas o're drowned Hills now fret,
And unknown Surges airie Mountains beat.
The Waves the greater part devour; the reſt
Death with long-wanted Suſtenance oppreſt.
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitfull when a Land,
Divides *Aonia* from th' *Actæan* Strand;
But now a part of the inſulting Main,
Of ſudden-ſwelling Waters a vaſt Plain.
There his two Heads *Parnaſſus* doth extend
To touched Stars, whoſe Tops the Clouds tranſcend.
On this *Deucalion*'s little Boat was thrown:
With him his Wife: the reſt all overflown.
Corycian Nymphs and Hill-gods he adores;
And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
None was there better, none more juſt then he:
And none more reverenc'd the Gods then ſhe.
Jove when he ſaw that all a Lake was grown,
And of ſo many thouſand Men but one,
One of ſo many thouſand Women, left,
Both guiltleſs, pious both, and all bereft,
The Clouds (now chas'd by *Boreas*) from him throws,
And Earth to Heaven, Heaven unto Earth he ſhews.
Nor Seas perſiſt to rage: their awfull Guide
The wild Waves calms, his Trident laid aſide;
And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Deep,
(Whoſe Mantle Nature did in purple ſteep)
And bids him his loud-ſounding ſhell inſpire,
And give the Flouds a ſignal to retire.
He his wreath'd Trumpet takes (as given in charge)
That from the turning bottome grows more large:
To which when he gives breath, 'tis heard by all,
From far-upriſing *Phœbus* to his fall.
When this the watery Deity had ſet
To his large mouth, and ſounded a retreat;
All Flouds it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:
And all the Flouds, that heard the ſame, withdrew.
Seas now have Shores: full Streams their channels keep:
They ſink, and hills above the waters peep.
Earth re-aſcends: as Waves decreaſe, ſo grow
The forms of things, and late-hid Figures ſhew.
And after a long day, the trees extend
Their bared tops; with mud their branches bend.
The World's reſtor'd. Which when in ſuch a ſtate,
So deadly ſilent, and ſo deſolate,

Deucalion ſaw, with Tears which might have made
Another Floud, he thus to *Pyrrha* ſaid:
O Siſter! O my Wife! the poor remains
Of all thy Sex, which all in one contains!
Whom humane Nature, one Paternal Line,
Then one chaſt Bed, and now like Dangers joyn!
Of what the Sun beholds from Eaſt to Weſt
We two are all: the Sea intombs the reſt.
Nor yet can we of life be confident;
The threatning Clouds ſtrange Terrours ſtill preſent.
O what a heart wouldſt thou have had, if Fate
Had ta'n me from thee, and prolong'd thy Date!
So wild a Fear, ſuch Sorrows, ſo forlorn
And comfortleſs, how couldeſt thou have born?
If Seas had ſuck'd thee in, I would have follow'd
My Wife in death, and Seas ſhould me have ſwallow'd.
O would I could my Father's Cunning uſe,
And Souls into well-modell'd Clay infuſe.
Now all our mortal Race we two contain,
And but a Pattern of Mankind remain.
This ſaid, both wept; both Pray'rs to Heav'n ad-
And ſeek the Oracle in their Diſtreſs. (dreſs,
Forthwith deſcending to *Cephiſus* Floud,
Which in known Banks now ran, though thick with
They on their Heads and Garments water throw, (Mud,
And to the Temple of the Goddeſs go,
At that time all defil'd with Moſs and Mire;
The unfrequented Altar without Fire.
Then humbly on their Faces proſtrate lay'd,
And kiſſing the cold Stones, with fear thus pray'd:
If Powers Divine to juſt Deſires conſent,
And angry Gods do in the end relent,
Say, *Themis*, how ſhall we our Race repair?
O, help the drown'd in Water and Deſpair.
The Goddeſs, with Compaſſion mov'd, reply'd,
Go from my Temple; both your Faces hide;
Let Garments all unbraced looſly flow;
And your great Parent's Bones behind you throw.
Amaz'd, firſt *Pyrrha* Silence breaks, and ſaid,
By me the Goddeſs muſt not be obey'd;
And, trembling, Pardon craves: her Mother's Ghoſt
She fears would ſuffer, if her Bones were toſt.
Meanwhile they ponder and re-iterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.

Then

Then *Promethides Epimethida*
Thus recollecteth, lost in her Dismay:
Or I the Oracle misunderstand,
Or the just Gods no wicked thing command.
The Earth is our great Mother; and the Stones
Therein contain'd I take to be her Bones.
These, sure, are those we should behind us throw.
Although *Titania* thought it might be so,
Yet she misdoubts. Both with weak Faith rely
On aiding Heav'n. What hurt was it to try?
Departing with Heads veil'd and Cloaths unbrac't,
Commanded Stones they o're their Shoulders cast.
Did not Antiquity avouch the same,
Who would believ't? the Stones less hard became:
And as their natural Hardness them forsook,
So by degrees they Man's Dimensions took,
And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast;
And yet not manifestly Man expreſt:
But like rough-hewn, rude marble-Statues stand,
That want the Work-man's last Life-giving hand.
The Earthy parts, and what had any Juice,
Were both converted to the Body's use:
Th' unflexible and solid turn to Bones:
The Veins remain that were when they were Stones.
Those thrown by Man the form of Men indue:
And those were Women which the Woman threw.
Hence we a hardy Race, inur'd to pain:
Our Actions our Original explain.
All other Creatures took their numerous Birth
And Figures from the voluntary Earth.
When that old Humour with the Sun did sweat,
And slimy Marishes grew big with Heat;
The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mother's Wombe,
From quickning Earth both Growth and form assume.
So when seven-chanell'd *Nile* forsakes the Plain,
When ancient Bounds retiring Streams contain,
And late-left Slime ætherial Fervours burn,
Men various Creatures with the Glebe up turn.
Of those, some in their very time of Birth;
Some lame; and others half alive, half earth.
For Heat and Moisture, when they temperate grow,
Forthwith conceive, and Life on things bestow.
From striving Fire and Water all proceed:
Discording Concord's ever apt to breed.

So

So Earth, by that late Deluge muddy grown,
When on her Lap reflecting *Titan* ſhone,
Produc'd a world of Forms; reſtor'd the late,
And other unknown Monſters did create.
Huge *Python*, thee againſt her will ſhe bred;
A Serpent whom the new-born people dread;
Whoſe Bulk did like a moving Mountain ſhow.
Behold, the God that bears the Silver Bow
(Till then inur'd to ſtrike the flying Deer,
Or the ſwift Roe, who every ſhadow fear)
That Terrour with a thouſand Arrows ſlew,
And through black Wounds the clouted Poiſon drew.
Then leſt the well-deſerved memory
Of ſuch a Praiſe in future times ſhould die,
He inſtituteth celebrated Games
Of free contention, which he *Pythia* names.
Who ran, who wraſtled beſt, or rak'd the ground
With ſwifteſt Wheels, the Oaken Garland crown'd.
The Laurel was not yet: all ſorts of Boughs
Phœbus then bound about his radiant Brows.
Peneian Daphne was his firſt belov'd.
Not Chance, but *Cupid*'s Wrath, that fury mov'd.
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late Conqueſt) ſaw,
As he his pliant Bow began to draw;
And ſaid, Laſcivious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and theſe Arms, too manly far for thee!
Such ſuit our Shoulders, whoſe ſtrong Arm confounds
Both Man and Beaſt with never-miſſing Wounds;
That *Python* briſtled with thick Arrows quell'd,
Who o're ſo many poys'ned Acres ſwell'd.
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
Deſires we know not; nor our praiſes claim.
Then *Venus* Son; Self-praiſed ever be:
All may thy Bow trans-fix, as mine ſhall thee.
So far as Gods exceed all earthly Powr's,
So much thy glory is excell'd by ours.
With that he breaks the Air with nimble Wings,
And to *Parnaſſus* ſhady Summer ſprings:
Two different Arrows from his Quiver draws,
One Hate of Love, the other Love doth cauſe.
What caus'd was ſharp, and had a golden Head:
But what repuls'd was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
The God this in *Peneia* fixt: that ſtruck
Apollo's Bones, and in his Marrow ſtuck.

Forth-

Forthwith he loves; a Lover's name ſhe flies:
And, emulating un-wed *Phœbe*, joys
In Spoils of ſavage-Beaſts and Sylvan *Lares*;
A fillet binding her neglected Hairs.
Her many ſought: but ſhe, averſe to all,
Unknown to Man, not brooking ſuch a Thrall,
Frequents the pathleſs Woods; and hates to prove,
Nor cares to hear, what *Hymen* is, or Love.
Oft ſaid her Father, Daughter, thou doſt owe
A Son-in-law who Nephews may beſtow.
But ſhe, who Marriage as a Crime eſchew'd,
(Her Face with bluſhing Shamefac'dneſs imbu'd)
Hung on his Neck with fawning Arms, and ſaid,
Dear Father, give me leave to live a Maid:
This Boon *Diana*'s Sire did her afford.
He, too indulgent, gave thee his Accord:
But thee thy Excellency countermands;
And thy own Beauty thy Deſire withſtands.
Apollo loves, and fain would *Daphne* wed.
What he deſires, he hopes; and is miſs-led
By his own Oracles. As Stubbles burn,
As Hedges into ſudden blazes turn,
Fire ſet too near, or left by chance behind
By Paſſengers, and ſcatter'd with the wind:
So ſprings he into Flames: a Fire doth move
Through all his Veins; Hope feeds his barren Love.
He on her Shoulders ſees her Hair untreſt.
O what, ſaid he, if theſe were neatly dreſt!
He ſees her Eyes, two Stars, her Lips which kiſs
Their happy ſelves, and longs to taſt their Bliſs:
Admires her Fingers, Hands, her Arms half-bare;
And Parts unſeen conceives to be more rare.
Swifter then following Winds away ſhe runs,
And him, for all this his Intreaty ſhuns.
Stay, Nymph, I pray thee ſtay: I am no Foe.
So Lambs from Wolves, Harts fly from Lions ſo;
So from the Eagle ſprings the trembling Dove:
They from their Deaths; but my purſuit is Love.
Wo's me, if thou ſhouldſt fall, or Thorns ſhould race
Thy tender Legs, whilſt I inforce the Chace!
Theſe Roughs are craggy: moderate thy Haſt;
And, truſt me, I will not purſue ſo faſt.
Yet know who 'tis you pleaſe: no Mountaineer,
No home-bred Clown, nor keep I Cattel here.

From

From whom thou fly'ſt thou knowſt not, (ſilly Fool!)
And therefore fly'ſt thou. I in *Delphos* rule;
Ionian Claros, Lycian Patara,
And Sea-girt *Tenedos* do me obey.
Jove is my Father. What ſhall be, hath been,
Or is, by my inſtructive Rays is ſeen.
Immortal Verſe from our Invention ſprings,
And how to ſtrike the well-concording Strings.
My Shafts hit ſure: yet he one ſurer found
Who in my empty Boſom made this Wound.
Of Herbs I found the Virtue; and through all
The World they me the great Phyſician call.
Ay me, that Herbs can Love no Cure afford!
That Arts, relieving all, ſhould fail their Lord!
More had he ſaid, when ſhe, nimble with Dread,
From him and his unfiniſht Courtſhip fled.
How gracefull then! the Wind, that obvious blew,
Too much betray'd her to his amorous View,
And play'd the Wanton with her fluent Hair.
Her Beauty by her Flight appear'd more rare.
No more the God will his Intreaties loſe,
But, urg'd by Love, with all his force purſues.
As when a Hare the ſpeedy Grey-hound ſpies,
His Feet for Prey, ſhe hers for Safety plies;
Now bears he up, now, now he hopes to fetch her,
And with his Snout extended ſtrains to catch her:
Not knowing whether caught or no, ſhe ſlips
Out of his wide-ſtretch'd Jaws and touching Lips.
The God and Virgin in ſuch Strife appear;
He quickned by his Hope, ſhe by her Fear.
But the Purſuer doth more nimble prove,
Enabled by th' induſtrious Wings of Love.
Nor gives he time to breathe: now at her Heels,
His Breath upon her dangling Hair ſhe feels.
Clean ſpent and fainting, her affrighted Blood
Forſakes her Cheeks. She cries unto the Flood,
Help, Father, if your Streams contain a Power.
May Earth, for too well pleaſing, me devour:
Or, by transforming, O deſtroy this Shape,
That thus betrays me to undoing Rape.
Forthwith a Numneſs all her Limbs poſſeſt,
And ſlender Films her ſofter Sides inveſt,
Hair into Leaves, her Arms to Branches grow:
Her late ſwift Feet, now Roots, are leſs then ſlow.

Her

Her gracefull Head a leafy Top ſuſtains.
One Beauty throughout all her Form remains.
Still *Phœbus* loves. He handles the new Plant,
And feels her Heart within the Bark to pant;
Imbrac'd the Tree, as he would her have done,
And kiſt the Boughs: the Boughs his Kiſſes ſhun.
To whom the God, Although thou canſt not be
The Wife I wiſh'd; yet ſhalt thou be my Tree.
Our Quiver, Harp, our Treſſes never ſhorn,
My Laurel, thou ſhalt evermore adorn;
And Brows triumphant, when they *Io* ſing,
And to the Capitol their Trophies bring.
Thou ſhalt defend from Thunder's b'aſting ſtroke
Auguſtus Doors, on either ſide the Oak.
And as our un-cut Hair no Change receives;
So ever flouriſh with unfading Leaves.
Here *Pean* ends. The Laurel all allows:
In ſign whereof her gratefull Head ſhe bows.
A pleaſant Grove within *Æmonia* grows,
Call'd *Tempe*, which high ragged Cliffs incloſe.
Through this *Penem*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raves,
And from the bottom rowls with foaming Waves,
That by ſteep Down-falls, tumbling from on high,
Ingender Miſts, which Smoak-like upward fly;
That on the dewy tops of Trees diſtill,
And more then neighbouring Woods with Noiſes fill.
Here, in a Cave, his Court and reſidence
The great Floud keeps, here Juſtice doth diſpenſe
To Streams, and gentle Nymphs that Streams frequent.
The Flouds that native were with one conſent
Firſt thither came, as yet at ſelf-Debate,
Whether to comfort or congratu'ate.
Cool *Sperchius*, ſlow *Amphryſus*, *Apidan*,
Swift *Æas*, *Enipeus* that troubled ran.
Then forthwith thoſe who (as their Sources bend)
To Seas their Waves (with Wandring weary) ſend.
All but old *Inachus*; who in his Cave's
Obſcure Receſs with Tears augments his Waves;
For *Io* mourns as loſt; nor yet knows he
Whether above or under Earth ſhe be:
But ſhe, whom he not any-where could find,
He thinks is no-where: Fear diſtracts his Mind.
As from her Father's Streams the Nymph return'd,
Saturnius, ſeeing her, in Paſſion burn'd.

O Vir-

O Virgin worthy *Jove*, whose Bed must bless
What God I know not, though a man no less;
Here in these Woods, said he, or these repose,
Whilst thus the World with fainting Fervour glows.
Nor fear among the Savages to venture:
A God protecting, thou maist safely enter.
Nor one of vulgar Rank; but he that bears
Heav'n's Scepter, and the Clouds with Thunder tears.
O! fly not. (For she fled.) The pastures past
Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcea*'s gloomy Wast,
He in the Air a sable Cloud display'd,
Caught, and devirginates the struggling Maid.
Meanwhile with wonder *Juno* doth survey
Those dusky Clouds that made a Night of Day:
And finding that they neither took their birth
From vap'rous Streams, nor from the humid Earth,
For her mist Husband searcheth Heav'n, as one
To whom his Stealths so often had been known.
Whom when she could not find, Deceiv'd am I,
Or wrong'd, she said. Down from th' enamell'd Sky
She slides to Earth. The foggy Clouds withdraw
At her command. Her coming *Jove* foresaw,
And changes *Inachis* into a Cow;
Whose Form even *Juno* pleas'd, demanding how
She thither came, whose was she, of what Herd;
As ignorant of what she more then fear'd.
Jove feigns (her Importunity to shift)
Her born of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the Gift.
What should he doe? be cruel to his Love?
Or, by denying her, Suspicion move?
Shame that persuades, and Love doth this dissuade.
But stronger Love Shame under foot hath laid.
Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny
His Wife and Sister, 'twould the Fraud descry.
Obtain'd, not forthwith Fear the Goddess left,
Distrusting *Jove*, and jealous of his Theft,
Untill delivered to *Argus* guard.
An hundred Eyes his Head's large circuit start'd;
Whereof, by turns, at once two onely slept;
The other watch'd, and still their stations kept.
Which way so e're he stands, he *Io* spies;
Io, behind him, was before his Eyes.
By day she graz'd abroad: *Sol* under ground,
He hous'd her, in unworthy Halter bound.

On

On Leaves of Trees and bitter Herbs she fed;
(Poor soul!) the Earth, not always green, her Bed;
And of the Torrent drinks. With Hands up-heav'd
She thought to beg for Pity: how deceiv'd!
She low'd, when she began to make her Moan;
And trembled at the Voice which was her own.
Unto the Banks of *Inachus* she stray'd;
Her Father's Banks where she so oft had play'd.
Beholding in his Stream her horned Head,
She starts, and from her self, self-frighted, fled.
Her Sisters nor old *Inachus* her knew.
Which way so-e're they went, she would pursue,
And suffer them to stroke her; and doth move
Their wonder with her strange expressed Love.
He brought her Grass: she gently lick'd his Hands,
And kist his Palms; nor longer tears withstands.
And had she then had Words, she had display'd
Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his Aid.
For Words, she Letters with her foot impress
Upon the Sand, which her sad Change profest.
Wo's me, cry'd *Inachus*, (his Arms and throws
About her snowy Neck) O wo of woes!
Art thou my Daughter, throughout all the Round
Of Earth so sought, that now, not found, art found?
Less was thy Loss, less was my Misery:
Dumb wretch, (alas!) thou canst not make reply.
Yet, as thou canst, thou dost: thy Lowings speak,
And deep-fetch'd Sighs that from thy Bosom break.
I, ignorant, prepar'd thy Marriage-bed:
My hopes a Son-in-law and Nephews fed.
Now from the Herd thy Issue must descend.
Nor can the length of time my Sorrows end,
Accurst, in that a God. Death's sweet relief
Hard Fates deny to my immortal Grief.
This said, his Daughter (in that shape belov'd)
The Star-ey'd *Argus* far from thence remov'd;
When, mounted on a Hill, the wary Spy
Surveys the Plains that round about him lie.
The King of Gods those Sorrows she endur'd
Could brook no longer, by his fault procur'd;
But calls his Son, of fulgent *Pleias* bred,
Commanding him to cut off *Argus* Head.
He wings his Heels, puts on his Felt, and takes
His drousie Rod, the Tow'r of *Jove* forsakes,

And,

And, winding, ſtoops to Earth. The changed God
His Hat and Wings lays by, retains his Rod,
With which he drives his Goats, (like one that feeds
The bearded Herd) and ſings t' his ſlender Reeds.
Much taken with that Art, before unknown,
Come, ſit by me, ſaid *Argus*, on this Stone:
No place affordeth better Paſturage,
Or Shelter for the Sun's offenſive rage.
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obey,
And with diſcourſe protracts the ſpeedy Day:
Then, ſinging to his Pipe's ſoft Melody,
Endeavours to ſubdue each wakefull Eye.
The Herds-man ſtrives to conquer urgent Sleep:
Though ſeiz'd on half, the other half do keep
Obſervant Watch. He asks who did invent
(With that he yawn'd) that late-found inſtrument.
Then thus the God his charmed Ears inclines:
Amongſt the *Hamadryade Nonacrines*
(On cold *Arcadian* Hills) for Beauty fam'd
A *Naias* dwelt, (the Nymphs her *Syrinx* nam'd)
Who oft deceiv'd the Satyrs that purſu'd,
The rural Gods, and thoſe whom Woods include;
In Exerciſes and in chaſt Deſire
Diana-like, and ſuch in her Attire.
You either in each other might behold;
Save that her Bow was Holm, *Diana*'s Gold:
Yet oft miſtook. *Pan* crown'd with Pines, returning
From ſteep *Lycæus*, ſaw her, and, Love-burning,
Thus ſaid, Fair Virgin, grant a God's Requeſt,
And be his Wife. He ceaſt to tell the reſt.
She from his Prayers fled, as from her Shame,
Till to ſmooth *Ladon*'s ſandy Banks ſhe came:
There ſtopt; implores the liquid Siſters Aid,
To change her Shape, and pity a forc'd Maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claſpt
Between his Arms, Reeds for her Body graſpt.
He ſighs: they, ſtirr'd therewith, report again
A mournfull Sound, like one that did complain.
Rapt with the Muſick, Yet, O ſweet, (ſaid he)
Together ever thus converſe will we.
Then of unequal wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd
This ſeven-fold Pipe: of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.
Thus much about t' have ſaid, *Cyllenius* ſpies
How leaden Sleep had ſeal'd up all his Eyes.

Then,

Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes
Their languisht Lights, which sounder Sleep provokes;
And with his Faulchion lops his nodding Head:
Whose Bloud besmear'd the hoary Rock with red.
There lies he, of so many Lights the Light
Put forth; his hundred Eyes set in one Night.
Yet that those starry Jewels might remain,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacock's Train.
Inflam'd with Anger and impatient Hast,
Before sad *Io*'s eyes and thoughts she plac'd
Erinnys Snakes; and through the World doth drive
The Conscience-stung, affrighted Fugitive.
Thou, *Nile*, to her long Toilan end didst yield.
Approaching thee, she on thy Margent kneel'd;
Her Looks (such as she had) to Heav'n up throws.
With Tears, Sighs, Sounds (expressing wordless Woes)
She seem'd *Jove* to accuse, as too ingrate,
And to implore an end of her hard Fate.
He clips his Wife, and her intreats to free
Th' unjustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)
She never more shall cause thy Grief or Fear.
His Vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters hear.
Appeas'd, the Nymph recover'd her first Look,
So fair, so sweet: the Hair her Skin forsook;
Her Horns decrease; large Eyes, wide Jaws contract;
Shoul'ders and Hands become again exact;
Her Hoofs to Nails diminish: nothing now,
But that pure White, retains she of the Cow.
Then on her Feet her body she erects,
Now born by two. Her self she yet suspects,
Nor dares to speak aloud, lest she should hear
Her self to low, but softly tries with Fear.
Now she, a Goddess, is ador'd by those
That shine in linen Stoles where *Nilus* flows.
Hence sprung *Jove*'s *Epaphus*; no less divine;
Whose Temples next unto his Mother's joyn.
Equal in Years (nor equal Spirit wants)
The Sun-got *Phaeton*; who proudly vaunts
Of his high Parentage, nor will give place.
Inachides puts on him this Disgrace:
Fool, you your Mother trust in things unknown,
And of a Father boast that's not your own.
Vext *Phaeton* blusht: his Shame his Rage repells:
Who straight to *Clymene* the Slander tells;

And,

And, Mother, ſaid he, (to your grief's increaſe)
I, free, (and he ſo lofty) held my peace;
Aſham'd that ſuch a tainture ſhould be lay'd
Upon my bloud, that could not be gainſaid.
But if I be deſcended from above,
Give proof thereof, and this Reproach remove.
He hangs about her Neck; by her own Head,
By *Merops*, by his Siſter's Nuptial Bed,
Intreats her to produce ſome certain Gage,
That might aſſure his queſtion'd Parentage.
Mov'd with her Son's Intreaty, more inflam'd
With indignation to be ſo defam'd,
She caſts her Arms to Heaven; and looking on
Sol's radiant Orb, thus ſaid: I ſwear, my Son,
By yon fair Taper that ſo bright appears
With far-projected Beams, who ſees and hears;
That Sun whom thou behold'ſt, who Light and Heat
Affords th' informed World, did thee beget.
If not, may he to me deny his Sight;
And to my Eyes let this be his laſt Light.
Nor far removed doth his Palace ſtand;
His firſt Upriſe confines upon our Land:
If that thy heart do ſerve thee, thither goe,
And there thy Father of thy Father know.
Hereat joy'd *Phaeton* enlightned grew,
Whoſe tow'ring thoughts no leſs then Heav'n purſue.
His *Æthiopia* paſt, and *Inde* which fries
With burning Beams, he climbs the Sun's Upriſe.

OVIDS

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raſh Phaeton *fires the World. His Siſters mourn*
His Tragedy; who into Poplars turn;
Their Tears to Amber; Cygnus *to a Swan.*
Jove Phœbe-*like,* Caliſto *found a man:*
Her, Juno *made a Bear: She, and her Son,*
Advanced Stars, that ſtill the Ocean ſhun.
Coronis, *now a Crow, flies* Neptune's *fright,*
Nyctimene *is made the Bird of Night.*
The too-officious Raven, late ſo fair,
Is plum'd with black. Ocyroë *grows a Mare.*
Phœbus *a Herdſman:* Mercury, *twice ſuch;*
Who turns betraying Battus *into Touch.*
Envious Aglauros, *to a Statue, full*
Of her mind's ſpots. Love Jove *converts t' a Bull.*

SOL's lofty Palace on high Pillars rais'd
Shone all with gold, & ſtones that flame-like blaz'd:
The Roof of Ivory, divinely deckt;
The two-leav'd ſilver doors bright raies project.
The Workmanſhip more admiration crav'd:
For curious *Mulciber* had there ingrav'd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orbed Ground,
The arched Heavens. Blew Gods the billows crown'd.

Shape-

Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* ſhrill, the tall
Big-brawn'd *Ægæon* mounted on a Whale,
Gray *Doris*, and her Daughters, heavenly-fair:
Some ſit on Rocks, and dry their Sea-green Hair;
Some ſeem upon the dancing Waves to glide;
Others on backs of crooked Filhes ride.
Amongſt them all no two appear the ſame,
Nor differ more then Siſters well became.
The Earth had ſalvage Beaſts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, Satyrs, rural Gods, and cryſtal Flouds.
Above all theſe Heav'n's radiant Image ſhines,
On both ſides deck'd with ſix refulgent Signs.
To this bold *Phaeton* made his Aſcent,
And to his doubted Father's preſence bent;
Yet forc'd to ſtand aloof: for mortal ſight
Could not endure t'approach ſo pure a Light.
Sol, cloath'd in purple, ſits upon a Throne
Which clearly with tralucent Emeralds ſhone.
With equal-reigning Hours on either hand,
The Daies, the Months, the Years, the Ages ſtand:
The fragrant Spring with flowry Chaplets crown'd:
Wheat-ears the brows of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumn ſmear'd with cruſht *Lyæus* Bloud:
Next hoary headed Winter quivering ſtood.
Much daunted at theſe ſacred Novelties,
The fearfull Youth all-ſeeing *Phœbus* ſpies;
Who ſaid, What hither drew thee, *Phaeton*,
Who art, and worthily, my deareſt Son?
He thus reply'd, O thou refulgent Light,
Who all the World rejoyceſt with thy ſight,
O Father, (if allow'd to uſe that name,
Nor *Clymene* by thee diſguiſe her Shame,)
Produce ſome Sign that may my Birth approve,
And from my thoughts theſe wretched Doubts remove.
He from his Brows his ſhining Raies diſplac'd,
And, bidding him draw near, his Neck imbrac'd,
By Merit, as by Birth, to thee is due
That name, ſaid he, and *Clymene* was true.
To clear all Doubts, ask what thou wilt, and take
Thy granted With. Bear witneſs, thou dark Lake,
The Oath of Gods, unto our eyes unknown.
Theſe words no ſooner from his Lips were flown,
But he demands his Chariot, and the ſway
Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.

The

The God repents him of the Oath he made,
And, ſhaking his illuſtrious Treſſes, ſaid,
Thy Tongue hath made mine erre, thy Birth unbleſt.
O, would I could break promiſe. This Requeſt,
I muſt confeſs, I onely would deny.
And yet, diſſuade I may. Thy Death doth lie
Within thy with. What's ſo deſir'd by thee
Can neither with thy Strength nor Youth agree.
Too great Intentions ſet thy thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortal, doſt no mortal thing deſire;
Through Ignorance affecting more then they
Dare undertake who in *Olympus* ſway.
Though each himſelf approve; except me, none
Is able to ſupply my burning Throne.
Not that dread Thunderer who rules above
Can drive theſe Wheels: and who more great then *Jove?*
Steep is the firſt Aſcent, which in the prime
Of ſpringing Day freſh Horſes hardly climbe.
At Noon through higheſt Skies their courſe they bear,
Whence Sea and Land even we behold with fear.
Then down the Hill of Heav'n they ſcour amain
With deſperate Speed, and need a ſteady Rein;
That *Tethys*, in whoſe wavy Bowers I lie,
Each Evening dreads my downfall from the Skie.
Beſides, the Heav'ns are daily hurried round,
That turn the Stars to other Motions bound.
Againſt this Violence my way I force,
And counter-run their all-o're-bearing Courſe.
My Chariot had, can thy frail Strength aſcend
The obvious Poles, and with their force contend?
No Groves, no Cities fraught with Gods, expect;
No marble Fanes with wealthy Offerings deckt.
Through ſalvage Shapes and Dangers lies the way:
Which couldſt thou keep, and by no errour ſtray;
Between the Bull's ſharp Horns yet muſt thou go,
By him that draws the ſtrong *Æmonian* Bow,
The deathfull Scorpion's far out-bending Claws,
The ſhorter Crab's, the roaring Lion's Jaws.
Nor eaſie is't thoſe fiery Steeds to tame,
Who from their mouths and noſtrills vomit Flame.
They, heated, hardly of my Rule admit;
But, head-ſtrong, ſtruggle with the hated Bit.
Then, leſt my Bounty, which would ſave, ſhould kill,
Beware, and, whilſt thou maiſt, reform thy Will.

A Sign

A Sign thou crav'ſt, that might confirm thee mine:
I by dehorting give a certain Sign;
Approv'd a Father by Paternal fear.
Look on my Looks, and reade my Sorrows there.
O, would thou couldſt deſcend into my breaſt,
And apprehend my vexed Soul's unreſt.
And, laſtly, all the wealthy World behold:
Of all that Heav'ns enrich, rich Seas unfold,
Or on the pregnant-boſom'd Earth remain,
Ask what thou wilt, and no Repulſe ſuſtain.
To this alone I give a forc'd Conſent;
No Honour, but a true-nam'd Puniſhment.
Thou for a Bleſſing begg'ſt the worſt of Harms.
Why hang'ſt thou on my Neck with fawning Arms?
Diſtruſt not, we have ſworn; but ask, and take
What thou canſt wiſh: yet wiſer Wiſhes make.
In vain dehorted, he his Promiſe claim'd,
With Glory of ſo great a Charge inflam'd.
The wilfull Youth then lingring *Phœbus* brought
To his bright Chariot by *Vulcan* wrought:
The Beam and Axletree of maſſie Gold;
On Silver Spoaks the golden Fillies rowl'd;
Rich Gems and Chryſolites the Harneſs deckt,
Which *Phœbus* Beams with equall light reflect.
Whilſt this admiring *Phaeton* ſurveys,
The wakefull Morning from the Eaſt diſplaies
Her purple Doors, and odoriferous Bed
With plenty of dew-dropping Roſes ſpred.
Clear *Lucifer* the flying Stars doth chaſe,
And, after all the reſt, reſigns his place.
When *Titan* ſaw the Dawning ruddy grew,
And how the Moon her ſilver Horns withdrew,
He bad the light-foot Hours without delay
To joyn his Steeds. The Goddeſſes obey,
Who from their lofty Mangers forthwith led
His fiery Horſes, with *Ambroſia* fed.
With ſacred Oil anointed by his Sire,
Of virtue to repulſe the rage of Fire,
He crowns him with his Rays; then thus began
With doubled Sighs which following Woes fore-ran:
Let not thy Father ſtill adviſe in vain.
Son, ſpare the Whip, and ſtrongly uſe the Rein.
They of their own accord will run too faſt:
'Tis hard to moderate their flying Haſt.

Nor

Nor drive along the five directer Lines.
A broad and beaten path obliquely winds,
Contented with three Zones, which doth avoid
The distant Poles; the Track thy Wheels will guide.
Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high,
That temperate Warmth may Heav'n and Earth supply,
A lofty course will Heav'n with Fire infest;
A lowly, Earth: the safer Mean is best.
Nor to the folded *Snake* thy Chariot guide,
Nor to the *Altar* on the other side.
Between these drive. The rest I leave to Fate;
Who better prove, then thou, to thy own state:
But while I speak, behold, the humid Night
Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.
Aurora's Splendour re-inthrones the Day.
We are expected, nor can longer stay.
Take up the Reins, or, while thou mayst, refuse;
And not my Chariot, but my Counsel use,
While on a firm foundation thou dost stand,
Not yet possest of thy ill-wisht Command.
Let me the World with usual Influence cheer:
And view that Light which is unsafe to bear.
The generous and gallant *Phaeton*,
All Courage, vaults into the blazing Throne,
Glad of the Reins, nor doubtfull of his Skill,
And gives hi, Father thanks against his will.
Meanwhile the Sun's swift Horse, to: *Pyrœus*,
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eous*,
Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with Heat,
And with their thundring Hoofs the Barriers beat.
Which when hospitious *Tethys* once withdrew,
(Who nothing of her Nephew's Danger knew)
And gave them scope, they mount the ample Sky,
And cut the obvious Clouds with Feet that fly:
Who, rais'd with plumed Pinions, leave behind
The glowing East and slower Eastern Wind.
But *Phœbus* Horses could not feel that fraight:
The Chariot wanted the accustom'd Weight:
And as unballast Ships are rockt and toss't
With tumbling Waves, and in their steerage lost;
So through the Air the lighter Chariot reels,
And jouls, as empty, upon jumping Wheels.
Which when they found, the beaten path they shun,
And (straggling) out of all subjection run.

He knows not how to turn, nor knows the way:
Or had he known, yet would not they obey.
The Coal now hot, *Triones* sought in vain
To quench their heat in the forbidden Main.
The Serpent next unto the frozen Pole,
Benumb'd and hurtless, now begins to roll
With actual Heat, and long forgotten Ire
Resumes together with æthereal Fire.
'Tis said that thou, *Bootes*, ran'st away,
Though slow, though thee thy heavy Wain did stay.
But when from top of all the arched Sky
Unhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye,
Pale sudden Fear un-nerves his quaking Thighs,
And in so great a Light benights his Eyes.
He wisht those Steeds unknown, unknown his Birth,
His Suit ungranted: now he covets Earth;
Now scorns not to be held of *Merop*'s Bloud,
Rapt as a Ship upon the high-wrought Floud,
By salvage Tempests chas'd which in despair
The Pilot leaveth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
What should he do? much of the Heav'ns behind,
Much more before; both measur'd in his Mind.
The never-to-be-entred West surveys,
And then the East. Lost in his own Amaze
And Ignorance, he cannot hold the Reins,
Nor let them go; nor knows his Horses names:
But stares on Terrour-striking Skies (possest
By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting Breast.
There is a place in which the *Scorpion* bends
His compass claws, who through two signs extends:
Whom when the Youth beheld, shew'd in black Sweat
Of Poison, and with turn'd-up Tail to threat
A mortal wound; pale fear his Senses strook,
And slackned reins lets fall from hands that shook.
They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
With un-controuled Errour scour the Sky,
Through unknown airy Regions, and tread
The way which their disordered Fury led.
Up to the fixed Stars their course they take;
And stranger Spheares with smoaking Chariot take:
Now climb, now by steep Precipices descend,
And nearer Earth their wandring race extend:
To see her Brother's Steed beneath her own
The Moon admires: the Clouds like Comets shone.

Invadin

Invading Fire the upper Earth assail'd
All chopt and con'd, her pregnant Juice exhal'd.
Trees feed their Ruine; Grais gray-headed turns;
And Corn by that which did produce it burns.
But this was nothing. Cities with their Tow'rs,
Realms with their People funeral Fire devours.
The Mountains blaze: high *Athos*, but too high:
Fount-fruitfull *Ida*, never till then dry;
Oete, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*,
Muse-haunted *Helicon*, *Oegrian Æmus*.
Loud *Ætna* roareth with her doubled Fires:
Parnassus groans beneath two flaming Spires.
Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glow;
And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with snow.
The *Phrygian Dindyma* in Cinders mourns:
Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.
High *Mycale*, divine *Cithæron*, wast;
Pindus, and *Ossa* once on *Pelion* cast;
More great *Olympus*, (which before did shine)
The airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Apennine*.
Then *Phaeton* beheld on every side
The World on fire, nor could such Heat abide;
And at his deadly-dry and gasping Jaws
The scalding Air, as from a Furnace, draws;
His Chariot redder then the Fire it bore;
And, being mortal, could endure no more
Such clouds of Ashes, and ejected Coals.
Muffled in Smoak which round about him rolls,
He knows not where he is, nor what succeeds;
Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds:
Men say the *Æthiopians* then grew swart,
Their bloud exhaled to the outward part.
A sandy Desart *Libya* then became,
Her full Veins emptied by the thirsty flame.
With Hair unbound and torn the Nymphs, distraught,
Bewail their Springs. *Bœotis Dirce* sought;
Argos Amimone, *Ephyre* the fair
Pirene mist. Nor Streams securer are.
Great *Tanais* in boiling Channel fumes;
Tembreian Caycus heat consumes;
Ismenus, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,
Yellow *Lycormas* to be twice-burnt *Xanthus*.
Mæander, running in a turning Maze,
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze.

Euphrates, late investing *Babylon*,
Oromes, *Phasis*, *Ister*, *Thermodon*,
Ganges, *Alpheus*, *Spercheus* Flames infold:
And *Tagus* floweth with dissolved Gold.
The Swans that ravisht with their melody
Maeonian Banks, now in *Cayster* fry.
To farthest Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled,
And there conceal'd his yet-unfound-out Head:
Whilst his seven dusty Channels streamless lie.
Ismarian Hebrus, *Strymon* now are dry:
Hesperian streams, *Rhene*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
And Sceptre-destinated *Tiber* glow.
Earth cracks; to Hell the hated light descends,
And frighted *Pluto* with his Queen offends,
The Ocean shrinks, and leaves a field of Sand:
Where new discover'd Rocks and Mountains stand,
That multiply the scatter'd *Cyclades*,
Late cover'd with the deep and awfull Seas,
The Fishes to the bottom dive; nor dare
The sportless Dolphins tempt the sultry Air.
Long boil'd alive, the monstrous *Phocæ* die,
And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.
With *Doris* and her Daughters, *Nereus* raves;
Who hide themselves beneath the scalding waves.
Thrice wrathfull *Neptune* his bold arm upheld
Above the Floods: whom thrice the Fire repel'd.
Yet foodfull *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
Amidst the Seas, and Fountains now unfound,
(Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)
Neck-high advanceth her all-bearing Head
(Her parched fore-head shadow'd with her hand)
And, shaking, shook whatever on her stand:
Wherewith a little shrunk into her breast
Her sacred tongue her sorrows thus expreſt:
If such thy will, and I deserve the same,
Thou chief of Gods, why sleeps thy vengefull Flame?
Be't by thy fire, if I in fire must fry:
The Author lessens the Calamity.
But, whilst I strive to utter this, I choke.
View my sing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with smoke!
The sparkling cinders on my Visage thrown!
Is this my recompence? the favour shown
For all my service? for the fruit I have born?
That thus I am with Plough and Harrows torn;

Wrou-

Wrought out throughout the year? that Man and Beast
Sustain with food? and you with incense feast?
But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate:
What hath thy Brother done (by equal Fate
Elected to the wavy Monarchy,)
That Sea should sink, and from thy presence fly?
If neither he, nor I thy pity move,
Pity thy Heaven. Behold! the Poles above
At either end do fume: and should they burn,
Thy habitation would to ruine turn.
Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrink with pain,
And scarce the glowing Axletree sustain.
If Sea, if Earth, if Heaven should fall by fire,
Then all of us to *Chaos* must retire.
O! quench these flames: the miserable state
Of things relieve, before it be too late.
This said, her voice her parched tongue forsook,
Nor longer could the smothering vapours brook;
But, down into her self withdrew her head,
Near to th' infernal Caverns of the dead.
Jove calls the Gods to witness, and who lent
The straying Chariot; should not he prevent,
That All would perish by one destiny;
Then mounts the highest Turret of the Sky,
From thence inur'd to cloud the space-full Earth:
And give the Flame fore-running Thunder birth.
But, there, for wasted clouds he sought in vain,
To shade, or cool the scorched Earth with rain.
He thunders, and with hands that cannot erre,
Hurles lightning at th' audacious Charioteer.
Him struck he from his seat, breath from his breast,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames suppress.
The frighted *Horses*, plunging several waies,
Break all their tire: to whom the Bit obeys:
The reins, torn beams, crackt spokes, disperst abroad,
Scorch'd Heav'n was with the Chariot's ruines strow'd.
But, soul-less *Phaeton* with blazing hair,
Shot head-long through a long descent of Air;
As when a falling star glides through the Sky,
Or seems to fall to the deceived eye.
Whom great *Eridanus* (far from his place
Of birth) receiv'd and quench'd his flagrant face:
Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mother's womb;
And fixt this Epitaph upon his Tomb:

Here *Phaeton* lies; who though he could not guide
His Father's Steeds, in high attempts he di'd.
Phœbus with grief withdrew. One day did run
About the World, they say, without the Sun,
Which flamy funerals illuminate
That good, derived from a wretched Fate.
When *Clymene* had said what could be said
In such a grief, half-soul'd, in black arrai'd,
She fills the Earth she wanders through, with groans,
First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.
Inter'd in forreign Lands she found the last:
Her feeble limbs upon the place she cast.
And bath'd his name in tears, and strictly prest
The carved Marble with her bared breast.
Nor less th' *Helnades* lament, who shed
From drowned eyes vain offrings to the dead:
Who with remorseless hands their bosoms tear,
And wailing, call on him that cannot hear.
With joined horns four Moons their Orbs had fill'd,
Since they their customary plaints upheld:
When *Phaethusa*, thinking to have cast
Her self on Earth, cri'd ah! my feet stick fast!
Lampetie, pressing to her Sisters aid,
As suddenly with fixed roots was staid.
A third, about t'have torn her scatter'd hair,
Tore off the leaves which on her crown she bare.
This grieveth at her stiff and senseless thighs:
She, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.
And whilst with wonder they themselves behold,
The creeping bark their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees their bellies, breasts, and all,
Except their mouths, which on their Mother call.
What should she doe? but run to that, to this,
As fury drave, and snatch'd a parting kiss?
But yet, not so suffic'd, she strove to take
Them, from themselves, and down the branches brake:
From whence, as from a wound, pure bloud did glide.
O pity, Mother! (still the wounded cri'd)
Nor tear us in our Trees! O! now adieu!
With that, the bark their lips together drew.
From these clear dropping trees, tears yearly flow:
They hardned by the Sun, to Amber grow,
Which, on the Moisture-giving River spent,
To *Roman* Ladies, as his gift is sent.

Sibenelian

Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
Akin to *Phaeton*; in love, more near.
He, leaving State (who in *Liguria* reign'd,
Which Cities great and populous contain'd)
Fill'd with complaints the River-chiding flouds,
The sedgy banks, and late augmented Woods:
At length, his voice grew small: white plume contends
In whiteness with his hair: his neck ascends.
Red fins unite his toes: arms turn to wings:
His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings;
Becomes a Swan, remembring how unjust
Jove's Lightning was, nor Heaven, nor him will trust.
Whom Lakes and Ponds, (detesting fire) delight;
And Flouds, to Flames in nature opposite.
The wofull Father to dead *Phaeton*,
Himself neglecting (all his lustre gone,
As when eclipst) day, light, his own life hates;
And loved grief, with anger, aggravates;
Refusing to illuminate the Earth.
Enough, too much my toil! born with the birth
Of Time; (as restless;) without end, regard,
Or honour: recompenc'd with this reward:
Some other now may on my Charlot sit.
If all of you confess your selves unfit;
Let *Jove* ascend: that he (when he shall try)
At length may lay his murther-thundring by.
Then will he find, that he, who could not guide
Those fire-hoofe Steeds, deserv'd not to have di'd.
The Gods stand round about him, and request
That endless night might not the World invest.
Even *Jove* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
Which like a King, he intermixt with threats.
Displeased *Phoebus*, hardly reconcil'd,
Takes up his Steeds: as yet with horrour wild.
On whom he vents his spleen: and, though they run,
He lashes, and upbraids them with his Son.
The thunderer then walks the ample Round
Of Heavens high walls; to search if all were sound:
When finding nothing there by fire decai'd;
He Earth, and humane industries survey'd.
Arcadia chiefly exercis'd his cares;
There Springs and Streams, that durst not run, repairs;
The Fields with Grass, the Trees with Leaves indues,
And withered Woods with vanisht shades renews.

Oft passing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*
The God inflam'd; her beauty, more divine!
'Twas not her Art to spin, nor with much care
And fine variety to trick her hair;
But, with a zone, her looser garments bound,
And her rude tresses in a fillet wound:
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow:
A Squire of *Phabe's*. *Mænalus* did know
None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
But, Favorites in favour last not long.
The parted Day in equal ballance held,
A Wood she enter'd, as yet never fell'd.
There from her shoulder she her Quiver takes,
Unbends her bow; and, tir'd with hunting, makes
The flow'ry mantled Earth her happy bed;
And on her painted Quiver laies her head.
When *Jove* the Nymph without a guard did see
In such a posture; This stealth said he,
My Wife shall never know: or, say she did;
Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid?
Diana's shape and habit then indu'd,
He said; My Huntress, where hast thou pursu'd
This Mornings Chase? She rising, made reply;
Hail Pow'r more great then *Jove* (though *Jove* stood by)
In my esteem——. He smil'd: and gladly heard
Himself, by her, before himself preferr'd,
And kist. His kisses too intemperate grow;
Not such as Maids on Maidens do bestow.
His strict imbracements her narration stai'd;
And, by his crime, his own deceit betrai'd.
She did what Woman could to force her Fate:
(Would *Juno* saw: it would her spleen abate)
Although as much as Woman could she strove:
What Woman, or, who can contend with *Jove*?
The Victor hies him to the æthereal States.
The Woods as guilty of her wrongs, she hates;
Almost forgetting as from thence she sprung,
Her Quiver, and the Bow by which it hung.
High *Mænalia*, *Dictynna* with her train
Now entring, pleased with the quarry slain,
Beheld, and call'd her: call'd upon she fled;
And in her semblance *Jupiter* doth dread.
But, when she saw th' attending Nymphs appear;
She troups amongst them, and diverts her fear.

Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
With eyes scarce ever rais'd she hangs the Head:
Nor perks she now as she was wont to do,
By *Cynthia*'s side, nor leads the starry crue.
Though mute she be, her violated shame
Self-guilty blushes silently proclaim.
But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
Had soon espi'd they say, her slie Nymphs did.
Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;
When, faint with labour, and her brother's heat,
She takes the shades, close by the murmuring
And silver current of a fruitfull Spring:
The place much prais'd, the stream as cool as clear
Her fair feet glads. No Spies, said she, be here:
Here will we our dis-robed bodies dip.
Calisto blush'd; the rest their fair limbs strip.
And her perforce uncloath'd that sought delaies;
Who, with her body, her offence displaies.
They all abasht, yet loth to have it spi'd,
Striving her belly with their hands to hide.
Avant, said *Cynthia*, get thee from our traine;
Nor, with thy limbs, this sacred Fountain stain:
This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
Whose thoughts, to future times, revenge defer:
Nor long delaies: for, *Arcon* (which more scorn
And grief provok'd) was of the Lady born.
Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
Must thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my shame,
And propagate the wrong? And must he be
A living infamy to *Jove* and me?
I'le not indure't: That so self-pleasing shape,
Which drew my Husband to thy willing Rape,
I sure shall spoile. This said, her hair she wound
About her hand, and drags'd her on the ground.
Her hands, for pity heav'd, (so smooth, so fair!)
Grew forth with rough, and horrid with black hair;
Her dainty hands (which swift deforming
Converts to paws) the place of feet supply.
The mouth, so prais'd by *Jove*, (that late to win
Endo'd a God) now horribly doth grin.
And, lest she might too powerfully beseech,
She instantly bereft her of her speech:
In stead whereof, a noise ascends her hoarse
And rumbling throat, which terrour doth inforce;

Although a Bear, her mind she still possess'd,
And with continual groans her grief expresst;
With paws stretcht up to heaven, accus'd her fate
And whom she could not call, she thought ingrate.
How oft afraid to keep the Woods alone,
Sought she the house and fields that were her own?
How often, chased by the following cry,
Th' affrighted Huntress from her Hounds did fly!
Oft she (the Wood's wild foragers espi'd)
Forgetting what she was, her self would hide:
A bear; yet trembles at the sight of Bears;
And Wolves (her Father then amongst them) fears.
When (lo!) *Lycaon's* Grand-child thither drew,
Thrice five years old, nor of his Mother knew;
While he pursues the chase and salvage spoils,
(The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toils)
Her he encounters. *Arcas* seen, she staid,
And would have ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,
Stared upon her with a constant eye;
And backward crept, as she approached nigh
About to wound her undefended breast.
The King of Gods, who did the fact detest,
With them, the crime withdrew, and both convey'd
To heaven: now neighbouring Constellations made.
Saturnia swell'd to see her Rival shine
Amongst the Stars. She stoops to *Neptune's* brine;
Gray *Tethys* and the old *Oceanus*
(Grac'd by the Deities) accosting thus:
Ask you why I, the Queen of Gods, am come
From blest aboads? another holds my room.
When Night's black Mantle shall the World infold;
My wounds (those honour'd Stars) you may behold;
There where the shortest Circle at the end
Of all the turning Axletree, doth bend.
Who would not injury the Wife of *Jove*,
When our worst punishments prefermentz prove?
How great our Act! how is our power displaid!
Unform'd a Woman, and a Goddess made!
Thus we the glory scourge! Thus, thus we curb
Revenge advance! such, and so great our power!
Let him unbeast the Beast (as heretofore
Pharonis) and her wanton shape restore!
Why doth he not *Lycaon's* Daughter wed,
Rejecting me, and place her in his bed?

But

But, you who once my carefull Nurſes were,
If my indignities do touch you near,
Command you that the ſeven *Triones* keep
Their lazie Wain out of your ſacred Deep.
From thence, thoſe ſtars, the price of whoredom, drive;
Nor let th' impure in your pure Surges dive.
They both aſſent. Her Peacocks to the Skies
Their Goddeſs draw; late ſtuck with *Argus* eyes.
Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late
From white to black, by well-deſerved Fate.
(The ſpotleſs ſilver Dove was not more white,
Nor Swans which in the running brooks delight;
Nor yet that vigilant Fowl, whoſe gagling ſhall
Hereafter free th' attempted Capitol)
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee undo:
And what was white, is now of ſable hue.
The Palm, *Coronis* of *Lariſſa* bare
From all th' *Æmonian* Dames for matchleſs fair,
Who dearly, *Delphian*, was beloy'd by thee;
As long as chaſt, as from detection free.
But, *Phœbus* Bird her ſcapes did ſoon deſcry:
Nor could they charm th' inexorable Spy:
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crow purſues
(As talkative as he) to know the news:
And, knowing, ſaid: Thy ſelf thou doſt ingage
By thankleſs ſervice ſlight: not my preſage.
Know what I was and am: through all my time
My actions ſift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.
For *Pallas*, on a day, in cheſt compos'd
Of *Attick* Oſiers, privately inclos'd
Her *Erichthonius* (whom no Woman bare)
Committed to the cuſtody and care
Of three fair Virgin-Nymphs, that daughters were
To prudent *Cecrops*, who two ſhapes did bear:
Nor told what it contain'd, but charg'd that they
Her ſecrets ſhould not to themſelves betray.
Theſe from an Elm I (un-eſpi'd) eſpy.
Fair *Herſe* and *Pandroſa* faithfully
Perform their charge. *Aglauros* then did call
Her fearfull ſiſters, and unties withall
The wicker-Cabinet; whoſe twigs contain
An infant, raiſed on a Dragon's train.
This, I my Goddeſs told; and for reward,
Am now caſhiered from *Minerva*'s Guard.

The

The Bird of Night prefer'd. Beware by me
Not too officiously tell all you see.
Truth is, I never to that place aspir'd;
She gave it me, unsought to, undesir'd;
Were *Pallas* askt, though angry, yet know I
That angry *Pallas* would not this denie.
Me had King *Coronew*, great in fame;
Through happy *Phoeb*, by a royal Dame.
Rich suiters I (despise me not) had store
My beauty wreckt me. Walking on the Shoar,
As leisurely as now I use to go,
Cold *Neptune* saw me, and with lust did glow.
The time, his prayers and praises spent in vain;
What would not yield, he offers to constrain;
And follows me that fled. The harder strand
Behind me left, and tir'd with yielding sand.
To Gods and men I cry. No humane aid
Was then at hand: a Maid relieves a Maid,
For, as to heaven my trembling arms I threw;
My arms cole-black with hovering feathers grew.
My robe I from my shoulders thought to throw:
But, that was plume, and to my skin did grow.
With hands to beat my naked breast I try:
But, neither breast to beat, nor hands had I.
Running, in sand I sunk not as before;
But, me the scarce-touch'd Earth, unburthen'd bore.
Forthwith, I lightly through the Air ascend;
And on *Minerva* without blame attend.
But, what was this; when she, whose wicked deeds
Unwoman'd her, in our lost grace succeeds?
For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* spred)
Nyctimene defil'd her Father's bed,
Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the sight,
The Day, she shuns: and masks her shame in Night.
About her all our winged troops repair;
And, with invectives, chase her through the Air.
To her the Raven: Mischief thee surprize
For staying me: Vain omens I despise;
Then forward flew; and told the hurtfull truth
Of lost *Coronis*, and th' *Emonian* youth.
The harp drops from his hand, and from his head
The Laurel fell, his cheerfull colour fled.
Transported with his rage, his Bow he took,
And with inevitable arrow strook.

The

That breast, which he so oft to his had join'd:
She shrieks; and from the deadly wound doth wind
The biting steel, pursu'd with streams of blood,
That bath'd her pure white in a crimson flood:
And said; Though this be due, yet, *Phœbus*, I,
Might first have teem'd: now, two in one must die.
She faints: forc'd life in her blood's torrent swims:
And stiffning cold benums her senseless limbs.
His cruelty to her he lov'd, too late,
He now repenteth, and himself doth hate,
Who lent an ear, whom rage could so incense:
He hates his bird, by whom he knew th' offence;
He hates his Art, his Quiver, and his Bow;
Then, takes her up, and all his skill doth show.
But (ah!) too late to vanquish Fate he tries.
And Surgery, without success, applies.
Which when he saw, and saw the funeral pile
Prepared to devour so dear a spoil;
He deeply groans (for no celestial eye
May shed a tear) as when a Cow stands by
And lows aloud to see th' advanced maul
Upon the forehead of her suckling fall.
And now un-ear'd for odours pour'd upon her;
And undue death with all due rites doth honour.
But, *Phœbus*, not enduring that his seed,
(And that by her) the greedy Fire should feed,
Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame;
And to the two-shap'd *Chiron* brought the same.
The white-plum'd Raven, who reward expects,
He turns to black; and for his truth rejects.
It pleas'd the Half-horse to be so employ'd;
Who in his honourable trouble joy'd.
Behold! the *Centaur*'s daughter with red hair,
Whom formerly the Nymph *Cariclo* bare
By the swift River, and *Ocyroe* nam'd;
Who had her Father's healthful Art disclaim'd,
To sing the depth of Fates: Now, when her breast
Was by the prophesying rage possest,
And that th' included God inflam'd her mind;
Beholding of the Babe, she thus divin'd:
Health-giver to the world, grow Infant, grow;
To whom mortality so much shall ow.
Fled Soul's thou shalt restore to their abodes:
And once against the pleasure of the Gods.

To do the like, thy Grandsires flames deny:
And thou, begotten by a God, must die.
Thou, of a bloudless corps, a God shalt be
And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.
And you, dear Father, not a Mortal now;
To whom the Fates eternity allow;
Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart
With Serpents bloud, and slight your helpless Art.
Relenting Fates will pity you with death,
Against their Law, and stop your groaning breath.
Not all yet said, her sighs in storms arise;
And ill-aboading tears burst from her eyes.
Then, thus: My Fates prevent me: lo, they tie
My falt'ring tongue, and farther speech deny.
Alas! these arts not of that value be,
That they should draw the wrath of heaven on me:
O, rather would I nothing had fore-known!
My looks seem now not humane, nor my own.
I long to feed on Grass, I long to run
About the spacious fields, Wo's me, undone!
Into a Mare (my kindreds shape) I grow:
Yet why throughout? my Father but half so.
The end of her complaint you scarce could hear
To understand: her words confused were.
Forthwith, nor words, nor neighings, she expresst:
Her voice yet more inclining to the beast:
Then neigh'd out-right, within a little space,
Her down-thrust arms upon the Meadow pace.
Her fingers join: one hoof five nails unite:
Her head and neck inlarge; not now upright:
Her trailing garment to a train extends:
Her dangling hair upon her crest descends:
Her voice and shape at once transform'd became;
And to it self the Monster gives a name.
Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phœbus* vainly cries
On thee to change the changeless Destinies.
Admit thou could'st: thee, from thy self expell'd,
Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held.
It was the time when, cloath'd in Neat-herds weeds,
Thou plaid'st upon unequal seven-fold Reeds;
Whilst thee thy Pipe delights, whilst cares of Love
Thy Soul possess, and others cares remove;
Thy oxen in the fields of *Pylos* stray:
Observed by the crafty son of *May*,

Forth-

Forthwith he secretly conveys them thence,
In untrackt Woods concealing his offence.
None saw but *Battus*, in that Country bred;
Who wealthy *Nelew* famous horses fed.
Him onely he misdoubts: then, (ta'ne apart)
Stranger, said *Mercury*, whate're thou art;
If any for his Herd by chance enquire,
Conceal thy knowledge: and receive, for hire,
This white-hair'd Cow. He took her and repli'd,
Be safe; thy theft shall sooner be descri'd
By yonder stone, then me, and shew'd a stone.
Jove's son departs, and straight returns unknown
(A seeming Clown in form and voice) who said:
Saw'st thou no Cattel through these fields convey'd?
Detect the theft; in their recovery join;
And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull is thine.
He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd, there
Beneath those Hills, beneath those Hills they were.
Then, *Hermes*, laughing loud; What knave, I say,
Me to my self; me to my self betray?
Then, to a touch-stone turn'd his perjur'd breast;
Whose nature now is in that name expresst.
Hence he, who bears the Caduceus, springs
Through boundless air; and views, from stretcht-out wings
Munychian fields, *Minerva*'s loved soil,
Lyceum, exercis'd with learned toil.
By chance, upon that day it did befall,
When to her Fane, prepar'd for festival,
In crowned Baskets on their shining hair,
The Virgin-train her sacrifices bare:
Returning; these the winged God doth view;
Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.
As when a greedy Kite fresh intrails spies,
Fearing to stoop for those that sacrifice,
Strikes Circles through the air, nor far removes;
But, with fixt eyes reverts to what he loves:
So swift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* tow'rs,
In airy windings, circularly scours.
As *Lucifer* out-shines each other Star;
As silver *Phœbe*, *Lucifer*: so far
Did *Herse* all the other Virgins stain;
The glory of that pomp, and of her train.
Love-struck, he burns as in the Air he hung.
A bullet by *Bellarian* Slinger flung.

Increaseth

Increaseth so in fervour as it flies;
And finds the fire it had not, in the skies.
From Heaven, he stoops to more affected Earth:
Not now disguis'd like one of humane birth;
Such confidence his beauteous parts impart;
Which though divine, he strives to grace by art.
He curls his hair; his mantle wrought with gold,
He in the most becoming garb doth fold;
And his fine feet adorns: then, in his hand
Takes his sleep-causing and expelling wand.
Three rooms there were within the fair connect
Of *Cecrop's* house, with Ivory arches deckt.
Pandrosa and *Aglaurus* on each side
Of *Herse* lay; *Aglaurus* first espi'd
The fly-approaching *Mercury*: his name
She boldly asks, and why he thither came.
To whom, *Pleione's* nephew; He am I
Who on *Jove's* errands (*Jove*, my Father) fly.
And to be plain; to *Herse* faithfull prove:
And be an Aunt unto our friendfull love.
Thy sister's beautie this repaid inforce:
I pray thee of a lover take remorse.
So star'd she on him, and as much amaz'd:
As when the *on Minerva's* secrets gaz'd:
Who asks a mass of treasure for her hire;
And till 'twere paid, constrain'd him to retire.
Wars angry Goddess cast on her a look
That darted fire; and fetcht a sigh which shook
Her bosom, with the *Ægis* which she wore:
Who calls to mind, how she, not long afore
Prophanely did, against her oath, discover
The *Lemnian* issue born without a Mother:
Now to her sister to the God ingrate;
And by so base a means t' enrich her state.
Forthwith to *Envy's* cave her course she bent,
Furr'd with black filth, within a deep descent
Between two hills; where *Phœbus* never shows
His chearfull face; where no wind ever blows;
Repleat with sadness, and un-active cold;
Devoid of fire, yet still in smoke inroll'd.
Whither when as the fear'd in battel came,
She staid before the house (that hatefull frame)
She might not enter) and the dark door stroke
With her bright lance; which straight in sunder broke;

There

There ſaw ſhe *Envy* lapping Vipers bloud;
And feeding on their fleſh, but vices food;
And, having ſeen her, turn'd away her eyes.
The Caitiff ſlowly from the ground doth riſe
(Her half-devoured Serpent's laid aſide)
And forward creepeth with a lazy ſtride.
Viewing her form ſo fair, her arms ſo bright;
She groan'd and ſigh'd at ſuch a chearfull ſight.
Her body more then meager; pale her hue;
Her teeth all ruſty: ſtill ſhe looks askue:
Her breaſt with gall, her tongue with poiſon ſwell'd:
She onely laught when ſhe ſad ſights beheld.
Her ever-waking cares exil'd ſoft ſleep:
Who looks on good ſucceſs with eyes that weep;
Repining, pines: who, wounding others bleeds:
And on her ſelf revengeth her miſdeeds.
Although *Tritonia* did the Hag deteſt;
Yet briefly thus her pleaſure ſhe expreſt:
Aglauros one of the *Cecropides*,
Do thou infeſt with thy accurſt diſeaſe.
This ſaid; the haſty Goddeſs doth advance
Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Envy caſt after her a wicked eye,
Mutters, and could for very ſorrow die,
That ſuch her power: a ſnaggy ſtaff then took
Wreathed with thorns; and her dark Cave forſook;
Wrapt in black clouds, which way ſo-ere ſhe turns,
The Corn ſhe lodges, flow'ry paſtures burns,
Crops what grows high; Towns, Nations, with her breath
Pollutes; and Vertue perſecutes to death.
When ſhe the fair *Athenian* tow'rs beheld,
Which ſo in wealth, in learned Arts excell'd,
And feaſtfull Peace; to cry ſhe ſcarce forbears,
In that ſhe ſaw no argument for tears.
When ſhe *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
She gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
Her canker'd hand upon her breaſt ſhe laid,
And crooked thorns into her heart convei'd,
And breath'd in baneſull poiſon; which ſhe ſheds
Into her bones, and through her ſpirits ſpreads.
And that her envy might not want a cauſe;
The God in his divineſt form ſhe draws,
And with it, ſets before her wounded eyes
Her happy Siſter and their nuptial joys;

Augmenting

Augmenting all. These secret woes excite;
And gnaw her soul. She sighs all day, and night;
And with a slow infection melts away,
Like Ice before the Sun's uncertain ray.
Fair *Herse*'s happy state such heart-burn breeds
In her black bosom, as when spiny weeds
Are set on fire: which without flame consume,
And seem (so small their heat) to burn with fume.
Oft she resolves to die, such sights to shun:
Oft, by disclosing, to have both undone.
Now sits she on the threshold to prevent
The Gods access; who with lost blandishment,
And his best Art, perswades. Quoth she, forbear,
I cannot be remov'd if you stay here.
I to this bargain he repli'd will stand:
The figured door then forces with his wand.
Striving to rise, to second her debate,
Her hips could not remove, prest with dull weight:
Again she struggl'd to have stood on end:
But, those unsupple sinews would not bend.
Incroaching cold now enters at her nails:
And lack of bloud her veins blue branches pales.
And as a Canker slighting helpless Arts,
Creeps from th' infected to the sounder parts:
So by degrees the winter of wan death
Congeals the path of life, and spots her breath:
Nor strove she: had she strove to make her moan,
Voice had no way; her neck and face now stone.
There she a bloudless Statue sat, all freckt:
Her spotted mind the Marble did infect.
When *Atlantiades*, on her prophane
Of tongue and heart, this sharp revenge had ta'ne;
He from the City, nam'd by *Pallas* flew
On mounting wings, and unto heaven withdrew.
With whom, *Jove* thus (his love concealing) joins:
Thou, faithfull minister to my designs,
Shoot swiftly through the Air unto that Land,
Whose borders North-ward of thy Mother stand,
Which those Inhabitants *Sidonia* name:
Behold yon royal Herd; conduct the same,
From not far distant Mountains, to the shore.
This he dispatcht, with speed that went before
A humane thought. There, oft the Princely Maid,
Accompani'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, plaid.

Love

Love and high Majeſty agree not well;
Nor will together in one boſom dwell.
That Pow'r, from whom, whate're hath being, ſprings;
That King of Gods, who three-fork'd lightning flings;
Whoſe nod the World's unfixt foundation ſhakes,
The figure of a ſenſual Bull now takes;
And, lowing walks upon the tender graſs
Amongſt the Herd; though he their form ſurpaſs.
His colour whiter then untrodden Snow,
Before ſtill moiſt and thawing *Auſter* blow:
The fleſh, in ſwelling rolls adorns his neck:
His broad-ſpred breaſt, long dangling dew-laps deck.
His horns though ſmall, yet ſuch as Art invite
To imitate, then ſhining gems more bright:
His eyes no wrath, his brows no terrour threat;
His whole aſpect with ſhining peace repleat.
The beaſt, *Agenor*'s daughter doth admire,
So wondrous beautifull, ſo void of ire.
Though ſuch, at firſt ſhe his approach did dread,
Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowers him fed.
The Lover joys: till he his hopes might feaſt.
He kiſt her hands; ah, ſcarce defers the reſt!
Now, on the ſpringing graſs, he friſks and plaies:
His ſides now on the golden ſands he lays.
Her fear ſubdu'd, ſhe ſtrokes his profer'd breaſt:
Her Virgin-hands his horns with garlands dreſt.
The royal Maid, who now no courage lackt,
Aſcends the Bull, not knowing whom ſhe backt.
He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees
Firſt dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees:
Then, ruſhing forward, bears away the prize.
She ſhrieks, and to the ſhoar reverts her eyes:
One hand his horn, the other held behinde:
Her lighter garments ſwelling with the wind.

A

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arm'd troops from Dragons late-sown teeth arise.
By his own Hounds the Hart Actæon *dies.*
Juno *a Beldame.* Semele *doth frie*
In wisht imbraces. Bacchus *from* Jove's *thigh*
Takes second birth. *The wise* Tiresias *twice*
Doth change his Sex. *Scorn'd* Echo *pines t' a voice:*
Self-lov'd Narcissus *to a Daffodil:*
Bacchus, *a Boy.* *The* Tyrrhene's *ship stands still,*
With Ivy moor'd. *Strange shapes the Sailers fright:*
Who Dolphins turn, and still in ships delight.

AND now the God, arriving with his Rape,
At sacred *Creet*, resumes his heavenly shape.
The King, his Son to seek his Daughter sent,
Fore-doomed to perpetual banishment,
Except his fortune to his wish succeed:
How pious, and how impious in one deed! (quire?)
Earth wandred through (*Jove*'s thefts who can ex-
He shuns his countrey, and his Father's ire:
With *Phœbus* Oracle consults to know
What Land the Fates intended to bestow.
Who, thus: In desart fields observe a Cow,
Yet never yoak'd, nor servile to the Plow;
Follow her slow conduct, and where she shall
Repose, there build: the place *Bœotia* call.

Scarce

Scarce *Cadmus* from *Castalian* Cave descended,
When he an Heifer saw, by no man tended,
Her neck ungall'd with groaning servitude,
The God ador'd, he foot by foot pursu'd.
Cephisus flood, and *Panope* now past,
She made a stand; to heaven her forehead cast,
With lofty horns most exquisitely fair;
Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the air:
Looks back upon the company she led;
And, kneeling makes the tender grass her bed.
Thanksgiving *Cadmus* kist the unknown ground;
The stranger fields and hills saluting round.
About to sacrifice to heav'ns high King,
He sends for water from the living Spring.
A Wood there was, which never Ax did hew;
In it a Cave, where Reeds and Osiers grew,
Roofst with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this hold possest;
Bright scal'd, and shining with a golden crest;
His busk with poison swoln; fire-red his eyes:
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise.
This fatal Well th' unlucky *Tyrians* found;
Who with their down-let pitcher, rais'd a sound.
With that, the Serpent his blue head extends;
And suffering air with horrid hisses rends.
The water from them fell; their colour fled:
Who all astonisht, shook with sudden dread.
He wreaths his scaly folds into an heap;
And fetcht a compass with a mighty leap:
Then bolt-upright his monstrous length displays
More then half way, and all the Woods surveys.
Whose body, when all seen, no less appears,
Then that which parts the two celestial Bears.
Whether the *Tyrians* sought to fight, or fly,
Or whether they through fear could neither try,
Some crusht he 'twixt his jaws, some clasp't to death,
Some kills with poison, others with his breath.
And now the Sun the shortest shadows made.
Then *Cadmus*, wondring why his servants staid,
Their foot-steps trac'd. An hide the Hero wore,
Which late he from a slaughtered Lion tore:
His Arm a dart, a bright steel-pointed Spear,
And such a mind as could not stoop to fear.

When

When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd
The bodies of the slain with blood imbru'd;
Th' insulting Victor quenching his dire thirst
And their sucke wounds; he sigh'd, as heart would burst:
Then said, I will revenge, O faithfull Mates,
Your murthers, or accompany your Fates.
With that he lifted up a mighty stone,
Which with a more then manly force was thrown.
What would have batter'd down the strongest wall,
And shiv'red tow'rs, doth give no wound at all.
The hardness of his skin, and scales that grow
Upon his armed back, repulse the blow.
And yet that strong defence could not so well
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repell;
Which through his winding back a passage rends,
There sticks: the steel into his guts descends:
Rabid with anguish, he retorts his look
Upon the wound; and then the Javelin took
Betweenhis teeth; it every way doth wind:
At length, tugg'd out, yet leaves the head behind,
His rage increast with his augmenting pains:
And his thick-panting throat swells with full veins.
A cold white froth surrounds his pois'nous jaws:
On thundring Earth his trailing scales he draws:
Who from his black and *Stygian* maw ejects
A blasting breath, which all the Air infects.
His body now, he circularly bends:
Forthwith into a monstrous length extends:
Then rusheth on like show'r-incensed Flouds;
And with his breast o're-bears the obvious Woods.
The Prince gave way; who with the Lion's spoil
Sustain'd th' assault; and forc'd a quick recoil,
His Lance fixt in his jaws. What could not feel,
He madly wounds; and bites the biting steel.
Th' invenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
Converts the grass into a dusky red:
Yet, slights the hurt, in that the Snake withdrew;
And so, by yielding did the force subdue.
Till *Agenorides* the steel imbru'd
In his wide throat, and still his thrust pursu'd:
Untill an Oak his back-retrait withstood:
There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
The tree bends with a burthen so unknown;
And, lashed by the Serpents tail, doth groan.

While

While he ſurvey'd the greatneſs of his foe,
This voice he heard (from whence he did not know)
Why is that Serpent ſo admir'd by thee?
Agenor's Son a Serpent thou ſhalt be.
He ſpeechleſs grew; pale fear repell'd his bloud;
And now uncurled hair like briſtles ſtood.
Behold! Man's Fautreſs, *Pallas* (from the sky
Deſcending to his needfull aid) ſtood by:
Who bad him in the turn'd up furrows throw
The Serpents teeth; that future men might grow.
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
And therein ſow'd the ſeed of humane birth.
Lo (paſt belief!) the Clods began to move:
And tops of Lances firſt appear'd above:
The Helmets nodding with their plumed Creſt;
Forthwith, refulgent Pouldrons, plated breaſts;
Hands with offenſive weapons charg'd, inſue:
And Target-bearing troups of Men up-grew.
So in our Theater's ſolemnities,
When they the Arras raiſe, the Figures riſe:
Afore the reſt, their faces firſt appear;
By little and by little then they rear
Their bodies, with a meaſure-keeping hand,
Untill their feet upon the Border ſtand.
Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the ſight
Of ſuch an Hoſt; addreſt him to the fight.
Forbear, (a new born Souldier cri'd) t' ingage
Thy better fortune in our civil rage!
With that, he on his Earth-bred Brother flew:
At whom a deadly dart another threw.
Nor he that kill'd him, long ſurvives his death;
But through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
Slaughter, with equal fury, runs through all:
And by uncivil civil blows they fall.
The new-ſprung Youth, who hardly life poſſeſt,
Now panting, kick their Mothers bloudy breaſt.
But five ſurviv'd: of whom *Echion* one;
His arms to Earth by *Pallas* counſel thrown.
He craves the love he offers. All accord.
As Brothers ſhould: and what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus theſe aſſiſt to build
His lofty walls; the Oracle fulfill'd.
Now flouriſht *Thebes*: now did thy exile prove
In ſhew a Bleſſing; thoſe that rule in love

And

And war, thy Nuptials with their Daughters grace:
By such a Wife to have so fair a race;
So many Sons and Daughters, Nephews too
(The pledges of their peacefull beds) insue;
And they now grown to excellence and power,
But, Man must censur'd be by his last hour:
Whom truely we can never happy call,
Afore his death, and closing Funeral.
In this thy every way so prosperous state,
Thy first mis-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate:
Whose brows unnatural branches ill adorn;
By his ungratefull Dogs in pieces torn.
Yet fortune did offend in him; not he:
For, what offence may in an errour be?
With purple bloud, slain Deer the hills imbrue:
And now high noon the shades of things withdrew;
While East and West the equal Sun partake:
Thus, then *Hyantius* to his Partners spake,
That trod the Mazes of the pathless Wood:
By Friends, our nets and javelins reek with bloud:
Enough hath been the fortune of this day;
To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display
Her rosie cheeks, we may our sports renew.
Now, *Phebus*, with inflaming eye doth view
The crannied Earth: here let our labour end:
Take up your toils. They gladly condescend.
A Vale there was with Pines and Cypress crown'd,
Gargaphy call'd; for *Diana's* love renown'd.
A shady Cave possest the inward part,
Not wrought by hands: there Nature witty Art
Did counterfeit: a native Arch she drew,
With Pumice and light Tofusses, that grew.
A bubling Spring, with streams as clear as Glass,
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted Grass.
The weary Huntress usually here laves,
Her Virgin limbs, more pure then those pure waves.
And now her Bow, her Javelin, and her Quiver;
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliver:
Her light impoverisht Robes another held:
Her buskins to untie. The better skill'd
Ismenian Crocale, her long hair wound
In pleated wreaths: yet was her own unbound;
Neat *Hyle*, *Niphe*, *Rhanis*, *Psecas*, (still
Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lavers fill.

While

While here *Titania* bath'd, (as was her guise)
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tir'd with exercise, (Grove
175 And wandring through the Woods, approach'd this
With fatal steps: so destiny him drove.
Entring the Cave with skipping Springs bedew'd;
The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,
Clapt their re-sounding breasts, and fill'd the Wood
180 With sudden shrieks: like Ivory pales they stood
About their Goddess. But she, far more tall,
By head and shoulders over-tops them all.
Such as that colour which the Clouds adorns
Shot by the Sun-beams, or the rosie Morn's;
185 Such flusht in *Dian*'s cheeks, being naked ta'ne.
And though inviron'd by her Virgin-train,
She side-long turns, looks back, and wisht her Bow:
Yet what she had she in his face did throw.
190 With vengefull Waters sprinkled, to her rage
These words she adds, which future fate presage:
Now tell how thou hast seen me disarray'd;
Tell, if thou canst, I give thee leave. This said,
She to his Neck and Ears new-length imparts;
195 T' his Brow the Antlers of long-living Harts:
With Legs and Feet his arms and hands supply'd;
And cloath'd his body in a spotted Hide.
To this, Fear added. *Autoneius* flies,
And wonders at the swiftness of his Thighs:
200 But when his Looks he in the River view'd,
He would have cry'd, Woe's me! no words insu'd:
His words were groans. He frets with galling tears:
Cheeks not his own, yet his own Mind he bears.
What should he doe? go home, or in the Wood
205 For ever lurk? Fear this, Shame that withstood.
While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Master view.
Black-foot and *Tracer*, opening first, pursue:
Sure *Tracer Gnossus*, *Black-foot Sparta* bare.
Then all fell in, more swift then forced Air.
210 *Spie*, *Ravener*, *Clime-cliff*; these *Arcadia* bred:
Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirl-wind*, eager *Follow-dread*.
Hunter, for sent; for speed, *Flight* went before.
Fierce *Salvage*, lately gauched by a Boar;
215 *Greedy*, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;
Stout *Shepherd*, late preserving flocks from danger;
Gaunt *Catch*, whose race from *Sicyonia* came;
Patch, *Courser*, *Bob*, rash *Tiger* never tame;

Blanch, *Mourner*, *Royſter*, *Wolf* ſurpaſſing ſtrong;
And *Tempeſt*, able to continue long;
Swift, with his Brother *Churl*, a *Cyprian* hound;
Bold *Snatch*, whoſe ſable Brows a white ſtar crown'd:
Cole, ſhag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet;
Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet*;
White-tooth and *Ringwood*, (others not t' expreſs.)
O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want acceſs,
Through ſtreightned ways, and where there was no way,
The well-mouth'd Hounds purſue the Princely Prey.
Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies;
Flies from his Family: in thought he cries,
I am *Actæon*, ſervants, know your Lord.
Thoughts wanted words. High skies the noiſe record
Firſt *Collier* pinch'd him by the haunch: in ſtung
Fierce *Kill-deer*; *Hill-bred* on his Shoulder hung.
Theſe came forth laſt, but croſt a nearer way
A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they ſtay
In ruſh the reſt; who gripe him with their fangs.
Now is no room for Wounds. Groans ſpeak his pangs
Though not with humane voice, unlike a Hart:
In whoſe laments the known Rocks bear a part.
Pitcht on his knees, like one who pity craves,
His ſilent looks in ſtead of Arms he waves.
With uſual ſhouts their Dogs the Hunters chear;
And ſeek, and call *Actæon*. He (too near)
Made anſwer by mute motions, blam'd of all
For being abſent at his preſent fall.
Preſent he was, that abſent would have been;
Nor would his cruel Hounds have felt, but ſeen.
Their ſnouts they in his body bathe, and tear
Their Maſter in the figure of a Deer.
Nor, till a thouſand wounds had life diſſeis'd,
Could quiver-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.
'Twas cenſur'd variouſly: for many thought
The puniſhment far greater then the fault.
Others ſo ſour a Chaſtity commend,
As worthy her. And both their parts defend.
Jove's Wife not ſo much blam'd or prais'd the deed,
As ſhe rejoyceth at the wounds that bleed
In *Cadmus* family; who keeps in mind
Europa's rape, and hateth all the kind.
Now new occaſions freſh diſpleaſure move:
For *Semele* was great with child by *Jove*.

Then thus she scolds: O, what amends succeeds
Our lost Complaints? Now will fall to deeds.
If we be more then titulary great,
If we a Scepter sway, if Heaven our seat,
If *Jove's* fear'd Wife and Sister, (certainly,
His Sister,) torment shall the Whore destroy.
Yet with that theft perhaps she was content,
And quickly might the injury repent:
But, she conceives, to aggravate the blame,
And by her belly doth her crime proclaim,
Who would by *Jupiter* a Mother prove;
Which hardly once hath happened to our love.
So confident is Beauty. Yet shall she
Fail in that hope: nor let me *Juno* be,
Unless, by her own *Jove* destroy'd, she make
A swift descent unto the *Stygian* Lake.
She quits her Throne, and in a yellow Cloud
Approach'd the Palace; nor dismist that Shroud,
Till she had wrinkled her smooth skin, and made
Her head all gray; while creeping feet convey'd
Her crooked limbs; her voice small, weak and hoarse,
Like *Beroe* of *Epidaure*, her Nurse.
Long talking, at the mention of *Jove's* Name,
She sigh'd, and said; Pray Heaven, he prove the same.
Yet much I fear; for many oft beguile
With that pretext, and chastest beds defile.
Though *Jove*, that's not enough. Give me a sign
Of his Affection, if he be divine.
Such, and so mighty, as when pleasure warms
His melting Bosom in high *Juno's* Arms;
With thee such, and so mighty, let him lie,
Deckt with the Ensigns of his Deity.
Thus she advis'd the unsuspecting Dame;
Who begs of *Jove* a Boon without a name.
To whom the God; Chuse, and thy choice possess:
Yet that thy diffidency may be less,
Witness that Power, who through obscure aboads
Spreads his dull streams; the fear, and God of Gods.
Pleas'd with her harm, of too much power to move,
That now must perish by obsequious love;
Such be to me, she said, as when th' Invites
Of *Juno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.
Her mouth he thought to stop: but now that breath
Was mixt with air which sentenced her death.

Then fetcht he ſighs as if his breaſt would tear,
(For ſhe might not un-wiſh, nor he un-ſwear)
And ſadly mounts the Sky; thence with him took
The Clouds, that imitate his mournfull look;
Thick ſhowrs and tempeſts adding to the ſame,
Loud thunder, and inevitable flame.
Whoſe rigour yet he ſtriveth to ſubdue;
Not armed with that fire which overthrew
The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wild.
There is another lightning far more mild,
By *Cyclops* forged with leſs flame and ire,
Which deathleſs Gods do call the Second fire.
This to her Father's houſe he with him took.
But (ah!) a mortal body could not brook
Ætherial tumults. Her ſucceſs ſhe mourns,
And in thoſe ſo deſir'd imbracements burns.
Th' unperfect Babe, which in her womb doth lie,
Was ta'ne by *Jove*, and ſew'd into his Thigh,
His Mother's time accompliſhing: whom firſt
By ſtealth his careful Aunt, kind *Ino*, nurſt;
Then giv'n to the *Nyſeides*, and bred
In ſecret Caves, with Milk and Honey fed.
While this on Earth befell by Fates decree,
(The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Jove weighty cares expelling from his breaſt
With flowing Nectar, and diſpos'd to jeſt
With well-pleas'd *Juno*, ſaid, In *Venus* deeds
The Female's Pleaſure far the Male's exceeds.
This ſhe denies. *Tireſias* muſt decide
The difference, who both delights had try'd.
For two ingendring Serpents once he found,
And with a ſtroke their ſlimy twiſts unbound;
And ſtraight a Woman of a Man became.
Seven Autumns paſt, he in the eighth the ſame
Re-finding, ſaid, If ſuch your pow'r ſo ſtrange,
That they who ſtrike you muſt their nature change,
Once more I'll try. Then ſtruck, away they ran;
And of a Woman he became a Man.
He, choſen Umpire of this ſportfull ſtriſe,
Jove's words confirm'd. This vext his froward Wife
More then the matter crav'd. To wreak her ſpight,
His eyes ſhe muffled in eternal night.
Th' Omnipotent (ſince no God may undoe
Another's deeds) with Fates which ſhould inſue

Inform'

Inform'd his intellect; and did supply
His body's eye-sight with his mind's clear eye.
He giving sure replies to such as came,
Through all th' *Aonian* Cities stretch'd his fame.
First blew *Liriope* sad trial made,
How that was but too true which he had said:
Whom in times past *Cephisus* floud imbrac't
Within his winding Streams, and forc'd the chast,
The lovely Nymph; who not unfruitfull prov'd,
Brought forth a Boy, even then to be belov'd,
Narcissus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crown his youth; he, in obscure presage,
Made this reply, Except himself he know.
Long they no credit on his words bestow:
Yet did th' event the prophecie approve,
In his strange ruine, and new kind of love.
Now he to fifteen added had a year:
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appear.
Many a love-sick Youth did him desire;
And many a Maid his beauty set on fire.
Yet in his tender age his pride was such,
That neither Youth nor Maiden might him touch.
The Vocal Nymph this lovely Boy did spy,
(She could not profer speech, nor yet reply)
When, busie in pursuit of savage spoils,
He drave the Deer into his corded toils.
Echo was then a Body, not a Voice:
Yet then, as now, of words she wanted choice;
But onely could re-iterate the close
Of every speech. This *Juno* did impose.
For, often when she might have taken *Jove*
Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakly strove,
Her long discourses made the Goddess stay,
Untill the Nymphs had time to run away.
Which when perceiv'd, she said, For this abuse,
Thy tongue henceforth shall be of little use.
Those threats are deeds: She yet ingeminates
The last of sounds, and what she hears relates.
Narcissus seen, intending thus the chace,
She forthwith glows, and with a noiseless pace
His steps pursues. The more she did pursue,
More hot (as neater to her fire) she grew:
And might be likened to a sulph'rous match,
Which instantly th' approached flame doth catch.

How oft would she have woo'd him with sweet words!
But Nature no such liberty affords.
Begin she could not, yet full readily
To his expected speech she would reply.
The Boy, from his companions parted, said;
Is any nigh? I, *Echo* answer made.
He round about him gazed, (much appall'd)
And cry'd out, Come. She him, who called, call'd.
Then looking back, and seeing none appear'd,
Why shun'st thou me? The self-same voice he heard.
Deceived by the Image of his words.
Then let us joyn, said he. No sound accords
More to her wish, her faculties combine
In dear consent; who answer'd, *Let us joyn.*
Flattering her self, out of the Woods she sprung;
And would about his struggling Neck have hung.
Thrust back, he said, Life shall this breast forsake,
E're thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleasure take.
On me thy pleasure take, the Nymph replies
To that disdainful Boy, who from her flies.
Despis'd, the Wood her sad retreat receives:
Who covers her ashamed face with leaves,
And sculks in desart Caves. Love still possest
Her soul, through grief of her repulse increast.
Her wretched body pines with sleepless care:
Her skin contracts: her bloud converts to air.
Nothing was left her now but voice and bones:
The voice remains; the other turn to stones.
Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountains never found,
Yet heard in all: and all is but a sound.
Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in Mountains born
And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kill'd with scorn.
Thus many a youth he had afore deceiv'd.
When one thus pray'd, with hands to Heav'n upheav'd,
So may he love himself, and so despair.
Rhamnusia condescends to his just pray'r.
A Spring there was, whose silver waters were
As smooth as any mirrour, nor less clear;
Which neither Herdsmen, tame nor savage Beast,
Nor wandring Fowl, nor scattered leaves molest;
Girt round with Grass, by neighbouring moisture fed,
And Woods, against the Sun's invasion dred.
He, tir'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
And Spring delighted, lies upon his face.

Quenching

Quenching his thirſt, another thirſt doth riſe,
Rais'd by the form which in that glaſs he ſpies.
The hope of nothing doth his pow'rs invade:
And for a body he miſtakes a ſhad.
Himſelf, himſelf diſtracts: who pores thereon
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* ſtone.
Beholds his eyes, two ſtars; his dangling hair,
Which with unſhorn *Apollo*'s might compare;
His fingers worthy *Bacchus*, his ſmooth chin,
His Ivory Neck, his heavenly face, wherein
The linked Deities their Graces fix,
Where Roſies with unſullied Lillies mix.
Admireth all; for which to be admir'd:
And unconſiderately himſelf deſir'd.
The praiſes which he gives, his beauty claim'd.
Who ſeeks, is ſought: th' inflamer is inflam'd.
How often would he kiſs the flattering Spring!
How oft with down-thruſt arms ſought he to cling
About that loved neck! Thoſe couz'ning lips
Delude his hopes; and from himſelf he ſlips.
Not knowing what, with what he ſees he fries:
And th' errour that deceives, incites his eyes.
O fool, that ſtriv'ſt to catch a flying ſhade!
Thou ſeek'ſt what's no-where: turn aſide, 'twill fade.
Thy form's reflexion doth thy ſight delude;
Which is with nothing of its own indu'd.
With thee it comes, with thee it ſtaies, and ſo
'Twould go away, hadſt thou the power to go.
Nor ſleep nor hunger could the Lover raiſe:
Who, laid along on that falſe form to gaze
With looks, which looking never could ſuffice,
Quite ruinates himſelf with his own eyes.
At length, a little lifting up his Head,
You Woods, that round about your branches ſpread,
Was ever ſo unfortunate a Lover?
You know, to many you have been a cover.
From your firſt growth to this long diſtant day,
Have you known any thus to pine away?
I like and ſee: but yet I cannot find
The lik'd and ſeen. O Love, with errour blind!
What grieves me more; no Sea, no mountain ſteep,
No waies, no walls, our joys aſunder keep,
Whom but a little water doth divide:
And he himſelf deſires to be injoy'd.

As oft as I to kiss the Floud decline,
Soon't his lips ascend, to close with mine.
You'ld think we toucht: so small a thing doth part
Our equal loves. Come forth what-e're thou art,
Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so:
From him that seeks thee, whither would'st thou go?
My Age nor Beauty merit thy disdain:
And me the Nymphs have often lov'd in vain.
Yet in thy frienly shews my poor hopes live,
Still striving to receive the Hand I give.
Thou smil'st my smiles: when I a tear let fall,
Th u shed'st another; and consent'st in all.
And lo, thy sweetly-moving lips appear
To utter words that come not to our ear.
Ah! He is I, now, now I plainly see:
It is my shadow that bewitcheth me.
Love of my self me burns; (O too too sure!)
I suffer in those flames which I procure.
Shall I be woo'd, or woo? What shall I crave,
Since what I cover, I already have?
Too much hath made me poor. O you divine
And favouring Powers, me from my self disjoyn.
Of what I love, I would be dispossest.
This in a Lover is a strange request.
Now strength through grief decays: short is the time
I have to live, extinguisht in my prime.
Nor grieves it me to part with well-mist breath;
For grief will find a perfect cure in death:
Would he I love might longer life injoy.
Now two ill-fated Lovers in one die.
This said, again he on his Image gaz'd:
Tears on the troubled water circles rais'd;
The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.
With that he cry'd, (perceiving it to vade)
O, whither wilt thou? stay; nor cruel prove,
In leaving me, who infinitely love.
Yet let me see what cannot be possest,
And with that empty food my fury feast.
Complaining thus, himself he disarrays,
And to remorseless hands his breast displaies;
To blows that solid Snow with Crimson stripe;
Like Apples partly red, or Grapes scarce ripe.
But in the water when the same appear,
He could no longer such a sorrow bear.

As

As Virgin-wax dissolves with fervent heat,
Or morning Frost whereon the Sun-beams beat:
So thaws he with the ardour of desire,
And by degrees consumes in unseen fire.
His meagre cheeks now lost their red and white;
That life, that favour lost which did delight.
Nor those divine proportions now remain,
So much by *Echo* lately lov'd in vain.
Which when she saw, although she angry were,
And still in mind her late repulse did bear;
As often as the miserable cry'd
Alas! Alas! the wofull Nymph reply'd:
And ever when he struck his sounding breast,
Like sounds of mutual sufferance exprest.
His last words were, still hanging o're his shade,
Ah! Boy belov'd in vain! So *Echo* said.
Farewell. Farewell, sigh'd she. Then down he lies:
Death's cold hand shuts his self-admiring eyes;
Which now eternally their gazes fix
Upon the waters of infernal *Styx*.
The wofull *Naiades* lament the dead,
And their clipt hair upon their brother spread.
The wofull *Dryades* partake their woes.
With both sad *Echo* joyns at every close.
The funeral Pile prepar'd, a Herse they brought
To fetch his body, which they vainly sought.
In stead whereof a yellow Flower was found,
With tufts of white about the button crown'd.
This through *Achaia* spred the Prophet's fame,
Who worthily had purchas'd a great name.
But proud *Echion*'s son, who did despise
The righteous Gods, derides his Prophecies,
And twits *Tiresias* with his ravish'd sight.
He shook his head, which age had cloath'd in white,
And said, 'Twere well for thee, hadst thou no eyes
To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities.
The time shall come (which I presage is near)
When *Semeleian Liber* will be here:
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due,
Thy Mother and her Sisters shall imbue
Their furious hands in thy effused blood,
And throw thy sever'd limbs about the Wood.
'Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebell:
And then thou'lt say, the blind did see too well.

His mouth proud *Penthem* ſtopt. Belief ſucceeds
Fore-running threats, and words are ſeal'd by deeds.
Liber is come, the fields with clamour ſound:
They in his Orgies tread a frantick round.
Women with Men, the baſe and nobler ſort
Together to thoſe unknown Rites reſort.
You ſons of *Mars*, you of the Dragon's race,
(Said he) what fury doth your minds imbaſe?
Is braſs of ſuch a power, which Drunkards beat,
Or ſound of Horns, or Magical Deceit;
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,
Nor Death with all his terrours could affright,
Loud women, wine-bred rage, a luſtfull Crew
Of Beaſts and Kettle-drums, ſhould thus ſubdue?
At you, grave Fathers, can I but admire;
Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,
And fixt them here; now from that care ſo far
Eſtranged, as to loſe them without War.
Or you, who of my able age appear;
Whoſe heads ſhould Helmets, and not Garlands, wear;
Nor leafy Javelins, but good Swords adorn
The hands of Youth. O you, ſo nobly born,
The Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
Whoſe ſingle valour ſuch a number ſlew.
He in defending of his Fountain fell:
Do you th' Invaders of your fame repell.
He ſlew the ſtrong: do you the weak deſtroy,
And free your Country from foul infamy.
If Deſtinies decree that *Thebes* muſt fall,
May men, may warlike engines raſe her Wall:
Let Sword and Fire our famiſh'd lives aſſault.
Then ſhould we not be wretched through our fault,
Nor ſtrive to hide our guilt, but Fortune blame,
And vent our pitied Sorrows without ſhame.
Now, by a naked Boy we 're put to flight;
Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight,
But hair perfum'd with Myrrh, ſoft Anadems,
And purple Robes inchas'd with Gold and Gems.
Who ſhall confeſs (if you your aid deny)
His forged Father, and falſe Deity.
What? has *Acriſius* virtue to withſtand
Th' Impoſtour, chaſed from the *Argive* Strand?
And ſhall this Vagabond, this Foreiner,
Me *Penthem* and the *Theban* State deter?

Go, (ſaid he to his ſervants) go your way,
And drag him hither bound: prevent delay.
Him *Cadmus*, *Athamas*, and all diſſuade,
By oppoſition more intemperate made.
Fury increaſeth when it is withſtood:
And then good counſel doth more harm then good.
So have I ſeen an unſtopt Torrent glide
With quiet water, ſcarcely heard to chide:
But when faln Trees, or Rocks, impeach'd his courſe,
To fome and roar with uncontrolled force.
All bloudy they return. Where is, ſaid he,
This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of us did ſee,
Reply'd they: This his miniſter we found,
(Preſenting one with hands behind him bound)
A Thuſcan zealous in thoſe myſteries.
On whom fierce *Penthem* looks with wrathfull eyes,
Who hardly could his puniſhment defer.
Then thus; Thou wretch, that others ſhalt deter,
Declare thy name, thy nation, parentage,
And why thou followeſt th's new-fangled Rage.
He, in whom innocency fear o're-came,
Made this reply: *Acœtes* is my name:
My life I owe to the *Mæonian* earth;
To none my fortune, born of humble Birth.
No Land my Father left me to manure,
Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks: himſelf was poor.
The tempted Fiſh with Hook and Line he caught:
His Skill was all his Wealth. His Skill he taught,
And ſaid, My Heir, ſucceſſour to my Art,
Receive the Riches which I can impart.
He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:
The Sea may I my Patrimony call.
Yet, leſt I ſtill ſhould on thoſe Rocks abide,
To Navigation I my time apply'd:
Obſerv'd th' *Olenian* Goat portending Rain;
Wet *Hyades*, when ſtooping to the Main;
Taygeta, and cold *Arctos*; the reſorts
Of ſeveral winds; and harbour-giving Ports.
For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* Shoars,
And there arrived with induſtrious Oars.
Leaping aſhore, I made the Beach my bed.
When aged Night *Aurora*'s bluſhes fled,
I roſe, and bade my men freſh water bring,
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.

Then

Then from an Hill obſerv'd the winds accord.
My Mates I call'd, and forthwith went aboard.
All here, the Maſter's Mate *Opheltes* cries:
And, thinking he had light upon a prize,
Along the ſhoar a lovely Boy convey'd,
Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.
Heavy with wine and ſleep, he reeled ſo,
That, though ſupported, he could hardly go.
When I beheld his habit, gate and feature,
I could not think it was an humane Creature.
Fellows, I doubt what God, but ſure, ſaid I,
This excellence includes a Deity.
O be propitious, whoſoere thou art;
Unto our induſtry ſucceſs impart,
And pardon theſe who have offended thus.
Then *Dictys* ſaid, Forbear to pray for us.
(Then he, none could the top-ſail-yard beſtride
With lighter ſpeed, nor thence more nimbly ſlide.)
This *Libys*, ſwart *Melanthus* (who the Prow
Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow,
Epopeus the Boat-ſwain; ſo all ſay,
Bewitched with the blind deſire of prey.
This Ship, ſaid I, you ſhall not violate,
With ſacriledge of ſo divine a weight,
Wherein I have moſt intereſt and command:
And on the hatches their aſcent withſtand.
Whereat the deſperate *Lycabas* grew wild,
Who for a bloudy murther was exil'd
From *Tuſcany*. Whilſt I alone reſiſt,
He took me ſuch a buffet with his fiſt,
That down I fell; and had ſain over-board,
If I (though ſenſleſs) had not caught a cord.
The wicked company the fact approve.
Then *Bacchus* (for 'twas he) began to move,
As if awaken'd with the noiſe they made,
(His wine-bound ſenſes now diſcharg'd) and ſaid,
What clamour's this? What doe you? Sailers, whither
Mean you to bear me? Ah! how came I hither?
Fear not, ſaid *Frorens*: name where thou would'ſt be;
And to that Harbour we will carry thee.
Then, Friends, *Lyæus* ſaid, for *Naxos* ſtand:
Naxos my home, an hoſpitable Land.
By Seas, by all the Gods, by what avails,
They ſwear they will, and bade me hoiſe up ſails.

Which

Which trimm'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board ſide;
What do'ſt thou Mad-man, Fool? *Opheltes* cry'd.
Each fears his loſs; ſome whiſper in mine ear:
Moſt ſay by ſigns, Unto the Lar-board ſteer.
Amaz'd, Some other hold the Helm, ſaid I;
I'll not be tainted with your perjury.
All chaſe and ſtorm. What? ſaid *Ethalion*,
Is all our ſafety plac'd in thee alone?
With that, my office he upon him took,
And *Naxos* (altering her courſe) forſook.
The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th' upper deck the Sea ſurveyed round;
Then ſeem'd to cry. Sirs, this is not, ſaid he,
That promis'd Shoar, the Land ſo wiſh'd by me.
What is my fault? what glory is my ſpoil,
If Men a Boy, if many one beguile?
I wept afore: but they my tears deride,
And with laborious Oars the Waves divide.
By him I ſwear (then whom none more in view)
That what I now ſhall utter is as true,
As paſt belief. The Ship, in thoſe profound
And ſpacefull Seas, ſo ſtuck as on dry ground.
They, wondring, ply'd their Oars, the ſails diſplaid,
And ſtrive to run her with that added aid.
When Ivy gave their Oars a forc'd reſtraint,
Whoſe creeping bands the ſails with Berries paint.
He, head-bound with a wreath of cluſtered Vines,
A Javelin ſhook claſpt with their leafy twines.
Stern Tigers, Lynxes (ſuch unto the eye)
And ſpotted Panthers round about him lie.
All over-board now tumble; whether 'twere
Out of infuſed madneſs, or for fear.
Then *Medon* firſt with ſpiny fins grew black,
His form depreſſed, with a compaſt back.
To whom ſaid *Lycabas*; O more then ſtrange!
Into what uncouth Monſter wilt thou change?
As thus he ſpake, his mouth became more wide,
His noſe more hook'd: ſcales arm his hardned hide.
Whilſt *Libys* tugg'd an Oar that fixed ſtands,
His hands ſhrunk up, now fins, no longer hands.
Another by a Cable thought to hold,
But miſt his arms. He fell; the Seas infold
His maimed body, which a tail eft-ſoon
Receives, reverſed like the horned Moon.

They

They leap aloft, and ſprinkle-up the Floud;
Now chaſe above, now under water ſcud:
And like laſcivious Dancers friſk about;
And gulped Seas, from their proud noſtrills, ſpout.
Of twenty Sailers, onely I remain'd:
So many mea our complement contain'd.
The God my mind could hardly animate,
Trembling with horrour of ſo dire a Fate.
Suppreſs, ſaid he, theſe tumults of thy fear;
And now thy courſe for ſacred *Dia* bear.
Arrived I, by his implor'd conſent,
Became his Prieſt; and thus his Feaſts frequent.
Our ears are tir'd with thy long ambages,
Which wrath, ſaid he, would by delay appeaſe.
Go, ſervants, take him hence: let his forc'd breath
Expire in groans, and torture him to death.
In ſolid Priſon pent; while they provide
Whips, Racks and Fire, the doors fly open wide:
And of themſelves, as if diſſolv'd by charms,
The fetters fall from his unpinion'd arms.
But now, not bidding others, *Penthem* flings
To high *Cytheron*'s ſacred top, which rings
With frantick ſongs, and thrill-voic'd *Bacchanals*,
In *Liber*'s celebrated Feſtivals.
And as the warlike Courſer neighs and bounds,
Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet ſounds:
Even ſo their far-heard clamours ſet on fire
Stern *Penthem*, and exaſperate his ire.
In midſt of all the ſpacious Mountain ſtood
A perſpicable Champain, fring'd with Wood.
Here firſt of all his Mother him eſpies,
Viewing thoſe holy Rites with prophane eyes.
She, firſt, upon him frantickly did run:
And firſt her eager Javelin pierc'd her ſon.
Come, Siſters, cry'd ſhe, this is that huge Boar
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds muſt gore.
With that, in ruſh the ſenſe-diſtracted Crew,
And all together the amaz'd purſue.
Now trembled he, now late-breath'd threats ſuppreſt:
Himſelf he blames, and his offence confeſt.
Who cry'd, Help, Aunt *Autonoe*; I bleed:
O let *Actæon*'s Ghoſt ſoft pity breed.
Not knowing who *Actæon* was, ſhe lops
His right hand off: the other *Ino* crops.

The

The wretch now to his mother would have thrown
His ſuppliant hands: but now his hands were gone.
Yet lifting up their bloudy ſtumps, he ſaid,
Ah, Mother! ſee. *Agave*, well appay'd,
Shours at the ſight, caſts up her neck, and ſhakes
Her ſtaring hair. In cruel hands ſhe takes
His head, yet gaſping; *Io* ſing, ſaid ſhe,
Io my Mates: this ſpoil belongs to me.
Not leaves now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's froſt,
So ſoon are raviſht from high Trees, and toſt
By ſcattering winds, as they in pieces tear
His minced lims. Th' *Iſmenians*, ſtruck with fear,
His Orgies celebrate, his praiſes ſing,
And Incenſe to his holy Altars bring.

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Derceta *a Fish.* Semiramis *a Dove.*
Transforming Nais *equal fate doth prove.*
White Berries Lovers bloud with black defiles.
Apollo, *like* Eurynome, *beguiles*
Leucothoe, *buried quick for that offence;*
Who, Nectar sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.
Griev'd Clytie, *turn'd to a Flower, turns with the Sun.*
Daphnis, *to Stone.* *Sex changeth* Scytheon.
Celmus *a Loadstone.* Curets *got by showers.*
Crocus *and* Smilax *turn'd to little flowers.*
In one Hermaphrodite *two bodies joyn.*
Mineides, *Bats.* *Sad* Ino *made divine,*
With Melicert. *Who* Juno's *fact upbraid,*
Or Statues, or Cadmean *Fowls are made.*
Hermione *and* Cadmus, *worn with woe,*
Prove hurtless Dragons. *Drops to Serpents grow.*
Atlas *a Mountain.* Gorgon-*touch'd Sea-weeds*
To Coral change. *From* Gorgon's *bloud proceeds*
Swift Pegasus: Chrysaor *also takes*
From thence his birth. *Fair hair converts to Snakes.*

BUt yet *Alcithoe Mineides*
The honour'd Orgies of the God displease,
Her Sisters share in that impiety;
Who *Bacchus* for the Son of *Jove* deny.

And

And now his Prieſt proclaims a ſolemn Feaſt;
That Dames and Maids from uſual labour reſt;
That wrapt in skins, their hair-laces unbound,
And dangling Treſſes with wild Ivy crown'd,
They leafy Spears aſſume. Who propheſies
Sad haps to ſuch as his command deſpiſe.
The Marrons and new-married Wives obey:
Their Webs, their un-ſpun Wool aſide they lay,
Sweet odours burn, and ſing; *Lyæus*, *Bacchus*,
Nyſæus, *Bromius*, *Euan*, great *Iacchus*,
Fire-got, Son of two Mothers, the Twice-born,
Father *Eleleus*, *Thyon* never ſhorn,
Lenæus, planter of life-chearing Vines,
Nyctileus, with all names that *Greece* aſſigns
To thee, O *Liber*. Still doſt thou injoy
Unwaſted youth, eternally a Boy.
Thou'rt ſeen in Heav'n, whom all perfections grace;
And when unborn'd, thou haſt a Virgin's face.
Thy conqueſts through the Orient are renown'd,
Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
Proud *Penthæus* and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,
By thee (O greatly to be fear'd) were ſlain:
The *Thuſcans* drench'd in Seas. Thou holdſt in awe
The ſpotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.
Light *Bacchides* and skipping Satyrs follow,
Whil'ſt old *Silenus* reeling ſtill doth hollow;
Who weakly hangs upon his tardy Aſs.
What place ſoe're thou entreſt, ſounding Braſs,
Loud Sack-buts, Timbrells, the confuſed cries
Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skies.
Thy preſence we *Iſmenides* implore:
Come, O come pleas'd. Thus they his Rites reſtore.
Yet the *Mineides* at home remain,
And with untimely Art his feaſt prophane:
Who either weave, or at their Diſtaffs ſpin;
And urge their Maids to exerciſe their ſin.
One ſaid, as ſhe the twiſted thread out-drew,
While others ſport, and forged Gods purſue,
Let us, whom better *Pallas* doth invite,
Our uſefull labour ſeaſon with delight,
And ſtories tell by turns; that what paſt years
Deny our eyes, may enter at our ears.
They all agree, and bade the eldeſt tell
Her ſtory firſt. She paus'd, not knowing well

Of

Of many which to chuse t' insist upon:
The sad *Dercetis* of fam'd *Babylon*,
(Who, as the *Palestines* believe, did take
A scaly form, inhabiting a lake;)
Or of her Daughter, who with wing'd ascent
High-pearch'd on Towers, there her old age spent;
Or of that *Nais* who with charms most strange,
And weeds too-pow'rfull, humane shapes did change
Into mute Fishes, till a Fish she grew;
Or of the Tree whose berries chang'd their hue,
The white to black by bloud's aspersion grown:
This pleaseth best, as being most unknown.
She thus began, and draws the following wool.
Young *Pyramus* (no youth so beautifull
Through all the East) and *Thisbe* (who for fair
Might with th' immortal Goddesses compare)
Joyn'd houses, where *Semiramis* inclos'd
Her stately Town, with walls of Brick compos'd.
This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred;
That grew to love; Love sought a nuptial Bed,
By Parents cross'd: yet equal flames th' ir bloud
Alike incens'd, which could not be withstood.
Signs onely utter their unwitnest loves:
But hidden fire the violenter proves.
A cranny in the parting wall was left,
By shrinking of the new-laid morter cleft:
This for so many Ages undescry'd
(What cannot Love find out?) the Lovers spy'd;
By which their whispering voices softly trade,
And Passion's amorous embassie convei'd.
On this side, and on that, like Snails they cleave,
And greedily each others breath receive.
O envious walls (said they) who thus divide
Whom Love hath joyn'd! O, give us way to slide
Into each others arms. If such a bliss
Transcend our Fates, yet suffer us to kiss.
Nor are w'ingrate: much we confess we ow
To you, who this dear liberty bestow.
At night they bid farewell. Their kisses greet
The senseless Stones, with lips that could not meet.
When from th' approaching Morn the Stars withdrew,
And that the Sun had drunk the scorched dew,
They at the usual Station meet again,
And with soft murmurs mutually complain.

At laſt, reſolve in ſilence of the night
To ſteal away, and free themſelves by flight;
And, with their houſes, to forſake the Town.
Yet leſt they ſo might wander up and down;
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb they both agree,
Under the ſhelter of a ſhady Tree.
There a high Mulberry, full of white fruit,
Hard by a living Fountain fixt his Root.
The Sun, that ſeem'd too ſlow, his ſteeds beſtows
In reſtfull Seas: from Seas wiſht Night aroſe.
Then *Thisbe* in the dark the doors unbarr'd;
And ſlipping forth, unmiſſed by her Guard,
Comes maskt to *Ninus* Tomb; there in the cold
Sits underneath that Tree: Love made her bold.
When (Io) a Lionneſs, ſmear'd with the bloud
Of late-ſlain Beeves, approach'd the neighbour Flou'd,
To quench her thirſt. Far off by Moon-light *Thisbe* ſpy'd,
Swift fear her flight into a Cave doth guide.
Flying, her mantle from her ſhoulders fell.
The faral Lionneſs, as from the Well
Up to the rocky Mountain ſhe withdraws,
Found it, and tore it with her bloudy jaws.
When *Pyramus*, who came not forth ſo ſoon,
Perceived by the glimpſes of the Moon
The footing of wild Beaſts, his look grew pale.
But when he ſpy'd her torn and bloudy Veil;
One night (ſaid he) two Lovers ſhall deſtroy:
She longer life deſerved to enjoy.
The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poor ſoul!) that ſlew thee,
Who to a place ſo full of danger drew thee,
Nor came before. You Lions, O deſcend
From your aboads; a wretch in pieces rend,
Condemned by his ſelf-pronounced doom,
And make your entralls my opprobrious Tomb.
But Cowards wiſh to die. Her mantle he
Carries along unto th' appointed Tree.
There having kiſt, and waſht it with his eyes;
Take from our bloud, ſaid he, the double dyes.
With that, his Body on his Sword he threw;
Which from the reaking wound he dying drew.
Now, on his back, up ſpun the bloud in ſmoak:
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The waters at a little breach break out,
And, hiſſing, through the airy Region ſpout.

The

The Mulberries their former white forſake,
And from his ſprinkling bloud their crimſon take.
Now ſhe, who could not yet her fear remove,
Returns, for fear to diſappoint her Love.
Her eager ſpirit ſeeks him through her eyes,
Who longs to tell of her eſcap'd ſurpriſe.
The place and figure of the Tree ſhe knew;
Yet doubts, the berries having chang'd their hue.
Uncertain, ſhe his panting limbs deſcry'd,
That ſtruck the ſtained earth; and ſtarts aſide.
Box was not paler then her changed look:
And like the lightly-breath'd-on Sea ſhe ſhook.
But when ſhe knew 'twas he, (now diſpoſſeſt
Of her amaze) ſhe ſhrieks, beats her ſwoln breaſt,
Pulls off her hair, imbraces, ſoftly rears
His hanging head, and fills his wound with tears.
Then, kiſſing his cold lips, Wo's me! (ſhe ſaid)
What curſed fate hath this diviſion made?
O ſpeak, my *Pyramus*. O look on me:
Thy dear, thy deſperate *Thisbe* calls to thee.
At *Thisbe*'s name he opens his dim eyes;
And having ſeen her, ſhuts them up, and dies.
But when his empty Scabbard ſhe had ſpy'd,
And her known Robe, Unhappy man! ſhe cry'd;
Theſe wounds from love, from thine own hand proceed:
Nor is my hand too weak for ſuch a deed,
My love as ſtrong. This, this ſhall courage give,
To force that life which much diſdains to live.
In death I'll follow thee; inſtyl'd by all,
The wretched Cauſe and Partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death, that had (alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me, ſhall not diſunite.
O you, our wretched Parents, (thus ſevere
To your own bloud,) my laſt Petition bear:
Whom conſtant love, whom death hath joyn'd, interr,
Without your envy, in one Sepulcher.
And thou, O Tree, whoſe branches ſhade the ſlain,
Of both our ſlaughters bear the laſting ſtain.
In funeral habit ever cloath your brood,
A living Monument of our mixt bloud.
This ſaid, his ſword, yet reeking, ſhe reverſt,
And with a mortall wound her boſom pierc'd.
The eaſie Gods unto her wiſh accord;
Their Parents alſo her deſire afford.

The

The late white Mulberries in black now mourn;
And what the fire had left, lay in one Urn.
Here ended she. Some intermission made,
Leucothoe (her sisters silent) said:
This Sun, who all directeth with his light,
Weak Love hath tam'd; his loves we now recite.
He first discover'd the Adultery
Of *Mars* and *Venus*, (nothing scapes his eye)
And in displeasure told to *Juno*'s son
Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.
His spirits faint, his hands could not sustain
The work in hand. Forthwith he forg'd a chain,
With nets of brass, that might the eye deceive,
(Less curious far the webs which Spiders weave)
Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close:
This he about the guilty bed bestows.
No sooner these Adulterers were met,
Then caught in his so strangely-forged net;
Who, struggling, in compell'd imbracements lay:
The Ivory doors then *Vulcan* doth display,
And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound.
Yet one, a wanton, wisht to be so found.
The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
Through all the Round, and mirth did long uphold.
Venus, incens'd, on him who this disclos'd
A memorable punishment impos'd.
And he, of late so tyrannous to love,
Love's tyranny in just exchange doth prove.
Hyperion's son, what boots thy piercing sight,
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light?
For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,
Art now thy self inflam'd with new desires.
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view,
And give to her what to the World is due.
Now, in the East thou hastnest thy up-rise;
Now, slowly seti'st, even loth to leave the Skies.
And while that object thus exacts thy stay,
Thou addest hours unto the Winter's day.
Oft in thy face thy mind's disease appears,
Affrighting all the darkned World with fears.
Not *Cynthia*'s interposed Orb doth move
These pale aspects; this colour springs from Love.
She all thy thoughts ingrost: nor didst thou care
For *Clymene*, for her who *Circe* bare,

For

For *Rhodes*, *Clytie* who in love abounds,
Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.
All, all were buried in *Leucothoe*,
Born in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.
As she in beauty far surpast all other:
So much the Daughter far surpast the Mother.
Great *Orchamus* was father to the Maid,
Who, seventh from *Belus Priscus*, *Persia* sway'd.
In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are,
Where *Phœbus* horses on *Ambrosia* fare.
There, tired with the travels of the day,
They renovate what labour doth decay.
Now, while celestial food their hunger feeds,
And night in her alternate reign succeeds,
In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
Approach'd the chamber where his life abode.
He spinning by a Lamp *Leucothoe* found,
With twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.
Then killing her, (her Mother now by Art)
I have (said he) a secret to impart:
Maids, presently withdraw. They all obey'd.
He, after he had clear'd the chamber, said;
The tardie Year I measure: I am he
Who see all Objects, and by whom all see;
The World's clear eye: by thy fair self I swear,
I love thee above thought. She shook for fear;
Her Spindle and her Distaff from her fell:
And yet that fear became her wond'rous well.
Then his own form and radiancy he took:
Though with that unexpected presence strook,
Yet vanquish'd, by his beauty, her complaint
She laid aside, and suffered his constraint.
This *Clytie* vext, (not less affectionate
Before to her) who with a rival's hate
Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy,
And to her Father doth the fact descry.
Who stern and savage, shuts up all remorse
From her that stood subdu'd, she said, by force;
And *Sol* to witness calls. He his dishonour
Interes alive, and casts a Mount upon her.
Hyperion's son this batters with his rays,
And for her re-ascent a breach displaies:
Yet could not she advance her heavy head,
But life, too hasty, from her body fled.

Never

Never did *Phœbus* with ſuch ſorrow mourn
Since wretched *Phaeton* the world did burn:
Yet ſtrives he with his influence to beget
In her cold limbs a life-revoking heat.
But ſince the Fates ſuch great attemps withſtood,
He ſteeps the place and body in a floud
Of fragrant Nectar, much bewails her end,
And ſighing, ſaid; Yet ſhalt thou heaven aſcend.
Forthwith, her body thaws into a dew:
Which from the moiſtned earth an odour threw.
Then through the Hill a Shrub of Frankincenſe
Thruſt up his crown, and took his root from thence.
Though Love might *Clytie*'s ſorrow have excus'd,
Sorrow her tongue; Day's King her bed refus'd.
She, with diſtracted paſſion, pines away,
Deteſteth company; all night, all day,
Diſrobed, with her ruffled hair unbound,
And wet with humour, ſits upon the ground;
For nine long days all ſuſtenance forbears,
Her hunger cloy'd with dew, her thirſt with tears.
Nor roſe; but rivets on the God her eyes,
And ever turns her face to him that flies.
At length, to earth her ſtupid body cleaves;
Her wan compl xion turns to bloudleſs leaves,
Yet ſtreak'd with red: her periſht limbs beget
A flower, reſembling the pale Violet;
Which with the Sun, though rooted faſt, doth move;
And, being changed, changeth not her love.
Thus ſhe. This wond'rous ſtory caught their ears:
To ſome the ſame impoſſible appears.
Others, that all is poſſible, conclude,
To true-ſtyl'd Gods; but *Bacchus* they extrude
All: whilſt *Alcithoe*, call'd upon, doth run
Her ſhuttle through the Web; and thus begun.
T' omit the paſtoral loves, to few unknown,
Of young *Idæan Daphnis*, turn'd to ſtone
By that vext Nymph, who could not elſe aſſwage
Her jealouſie: ſuch is a Lover's rage:
And *Scython*, who his nature innovates,
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates:
With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,
Who of his faith when little *Jove* might vaunt;
The ſhorn *Curetes*, got by falling ſhowrs;
Crocos and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowers,

I over.

I overpass; and will your ears surprize
With sweet delight of unknown novelties.
Then know how *Salmacis* infamous grew;
Whose too strong waves all manly strength undo,
And mollifie, with their soul-softning touch:
The cause unknown, their nature known too much.
Th' *Idæan* Nymphs nurst in secure delight
The son of *Hermes* and fair *Aphrodite*.
His Father and his Mother in his look
You might behold; from whom his name he took.
When Summers five he thrice had multiply'd,
Leaving the fount-full Hills of foster *Ide*, (sight
He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the
Of forein streams; toil less'ning with delight.
The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds.
There lighted on a Pool, so passing clear,
That all the glittering bottom did appear;
Inviron'd with no marish-loving Reeds,
Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds;
But living Turf upon the Border grew:
Whose ever-Spring no blasting Winter knew.
A Nymph this haunts, unpractis'd in the chace,
To bend a Bow, or run a strift-full race.
Of all the Water-Nymphs, this Nymph alone
To nimble-footed *Dian* was unknown.
Her Sisters oft would say, Fie, *Salmacis*,
Fie, lazie sister, what a sloth is this?
Upon a Quiver or a Javelin seize,
And with laborious hunting mix thine ease.
On Quiver nor on Javelin would she seize,
Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.
But now in her own Fountain baths her fair
And shapefull limbs, now kembs her golden hair:
Her self oft by that liquid mirrour drest;
There taking counsel what became her best:
Her body, in transparent Robes array'd,
Now on soft leaves or softer mos display'd:
Oft gathers flowers; so when she saw the Boy,
Whom seen, forthwith she covets to enjoy;
And yet would not approach, though big with hast,
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac'd,
Her love-inveigling looks set to insnare,
Who merited to be reputed fair.

Sweet

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the abode
Of blest Celestials! if thou be a God,
Then art thou *Cupid*; if of humane race,
Happy the Parents whom thy person grace;
Thy Sister, if thou hast a Sister, blest:
Thy Nurse much more, who fed thee with her breast.
But (O) no less then deify'd is she
Whom Marriage shall incorporate to thee.
If any such, let me this treasure steal:
If not, be't I; and our dear Nuptials seal.
This said, she held her peace. He blusht for shame,
Not knowing love, whom shamefac'dness became.
So Apples shew upon the Sunny side;
So Ivory with rich Vermilion dy'd:
So pure a red the silver Moon doth stain,
When auxil'ary Brass resounds in vain.
She earnestly intreats a sister's kiss:
And now advancing to imbrace her bliss,
He, struggling, said, Lascivious Nymph, forbear;
Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.
Fair Stranger, tim'rous *Salmacis* reply'd,
'Tis freely yours: and therewith stept aside.
Yet looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees
She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
Imagining he was observ'd by none,
Now here now there about the margin trips,
And in th' alluring waves his ancles dips.
Caught with the water's flatt'ring temp'rature,
He straight disrobes his body, (O, how pure!)
His naked beauty *Salmacis* amaz'd,
Who with unsatisfied longing gaz'd. (rour,
Her sparkling eyes shoot flame through this sweet er-
Much like the Sun reflected by a mirrour.
Now she impatiently her hope delays;
Now burns t' imbrace; now, half mad, hardly stays.
He swiftly from the bank on which he stood,
Clapping his body, leaps into the floud,
And with his rowing arms supports his limbs:
Which through the pure waves glister as he swims;
Like Ivory statues, which the life surpass,
Or like a Lilly in a crystal glass.
He's mine, the Nymph exclaim'd: who all unstript,
And, as she spake, into the water skipt,

Hanging about the neck that did refuſe,
And with a maſt'ring force th' unwilling kiſs;
Now puts her hand beneath his ſcornful breaſt,
Now every way invadeth the diſtreſt:
And wraps about the ſubject of her luſt;
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle truſs't,
Which to his head and feet infettered clings,
And wreaths her tail about his ſtretcht-out wings.
So claſping Ivy to the Oak doth grow;
And ſo the *Polypus* detains his foe.
But *Ailantiades*, relentleſs coy,
Still ſtruggles, and reſiſts her hop'd-for joy.
Inveſted with her body; Fool, ſaid ſhe,
Struggle thou mayſt, but never ſhalt be free.
O you who in immortal thrones reſide,
Grant that no day may ever us divide.
Her wiſhes had their Gods. Ev'n in that ſpace
Their cleaving bodies mix; both have one face.
As when we two divided Cions join,
And ſee them grow together in one rine:
So they, by ſuch a ſtrict imbracement glu'd,
Are now but one, with double form indu'd.
No longer he a Boy, nor ſhe a Maid;
But neither, and yet either, might be ſaid.
Hermaphroditus at himſelf admires;
Who half a female from the ſpring retires,
His manly limbs now ſoftned, and thus prays,
With ſuch a voice as neither ſex betrays:
Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*, him O hear,
Who was your ſon, who both your names doth bear,
May every maid that in this water ſwims
Return half-woman, with infeebled limbs.
His gentle parents ſign to his requeſt,
And with unknown receits the ſpring infeſt.
Here they conclude; yet give their hands no reſt,
But *Bacchus* ſlight, and ſtill prophane his Feaſt.
Then ſuddenly harſh inſtruments ſurprize
Their charged ears, not extant to their eyes.
Sweet Myrrh and Saffron all the houſe perfume.
Their Webs (paſt credit) flouriſh in the loom.
The hanging wool to green-leav'd Ivy ſpreads;
Part into Vines; the equal-twiſted threads
To branches run; buds from the diſtaff ſhoot,
And with that purple paint their bluſhing fruit.

Now

Now to the day ſucceeds that doubtful light
Which neither can be called day nor night.
The building trembles; torches of fat Pines
Appear to burn; the room with flaſhes ſhines,
Fill'd with fantaſtical reſemblances
Of howling Beaſts, whom bloud and ſlaughter pleaſe.
The Siſters to the ſmoaky roof retire;
And, there diſperſt, avoid both light and fire.
Thus while they corners ſeek, thin films extend
From lightned limbs, with ſmall beams inter-penn'd.
But how their former ſhapes they did for-go,
Concealing darkneſs would not let them know.
Nor are theſe little Light-deteſting things
Born up with feathers, but tranſparent wings.
Their voice befits their bodies, ſmall and faint,
Wherewith they harſhly utter their complaint.
Theſe houſes haunt, in night conceal their ſhame,
And of the loved Evening take their name.
All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates,
Whoſe wondrous pow'r his boaſting Aunt relates.
She onely, of ſo many ſiſters, knew
No grief as yet, but what from them ſhe drew.
An happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
Nurſe to a God. Theſe caus'd her to ſurpaſs
The bounds of her felicities, and made
Vext *Juno* ſtorm; who to her ſelf thus ſaid:
What? could that Strumpet's Brat the form diſſeiſe
Of poor *Meonian* Sailers drencht in Seas?
A Mother urge to murther her own Son?
And wing the three *Mineides* that ſpun?
Can I but un-revenged wrongs deplore?
Muſt that ſuffice? and is our pow'r no more?
He teacheth what to doe; learn of thy Foe:
What Fury can, the wounds of *Penthem* ſhow
More then too much. Why ſhould not *Ino* tread
The path which late her frantick ſiſters led?
A ſteep dark Cave, with deadly Yew repleat,
Through ſilence leads to Hell's infernal ſeat.
By this dull *Styx* ejects a blaſting fume:
Here ghoſts deſcend, whoſe bodies graves inhume.
Amongſt thoſe thorns ſtiff Cold and Paleneſs dwell:
The new-come ghoſts nor know the way to Hell,
Nor where the roomthy *Stygian* City ſtands,
Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.

A thousand entries to this City guide:
The gates still open stand on every side.
And as all Rivers run into the Deep;
So all unhoused souls do thither creep.
Nor are they pestered for want of room;
Nor can it be perceiv'd that any come.
Here Shadows wander from their Bodies sent.
Some plead, and some the Tyrant's Court frequent:
Some in life-practis'd Arts imploy their times;
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia stooping from her Throne of Air,
(Her hate immortal) thither makes repair.
As soon as she had entered the gate,
The threshold trembled with her sacred weight.
Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddess dreads,
And barketh thrice at once with his three heads.
She calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night,
Implacable, and hating all delight.
Before the doors of Adamant they sit,
And there with combs their snaky curls unknit.
When they through gloomy darkness did disclose
That form of Heaven, the Goddesses arose.
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
Had his vast body on nine Acres spred,
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
From *Tantalus* deceitfull water slips:
And catcht-at fruit avoids his touched lips.
Thou ever seekest, or roll'st up in vain
A stone, O *Sisyphus*, to fall again.
Ixion, turn'd upon a restless wheel,
With giddy head pursues his flying heel.
The *Belides*, whom Kinsmens bloud accuse,
For ever draw the water which they lose.
On all *Saturnia* frowns, but most of all
At thee, *Ixion*; then a look lets fall
On *Sisyphus*. And why (said she) remains
This brother onely in perpetual pains;
When haughty *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise
Both *Jove* and me, abides in constant joys?
Then tells the cause of her approach, her hate,
And what she would, the fall of *Cadmus* state;
That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,
And urge him to some execrable fact.

Impa-

Importunately ſhe ſoliciteth,
Commands, intreats, promiſes, with one breath.
Incens'd *Tiſiphone* her Treſſes ſhakes,
And toſſing from her face the hiſſing Snakes,
Thus ſaid: You need not uſe long ambages;
Suppoſe all done already that may pleaſe.
Forſake this loathſome Kingdom, and repair
To th' upper world's more comfortable air.
Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to Heav'n withdrew:
Whom firſt *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with dew.
Forthwith *Tiſiphone* her garment takes,
Dropping with bloud; and girt with knotted Snakes.
About her head her bloudy Torch ſhe ſhook,
And ſwiftly thoſe accurs'd Abodes forſook.
Still-ſighing Sorrow, Horrour, Trembling, Fear,
And ghaſtly Madneſs, her aſſociates were.
The entred Palace groan'd; pale poiſon ſoils
The poliſht doors; the frighted Sun recoils.
Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, ſtruck with dread
And monſtrous Apparitions, ſought t' have fled.
But ſtern *Erynnis* their eſcape withſtands;
And ſtretching out her Viper-graſping hands,
Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hiſt:
Some, falling on her ſhoulders, there untwiſt;
Others upon her ugly breaſt deſcend,
Spit poiſon, and their forked tongues extend.
Two Adders from her crawling hair ſhe drew;
And thoſe at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw.
Theſe up and down about their boſoms rowl;
And with infus'd infection ſad the ſoul.
No wound upon their Bodies could be found:
It was the Mind that felt the deſperate wound.
She brought beſides from her abhorred home
The ſurfeit of *Echidna*, with the foam
Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, ſtill-wandring Errour,
Oblivion, Miſchief, Tears, infernal Terrour,
Diſtracted Fury, an Affection fixt
On murther; all together ground, and mixt
With bloud yet reeking, boil'd in hollow braſs,
And ſtirr'd with Hemlock. While ſad *Athamas*
And *Ino* quake, ſhe pours into their breaſts
The ragefull poiſon; which their peace infeſts.
Her flamy Torch then whisking in a round,
(Whoſe circulary fire her conqueſt crown'd)

To *Pluto*'s empty regiment she makes
A swift descent, and there ungirts her Snakes.
Forthwith *Æolides* with Poison boils;
Io my Mates, he cries, here pitch your toils:
Here late a Lionness by me was seen
With her two whelps. With that pursues the Queen,
And from her breast *Learchus* snatcht. The child
Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him smil'd:
Whom like a Sling about his head he swings,
And cruelly against the pavement flings.
The Mother, whether with her grief distraught,
Or that the Poison on her senses wrought,
Runs howling with her hair about her ears,
And in bare arms her *Melicerta* bears;
Cries, *Euæ Bacche*. *Juno* laught, and said,
Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repaid.
There is a Rock that over-looks the Main,
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, sconc'd from rain;
Whose craggy Brow to vaster Seas extends.
This *Ino* (fury adding strength) ascends,
Descending headlong, with the load she bears,
And strikes the sparkling waves, that fall in tears.
Then *Venus*, grieving at her Niece's Fate,
Her Uncle thus intreats: O thou whose State
Is next to *Jove*'s, great Ruler of the Floud,
My suit is bold, yet pity thou my bloud,
Now tossed in the deep *Ionian* Seas,
And joyn them to thy watry Deities.
Some favour of the Sea I should obtain,
That am ingender'd of the foamy Main;
Of which the acceptable name I bear.
Neptune affords a favourable ear;
Who what was mortal from their beings took:
Then gave to either a Majestick look,
In all their faculties divinely fram'd;
And her *Leucothea*, him *Palæmon* nam'd.
The *Theban* Ladies, who her steps pursu'd,
Her last on the first Promontory view'd.
Then, held for dead, with hair and garments rent,
They beat their breasts, and *Cadmus* House lament.
Of little Justice, and much Cruelty,
All *Juno* tax. Endure (she said) shall I
Such blasphemies? I'll make you monuments
Of my revenge. Threats usher their events.

When

When one, of all the moſt affectionate,
Cry'd, O my Queen, I will partake thy Fate:
And thought to leap into the roaring Floud;
But could not move; her Feet faſt fixed ſtood,
Another, who her boſom meant to beat,
Perceiv'd her ſtiffned Arms to loſe their heat.
By chance her Hand This ſtretcheth to the Main:
Nor could her Hand, now ſtone, unſtretch again.
As She her violated Treſſes tare,
Her Fingers forthwith hardned in her hair.
Their ſtatues now thoſe ſeveral geſtures bear,
Wherein they formerly ſurprized were.
Some, Fowls became, now call'd *Cadmeides*;
Who with their light wings ſweep thoſe guilty Seas.
Little knew *Cadmus* that his Children reign'd
In ſacred Seas, and deathleſs ſtates retain'd.
Subdu'd with woes, with tragical events
That had no end, and many dire oſtents,
He leaves his City, as not through his own,
But by the fortune of the place or'ethrown;
And with his Wife *Hermione*, long toſt,
At length arriveth at th' *Illyrian* Coaſt.
Now ſpent with grief and age, whilſt they relate
Their former toils, and Familie's firſt fate;
And was that Serpent ſacred which I ſlew,
(Said he) whoſe teeth into the Earth I threw
(An uncouth Seed) when I from *Sidon* came?
If this the vengefull Gods ſo much inflame,
May I my Belly Serpent-like extend.
His Belly lengthned e're his wiſh could end.
Rough Scales upon his hardned outſide grew;
The blacks diſtinguiſhed with drops of blue.
Then, falling on his breaſt, his Thighs unite;
And in a ſpiny progreſs ſtrercht out-right.
His Arms (for Arms as yet they were) he ſpreads;
And tears on Cheeks, that yet were humane, ſheds.
Come, O ſad Soul, ſaid he, thy husband touch,
Whilſt I am I, or part of me be ſuch:
Shake hands, while yet I have an Hand to ſhake;
Before I totally indue a Snake.
His Tongue was yet in motion, when it cleft
In two: forthwith of humane ſpeech bereft,
He hiſt, when he his ſorrows ſought to vent,
The onely language now which Nature lent.

His Wife her naked boſom beats, and cries,
Stay, *Cadmus*, and put off theſe prodigies.
O ſtrange! where are thy feet, hands, ſhoulders, breaſt,
Thy colour, face, and (while I ſpeak) the reſt?
You Gods, why alſo am not I a Snake?
He lickt her willing lips even as ſhe ſpake;
Into her well-known boſom glides; her waſte
And yielding neck with loving twines imbrac't.
Amazement all the ſtanders by poſſeſt;
While glittering combs their ſlippery heads inveſt.
Now are they two; who crept, together chain'd,
Till they the coverr of the Wood obtain'd.
Theſe gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
Doe hurt to no man, nor man's preſence fear.
Yet were thoſe ſorrows by their Daughter's ſon
Much comforted, who vanquiſht *India* won;
To whom th' *Achaians* Temples conſecrate;
Divinely magnify'd through either State.
Alone *Acriſius Abantiades*,
Though of one Progeny, diſſents from theſe:
Who from th' *Argolian* City made him fly,
And manag'd arms againſt a Deity.
Nor him, nor *Perſeus* he for *Jove's* doth hold;
(Begot on *Danae* in a ſhow'r of gold)
Yet ſtraight repents (ſo prevalent is truth)
Both to have forc'd the God, and doom'd the Youth.
Now is the one inthroned in the skies:
The other through Air's empty Region flies;
And bears along the memorable ſpoil
Of that new Monſter, conquer'd by his toil.
And as he o're the *Lybian* Deſarts flew,
The bloud that dropt from *Gorgon's* head ſtraight grew
To various Serpents, quickned by the ground.
With theſe thoſe much infeſted Climes abound.
Hither and thither, like a cloud of rain,
Born by croſs winds, he cuts the airy Main,
Far-diſtant earth beholding from on high,
And over all the ample World doth fly:
Thrice ſaw cold *Arctos*, thrice to *Cancer* preſt;
Oft hurried to the Eaſt, oft to the Weſt.
And now, not truſting to approached night,
Upon th' *Heſperian* Continent doth light;
And craves ſome reſt, till *Lucifer* diſplays
Aurora's bluſh, and ſhe *Apollo's* rays.

Hugo

Huge-ſtatur'd *Atlas Japetonides*
Here ſway'd the utmoſt bounds of Earth and Seas;
Where *Titan*'s panting Steeds his Chariot ſteep,
And bathe their fiery feet-locks in the Deep.
A thouſand Herds, as many Flocks, he fed
In thoſe large Paſtures, where no neighbours tread.
Here to their Tree the ſhining branches ſute,
To them their Leaves, to thoſe the Golden Fruit.
Great King, ſaid *Perſeus*, if high birth may move
Reſpect in thee, behold the ſon of *Jove*:
If admiration, then my Acts admire,
Who reſt and hoſpitable Rites deſire.
He, mindfull of this prophecy, of old
By ſacred *Themis* of *Parnaſſus* told;
In time thy Golden fruit a prey ſhall prove,
O *Japet*'s ſon, unto the ſon of *Jove*;
This fearing, he his Orchard had incloſ'd
With ſolid Cliffs, that all acceſs oppos'd:
The Guard whereof a monſtrous Dragon held,
And from his Land all Foreiners expell'd.
Be gone, ſaid he, for fear thy glories prove
But counterfeit, and thou no ſon to *Jove*.
Then adds uncivil violence to threats.
With ſtrength the other ſeconds his intreats,
In ſtrength inferiour: Who ſo ſtrong as he?
Since courteſie nor any worth in me,
Vext *Perſeus* ſaid, can purchaſe my regard;
Yet from a gueſt receive thy due reward.
With that, *Meduſa*'s ugly head he drew,
His own reverſed. Forthwith *Atlas* grew
Into a Mountain equal to the Man:
His hair and beard to Woods and Buſhes ran;
His arms and ſhoulders into ridges ſpred;
And what was his, is now the Mountain's head:
Bones turn to ſtones; and all his parts extrude
Into an huge prodigious altitude,
(Such was the pleaſure of the ever-bleſt)
Whereon the Heav'ns with all their tapers reſt.
Hippotades in hollow Rocks did cloſe
The ſtrife-full Winds: bright *Lucifer* aroſe,
And rou'd up Labour. *Perſeus*, having ty'd
His wings t' his feet, his faulchion to his ſide,
Sprung into air: below, on either hand,
Innumerable Nations left: the Land

Of *Æthiop* and the *Cephean* fields survey'd;
There where the innocently-wretched Maid
Was for her Mother's proud impiety
By unjust *Ammon* sentenced to die.
Whom when the Hero saw to hard Rocks chain'd,
But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd
And light winds gently fann'd her fluent hair,
He would have thought her Marble. E're aware
He fire attracteth; and, astonisht by
Her beauty, had almost forgot to fly.
He lighting said; O fairest of thy kind,
(More worthy of those bands which Lovers bind,
Then these rude gyves,) the Land by thee renown'd,
Thy name, thy birth declare, and why thus bound.
At first the silent Virgin was afraid
To speak t'a Man, and modestly had made
A Vizard of her hands, but they were ty'd:
Yet, what she could, her tears their fountains hide.
Still urg'd, left she should wrong her innocence,
As if asham'd to utter her offence,
Her Countrey she discovers, her own name,
Her beauteous Mother's confidence, and blame.
All yet untold, the Waves began to roar:
Th' apparent Monster (hast'ning to the shoar)
Before his breast the broad-spred Sea up-bears:
The Virgin shrieks: her parents see their fears.
Both mourn, both wretched: (but she justly so:)
Who bring no aid, but ecstasies of wo,
With tears that suit the time; who take the leave
They'r loth to take, and to her body cleave.
You for your grief may have, the stranger said,
A time too long: short is the hour of aid.
If sought by me, *Jove*'s son, in fruitfull gold
Begot on *Danae*, through a brazen Hold,
Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the snaky hair,
And boldly glide through unincloséd air;
Me for your son you surely would prefer.
Adde to this worth, that to deliver her
I'll try: (so favour me the Powr's divine)
That she, sav'd by my valour, may be mine.
They give consent, intreat what he doth offer;
And farther, for a Dowre their Kingdom profer.
Lo, as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
(Row'd by the sweat of Slaves) the Sea doth plow:

Even

Even ſo the Monſter furroweth with his breaſt
The foaming floud, and to the near Rock preſt;
Not farther diſtant then a Man might ſling
A way-inforcing Bullet from a ſling.
Forthwith the youthfull iſſue of rich Show'rs,
Earth puſhing from him, to the blue ſky towrs.
The furious Monſter eagerly doth chaſe
His ſhadow, gliding on the Sea's ſmooth face:
And as *Jove*'s Bird, when ſhe from high ſurveys
A Dragon basking in *Apollo*'s rays,
Deſcends unſeen, and through his necks blue ſcales
(To ſhun his deadly teeth) her talons nails:
So ſwiftly ſtoops high-pitcht *Inachides*
Through ſinging air: then on his back doth ſeize;
And near his right fin ſheaths his crooked ſword
Up to the hilts; who, deeply wounded, roar'd,
Now capers in the air, now dives below
The troubled waves, now turns upon his foe;
Much like a chaſed Boar, whom eager Hounds
Have at a Bay, and terrifie with ſounds.
He with ſwift wings his greedy jaws avoids:
Now with his faulchion wounds his ſcaly ſides;
Now, his ſhell-rough-caſt back; now, where the tail
Ends in a Fiſh, or parts expos'd t' aſſail.
A ſtream mixt with his bloud the Monſter flings
From his wide throat, which wets his heavy wings:
Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
On their ſupport. He ſees a Rock hard by,
Whoſe top above the quiet waters ſtood,
But underneath the wind-incenſed floud.
There lights; and, holding by the Rock's extent,
His oft-thruſt ſword into his bowels ſent.
The ſhoar rings with th' applauſe that fills the sky.
Then *Cepheus* and *Caſſiope*, with joy,
Salute him for their ſon; whom now they call
The Saviour of their Houſe, and of them all.
Up came *Andromeda*, freed from her chains;
The cauſe and recompence of all his pains.
Mean-while he waſheth his victorious hands
In cleanſing waves: and, leſt the beachy Sands
Should hurt the Snaky head, the ground doth ſtrew
With leaves, and twigs that under water grew;
Whereon *Meduſa*'s ugly face he lays.
The green, yet juicy and attractive, ſprays

From

From the toucht Monster stiffning hardness took,
And their own native pliancy forsook.
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder try
On other sprigs, and in the issue joy:
They sow again their Seeds upon the Deep.
The Coral now that property doth keep,
Receiving hardness from felt air alone;
Beneath the Sea a twig, above, a stone.
Forthwith three Altars he of Turf erects,
To *Hermes*, *Jove*, and her who War affects.
Minerva's on the right, on the left hand
Stood *Mercurie*'s: *Jove*'s in the midst did stand.
To *Mercury* a Calf they sacrifice;
To *Jove*, a Bull; a Cow to *Pallas* dies.
Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
Of so great worth, with Dow'r of less regard.
Now Love and *Hymen* urge the Nuptial bed:
The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed;
The house hung round with Garlands; every-where
Melodious Harps and Songs salute the ear,
Of jocund mirth the free and happy signs.
With Doors display'd the golden Palace shines.
The *Cepben* Nobles and each stranger Guest
Together enter to this sumptuous Feast.
The Banquet done, with generous Wines they cheat
Their heightned spirits. *Perseus* longs to hear
Their fashions, manners, and original:
Who by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.
This told, he said, Now tell, O valiant Knight,
By what felicity of force, or sleight,
You got this purchace of the snaky hairs.
Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,
How under frosty *Atlas* cliffie side
There lay a Plain, with Mountains fortify'd;
In whose access the *Phorcides* did lie,
Two sisters: both of them had but one eye.
How cunningly thereon his hands he laid,
As they from one another it convey'd.
Then through blind wasts and rocky forests came
To *Gorgon*'s house: the way unto the same
Beset with forms of men and beasts, alone
By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone:
Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,
In his bright target's clear refulgency.

And how her head he from her ſhoulders took,
E're heavy ſleep her Snakes and her forſook.
Then told of *Pegaſus*, and of his brother, (ther.
Sprung from the bloud of their new-ſlaught'red mo-
Adding the perils paſt in his long way;
What ſeats, what ſoils his eyes below ſurvey;
And to what ſtars his lofty pitch aſcends.
Yet long afore their expectation ends.
One Lord among the reſt would gladly know,
Why Serpents onely on her head did grow.
Stranger, ſaid he, ſince this that you require
Deſerves the knowledge, take what you deſire.
Her paſſing beauty was the onely ſcope
Of mens affections, and their envy'd hope.
Yet was not any part of her more rare
(So ſay they who have ſeen her) then her hair.
Her *Neptune* in *Minerva*'s Fane compreſt.
Jove's daughter with the *Ægis* on her breaſt
Hid her chaſt bluſhes: and due vengeance takes,
In turning of the *Gorgon*'s hair to Snakes.
Who now, to make her enemies afraid,
Bears in her ſhield the Serpents which ſhe made.

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Gorgon *seen,* Cepheni *Statues grow:*
So Phineus, *Prœtus,* Polydect, *the foe*
To Perseus *praise. The fountain* Hippocrene
By horse-hoof rais'd. The Muses chang'd to Nine
Rape-flying Birds; Pierides *to Pies.*
The Gods, by Typhon *chas'd, themselves disguise.*
Sad Cyane *into a Fountain flows.*
Th' ill-natur'd Boy a spotted Stellion grows.
Lov'd Arethusa *thaws into a Spring.*
Ascalaphus *an Owl. Light feathers wing*
The sweet-tongu'd Sirens, *who on waters mourn.*
Stern Lyncus Ceres *to a* Lynx *doth turn.*

WHilst the *Danäan* Hero this relates,
Amidst th' Assembly of the *Cepheni* States,
Exalted voices through the Palace ring:
Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing;
But such as menace war. The Nuptial Feast,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life expresst
A peacefull Sea, whose brow no frown deforms,
Straight ruffled into billows by rude storms.
First *Phineus*, the rash Authour of this war,
Shaking a Launce, began the deadly jar.
Lo, I the Man that will upon thy life
Revenge, said he, the rapture of my Wife.

Nor

Nor ſhall thy wings, nor *Jove* in forged gold,
Work thy eſcape. About to throw; O hold,
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: what wilt thou do?
What fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So foul a fact? Is this the recompence
For ſuch high merit? for her life's defence?
Not *Perſeus*, but th' incens'd *Nereides*,
But horned *Ammon*, and the wrath of Seas,
(That Ork that ſought my bowels to devour)
Have ſnatcht her from thee, raviſht in the hour
Of her expoſure. But thy cruelty
Perhaps was well content that ſhe ſhould die,
To eaſe thy loſs with ours. May't not ſuffice,
That ſhe was bound in chains before thine eyes;
That thou, her Uncle and her Husband, brought
Her peril no prevention, nor none ſought;
But that another's aid thou muſt envy,
And claim the Trophies of his victory?
Which if of ſuch eſteem, thou ſhouldſt have ſtrain'd
T' have forc'd them from thoſe Rocks, where lately (chain'd.
Let him, who did, enjoy them; nor exact
What is his due by merit and compact.
Nor think we *Perſeus* before thee prefer;
But him 'fore ſo abhorr'd a ſepulcher.
He, without anſwer, rowling to and fro
His eies on either, doubts at which to throw:
And pauſing, his ill-armed Launce at length
At *Perſeus* hurls, with rage-redoubled ſtrength.
Fixt in the bed-ſtock; up fierce *Perſeus* ſtarts,
And his retorted Spear at *Phineus* darts;
Who ſuddenly behind an Altar ſtept:
An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept.
And yet in *Rhœtus* brow the weapon ſtuck.
He fell: the ſteel out of his skull they pluck:
He ſpurns the Earth, and ſtains the board with blou'd.
With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
Their Launces fling; and ſome there be who cry,
That *Cepheus* and his ſon-in-law ſhould die.
But *Cepheus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall;
And faith and juſtice doth to record call,
With all the Hoſpitable Gods, that he
Was from this execrable uproar free.
The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield
Protects her brother, and his courage ſteel'd.

Young

Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there,
Whom, *Ganges*-got, *Limniace* did bear
In her clear Waves; his beauty excellent,
Which care and coſtly ornaments augment;
Who ſcarce had fully ſixteen Summers told;
Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
About his neck he wore a carkenet:
His hair with Ribbond bound, and Odours wet.
Although he cunningly a Dart could throw;
Yet with more cunning could he uſe his Bow.
Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
Quick *Perſeus* from the Altar ſnatcht a Brand,
And daſht it on his face. Out ſtart his eyes;
And through his fleſh the ſhiv'red bones ariſe.
When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd
Shaking his formleſs looks, with bloud imbrew'd,
To him in ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip ty'd,
And one who could not his affection hide;
After he had his tragedy bewail'd,
Who through the bitter wound his ſoul exhal'd,
He took the Bow which erſt the Youth did bend,
And ſaid, With me, thou Murtherer, contend;
Nor longer glory in a Boy's ſad fate,
Which ſtains thy actions with deſerved hate.
Yet ſpeaking, from the ſtring the arrow flew:
Which took his pleighted Robe as he withdrew.
Acriſioniades upon him p'eſt,
And ſheath'd his Harpy in his groaning breaſt.
Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
That ſwim in night, and on his boſom lies:
Then chearfully expires his parting breath,
Rejoycing to be join'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syennite*, *Methion*'s ſon,
With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*,
Eager of combate, ſlipping in the bloud
That drencht the pavement, fell: his ſword withſtood
Their re-aſcent, which through the ſhort-ribs ſmote
Amphimedon, and cut the other's throat.
Yet *Perſeus* could not venture to invade
The Halbertier *Erithus* with his blade;
But in both hands a Goblet high, imboſt
And maſſie, took, which at his head he toſt.
He vomits clotted bloud; and, tumbling down,
Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crown.

Then

Then *Polydæmon*, (ſprung from Goddeſs-born
Semiramis,) *Phlegyas*, the unſhorn
Helice, *Clitus*, *Scythian Abaris*,
And brave *Lycetus* (old *Sperchesius* bliſs)
Fell by his hand: whoſe feeet in triumph tread
Upon the ſlaughtered bodies of the dead.
But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
In cloſe aſſault, far off a dart doth throw;
Which, led by errour, did on *Idas* light,
A Neuter, who in vain forbare to fight.
He, ſternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* ſpake:
Since you me an unwilling party make,
Receive the enemy whom you have made;
That by a wound a wound may be repay'd.
About to hurl the Dart drawn from his ſide,
With loſs of bloud he faints, and falling dy'd.
Then great *Odytes* fell by *Clymen*'s ſword;
Next to the King, the greateſt *Cephen* Lord.
Hypſeus ſlew *Protenor*; *Lyncides*
Hypſeus. Old *Emathion* fell with theſe,
Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the right.
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue; himſelf doth interpoſe,
And deeply execrates their wicked blows.
Cromis, as he imbrac'd the Altar, lopt
His ſhaking head, which on the Altar dropt:
Whoſe half-dead tongue yet curſes; who expires
His righteous ſoul amidſt the ſacred Fires.
Then *Broteas* and *Ammon Phineus* ſlew,
Who from one womb at once their being drew:
Invincible with hurl-bats, could they quell
The dint of ſwords. Near theſe *Alphitus* fell,
The Prieſt of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd,
Which to his Temples a white fillet bound.
And next *Lampetides*, whoſe pleaſant wit
Deteſted diſcord, in ſoft peace more fit
To ſing unto his tuneful Lyre, now preſt
With Songs to celebrate the nuptial Feaſt.
When *Pettalus* at him, who ſtood far off,
With his defenceleſs Harp, ſtrikes with this ſcoff;
Go, ſing the reſt unto the Ghoſts below:
And pierc'd his Temples with a deadly blow.
His dying fingers warble in his fall:
And then, by chance, the Song was tragical.

This

This unreveng'd *Lycormas* could not brook,
But from the door's right side a Leaver took,
And him between the head and shoulders knocks.
Down falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.
Ciniphean Palates then sought to seize
Upon the left: when fierce *Marmorides*
His hand nail'd to the door-post with a Spear;
Whose side stern *Abas* pierc'd as he stuck there.
Nor could he fall, but giving up the ghost,
Hung by the hand against the smeared post.
Melanens then, of *Perseus* party, fell;
And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excell:
In *Nasamonia* none then he more great
For large possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
The steel stuck in his groin, which death pursu'd;
Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd
(The Author of the wound) as he did rowl
His turn'd-up eyes, and sighed out his soul:
For all thy land, said he, by this divorce
Receive thy length: and left his bloudless coarse.
The Spear revengefull *Abantides* drew
From his warm wound, and at the Thrower threw:
Which doth his nostrils in the midst divide,
And, passing through, appear'd on either side.
Whilst Fortune crown'd him, *Clytius* he confounds
And *Danus*, of one womb, with different wounds.
Through *Clytius* thighs a ready dart he cast;
Another 'twixt the jaws of *Danus* past.
Mindesian Celadon and *Aster* slew,
His father doubtfull, gotten on a *Jew*:
Echion, late well-seen in things to come,
Now overtaken by an unknown doom:
Thoactes, *Phinens* Squire, his faulchion try'd;
And fell *Agyrtes*, that foul parricide.
Yet more remain'd then were already spent:
For all of them to murther one consent.
The bold Conspiratours on all sides fight;
Impugning promise, merit, and his right.
The vainly-pious Father sides with th' other;
With him the frighted Bride, and pensive Mother:
Who fill the Court with out-cries, by the sound
Of clashing Arms and dying screeches drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floor imbrews
With streams of bloud, and horrid war renews.

Falſe

False *Phineus* with a thousand in a ring
Begirt the Hero; who their Launces fling
As thick as Winter's hail, that blind his sight,
Sing in his ears, and round about him light.
His guarded back he to a pillar sets,
And with undaunted force confronts their threats.
Chaonian Molpeus prest to his left side:
The right *Nabathean Ethemon* ply'd.
As when a Tiger, pincht with famine, hears
Two bellowing Herds within one vale, forbears,
Nor knows on which to rush, as being loth
To leave the other, and would fall on both:
So *Perseus* which to strike uncertain proves;
Then daunted *Molpeus* with a wound removes;
Contented with his flight, in that the rage
Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage:
Who at his neck uncircumspectly struck,
And his keen sword against the pillar broke.
The blade from unrelenting stone rebounds,
And in his throat th' unhappy owner wounds.
Yet was not that enough to work his end,
Who fearfully doth now his arms extend
For pity unto *Perseus*, all in vain,
Who thrust him through with his *Cyllenian* Skain.
But when he saw his valour over-sway'd
By multitude, I must, said he seek aid
(Since you your selves compell me) from my foe:
Friends, turn your backs. Then *Gorgon*'s head doth show.
Some others seek, said *Thessalus*, to fright
With this thy Monster; and with all his might
A deadly dart endeavour'd to have thrown:
But in that posture became a stone.
Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest,
And thrust his sword at bold *Lyncides* breast;
When in the pass his fingers stupid grow,
Nor had the pow'r of moving to or fro.
But *Nileus* (he who with a forged style
Vaunted to be the son of seven-fold *Nile*,
And bare seven silver Rivers in his shield,
Distinctly waving through a golden field)
To *Perseus* said; Behold from whence we sprung.
To ever-silent shadows bear along
This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die
By such a brave and high-born enemy.

His

His ſpeech quite faultred in the latter clauſe:
The yet-uninſiſht ſound ſtuck in his jaws;
Who gaping ſtood as he would ſomething ſay:
And ſo had done, if Words had found a way.
Theſe *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faint ſouls that dead
Your powers, ſaith he, and not the *Gorgon*'s head.
Ruſh on with me, and proſtrate with deep wounds
This Youth, who thus with Magick arms confounds.
Then ruſhing on, the ground his footſteps ſtay'd,
Now mutely fixt, an armed Statue made.
Theſe ſuffer'd worthily. One who did fight
For *Perſeus*, bold *Aconteus*, at the ſight
Of *Gorgon*'s Snakes, abortive Marble grew.
On whom *Aſtyages* in fury flew
As if alive, with his two-handed blade;
Which ſtrilly twang'd, but no inciſion made.
Who, whil'ſt he wonders, the ſame nature took;
And now his Statue hath a wondring look.
It were too tedious for me to report
Their names who periſht of the vulgar ſort.
Two hundred ſcap'd the fury of the fight:
Two hundred turn to ſtone at *Gorgon*'s ſight.
Now *Phineus* his unjuſt commotion rues:
What ſhould he doe? the ſenſeleſs ſhapes he views
Of his known friends, which differing figures bore,
And doth by name their ſeveral aids implore.
And yet not truſting to his eyes alone,
The next he toucht, and found it to be ſtone.
Then turns aſide, and now a penitent,
With ſuppliant hands, and arms obliquely bent,
O *Perſeus*, thine, ſaid he, thine is the day:
Remove this Monſter; hence, O hence convey
Meduſa's ugly looks, or what more ſtrange,
Which humane bodies into marble change.
Not hate, not thirſt of rule begot this ſtrife:
I onely fought to re-obtain my Wife.
Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Time:
Yet in contending I confeſs my crime.
For life (O chief of men) I onely ſue:
Afford me that; the reſt I yield to you.
Thus he, not daring to revert his eyes
On him whom he intreats: who thus replies;
Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
(A gift of worth to ſuch a fearfull Lord)

Take courage, and perſuade thy ſelf I will.
No wounding ſword thy bloud ſhall ever ſpill.
Moreover, that I may thy wiſh prevent,
Here will I fix thy laſting monument:
That thou by her thou lov'ſt mayſt ſtill be ſeen,
And with her Spouſe's image chear our Queen.
Then on that ſide the *Gorgon*'s head doth place,
To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.
And as from thence his eyes he would have thrown,
His neck grew ſtiff, his tears congeal to ſtone.
With fearfull ſuppliant look, ſubmiſſive hands,
And guilty countenance, the Statue ſtands.
Victorious *Abantiades* now hies
T' his native City, with the reſcu'd prize.
There vengeance takes on *Prætus*, and reſtor'd
His Grand-father; whoſe wrongs redreſs implor'd.
For *Prætus* had by force of Arms expell'd
His brother, and uſurped *Argos* held.
But him nor Arms nor Bulwarks could protect
Againſt the ſnaky Monſter's grim aſpect.
Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which ſhone
Through ſo great toil, nor ſorrows undergone,
With thee, O *Polydectes*, King of ſmall
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could prevail at all.
Endleſs thy wrath, thy hate inexorable,
Detracting, and condemning for a fable
Meduſa's death. The moved Youth replies,
The truth your ſelf ſhall ſee: Friends, ſhut your eyes.
Then repreſents *Meduſa* to his view:
Who preſently a bloudleſs Statue grew.
Thus long *Tritonia* to her Brother cleaves:
Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaves,
(*Cyprus* and *Gyares* on the right-hand ſide)
And o're the toſſing Seas her courſe apply'd
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there ſtay'd,
And thus unto the learned Siſters ſaid:
The fame of your new Fountain, rais'd by force
Of that ſwift-winged *Meduſean* horſe,
Me hither drew, to ſee the wondrous Floud,
Who ſaw Him iſſue from his Mother's bloud.
Goddeſs, *Urania* anſwered, what cauſe
So-ever you to this our Manſion draws,
You are moſt welcome. What you heard is true:
And from that *Pegaſus* this Fountain grew,

Then

Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring convey'd.
Sh' admires the waters by the horse-hoof made;
Surveys their high-grown groves, cool caves, fresh bowrs,
And meadows painted with all sorts of flow'rs:
Then happy styles she the *Mæonides*,
Both for their Arts, and such abodes as these.
O heav'nly Virgin, one of them reply'd,
Most worthy our Society to guide,
If so your active vertue did not move
To greater deeds; deserv'dly you approve
Our studies, pleasant seat, and happy state,
Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.
But nothing is unlawfull to the lewd:
And Maids by nature are with fear indu'd.
The dire *Pyrenean* still invades my sight;
Nor have I yet recover'd that affright.
He *Daulis* with all *Phocis* had obtain'd
By *Thracian* Arms, and there unjustly reign'd.
Bound for *Parnassus* Temple us he spies;
And with false zeal adores our Deities.
Mæonides, saith he, (he knew us well)
While fad stars govern, and show'rs fall, (then fell
By chance a mighty show'r) vouchsafe, I pray,
Beneath the shelter of my roof to stay:
The Gods have entred humble Cottages.
Urg'd by the weather and such words as these,
We to his importunity assent;
And yet no farther then the Lobby went.
It now held up; the vanquisht South-winds fly
Before the North, which purge the dusky sky.
Prest to depart, he shuts the door, prepares
To offer force: with wings we scape his snares.
He presently the highest tow'r ascends,
And, as he would have flown, his body bends.
The way you go, said he, will I pursue;
And from the battlements himself he threw.
Who, falling, strikes the earth with dasht-out brains,
Which with his wicked blood he dying stains.
The Muse yet spake, when wings were heard to clatter,
And from high trees saluting voices chatter.
Jove's daughter wonders, and inquires from whence
Those voices came including humane sense.
Not Men, but nine all-imitating Pies,
Bewailing their deserved destinies,

The

The Goddeſs to th' admiring Goddeſs ſaid:
They, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.
Pierus, who rich *Pella* held by lot,
Theſe on *Pæonian Euippe* got.
Nine times ſhe on *Lucina* call'd aloud.
The fooliſh Siſters, of their number proud,
Through all *Æmonia* and *Achaia* came;
And thus uncivilly they ſtrife proclaim.
Theſpiades, th' unlearned multitude
No more with your vain harmony delude;
But cope with us, (if hope excite you will)
As many, yet unmatcht for voice or skill.
Surrender you to us, if we excell,
Hyantian Aganip and *Gorgon*'s Well:
Th' *Emathian* Woods to ſnowy *Pæone*
Shall pay our loſs. The Nymphs our judges be.
A ſhame it was to ſtrive: more ſhame it were
To yield. The Nymphs by their own rivers ſwear,
And ſit on benches made of living ſtone.
Then, un-elected, rudely ſteps forth one,
Who ſung the Giants war: their feigned acts
She magnifies, and from the Gods detracts.
How *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy intralls rais'd,
Struck all their pow'rs with fear: who fled amaz'd,
Till *Ægypt*'s ſcorched ſoil them weary hides,
And wealthy *Nile*, who in ſeven chanels glides.
That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them purſu'd:
Whenas the Gods concealing ſhapes indu'd.
Jove turn'd himſelf, ſhe ſaid, into a Ram:
From whence the horns of *Libyan Ammon* came.
Bacchus a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
Phœbe a Cat, *Jove*'s wife a Cow of ſnow:
Venus a Fiſh, a Stork did *Hermes* hide.
And ſtill her voice unto her Harp apply'd.
Then call they us. But ours perhaps to hear,
Nor leiſure ſerves you, nor is't worth your ear.
Doubt not, ſaid *Pallas*, orderly repeat
Your long'd-for Verſe; and takes a ſhady ſeat.
Then ſhe; On one we did the task impoſe:
Calliope, with Ivy crown'd, up-roſe;
Who with her thumb firſt tun'd the quav'ring ſtrings,
And then this Ditty to the muſick ſings.
The glebe with crooked plough firſt *Ceres* rent;
Firſt gave us corn, a better nouriſhment;

First Laws prescrib'd: all from her bounty sprung.
By me the Goddess *Ceres* shall be sung.
Would we could Verses worthy her rehearse:
For she is more then worthy of our Verse.
Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* thrown,
Who underneath the Island's weight doth groan;
That durst affect the Empire of the skies.
Oft he attempteth, but in vain, to rise.
Ausonian Pelorus his right hand
Down weighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand:
His legs are under *Lilybæum* spred;
And *Ætna*'s bases press his horrid head.
Where, lying on his back, his jaws expire
Thick clouds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.
Oftimes he struggles with his load below,
And Towns and Mountains labours to ore-throw.
Earth quakes therewith: the King of shadows dreads,
For fear the ground should split above their heads,
And let in Day, t' affright the trembling Ghosts.
For this, he from his silent Empire posts,
Drawn by black horses, tracing all the Round
Of rich *Sicilia*; but no breaches found,
Him *Erycina* from her Mount survey'd,
(Now fearless) and, her Son imbracing, said:
My arms, my strength, my glory, for my sake,
O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take,
And fix thy winged arrows in his heart,
Who rules the triple world's inferiour part.
The Gods, even *Jove* himself, the God of Waves,
And who illustrates Earth, have been thy slaves.
Shall Hell be free? Thine and thy mother's Sway
Inlarge, and make th' infernal Powers obey.
Yet we (such is our patience) are despis'd,
In our own heaven, and all our force unpriz'd.
Seest thou not *Pallas*, and the Queen of Night,
Far-darting *Dian*, how my worth they slight;
And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,
If we permit; for she affects their pride.
But if thou favour our joynt Monarchy,
Thy Uncle to the Virgin-Goddess tie.
Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth unclose,
And one out of a thousand arrows chose
At her arbitrement: a sharper head
None had, more ready, or that surer sped.

Then

Then bends his bow. The ſtring t'his ear arrives,
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow drives.
Not far remov'd from *Enna*'s high-built wall,
A Lake there is which men *Perguſa* call.
Cayſter's ſlowly-gliding waters bear
Far fewer ſinging Swans then are heard there.
Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about
With leafy veils, which *Phœbus* beams keep out.
The Trees create freſh air, th' Earth various flowers:
Where heat and cold th' eternal Spring devours.
Whil'ſt in this grove *Proſerpina* diſports,
Or Violets pulls, or Lillies of all ſorts;
And whilſt ſhe ſtrove with childiſh care and ſpeed
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Dis ſaw, affected, carried her away,
Almoſt at once. Love could not brook delay.
The ſad-fac'd Goddeſs cries (with fear appall'd)
To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
And as ſhe tore th' adornment of her Hair,
Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap ſhe bare.
And ſuch was her ſweet Youth's ſimplicity,
That their loſs alſo made the Virgin cry.
The Raviſher flies on ſwift wheels; his horſes
Excites by name, and their full ſpeed inforces;
Shaking for haſte the ruſt-obſcured reins
Upon their coal-black necks and ſhaggy manes.
Through Lakes, through the *Palici*, which expire
A ſulph'rous breath, through earth ingendring fire,
They paſs to where *Corinthian Bacchides*
Their City built between unequal Seas.
The Land 'twixt *Arethuſe* and *Cyane*
With ſtretcht-out horns begirts th' included Sea.
Here *Cyane*, who gave the Lake a name,
Amongſt *Sicilian* Nymphs of ſpecial fame,
Her head advanc'd, who did the Goddeſs know,
And boldly ſaid, You ſhall not farther go;
Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* ſon.
What you compell, perſuaſion ſhould have wone:
If humble things I may compare with great;
Anapis lov'd me, yet did he intreat,
And me, not frighted thus, eſpous'd. This ſaid,
With out-ſtretcht arms ſhe's farther paſſage ſtaid.
His wrath no longer *Pluto* could reſtrain,
But gives his terrour-ſtriking Steeds the rein;

And with his Regal Mace through the profound
And yielding water cleaves the ſolid ground.
The breach t' infernal *Tartarus* extends:
At whoſe dark jaws the Chariot deſcends.
But *Cyane* the Goddeſs Rape laments,
And her own injur'd Spring; whoſe diſcontents
Admit no comfort: in her heart ſhe beats
Her ſilent ſorrow: now reſolves to tears,
And with that Fountain doth incorporate,
Whereof th' immortal Deity but of late.
Her ſoftned members thaw into a dew;
Her nails leſs hard, her bones now limber grew.
The ſlender'ſt parts firſt melt away, her hair,
Fine fingers, legs, and feet, that ſoon impair,
And drop to ſtreams: then arms, back, ſhoulders, ſide,
And boſom, into little Currents glide.
Water, in ſtead of bloud, fills her pale veins:
And nothing now that may be graſpt remains.
Meanwhile through all the Earth and all the Main
The fearfull Mother ſought her child in vain.
Not dewy-hair'd *Aurora*, when ſhe roſe,
Nor *Heſperus* could witneſs her repoſe.
Two pitchy Pines ſhe at flaming *Ætna* lights;
And, reſtleſs, carries them through freezing Nights.
Again, when Day the vanquiſht Stars ſuppreſt,
Her vaniſht comfort ſeeks from Eaſt to Weſt.
Thirſty with travel, and no Fountain nigh,
A Cottage thatcht with ſtraw invites her eye.
At th' humble gate ſhe knocks. An old Wife ſhews
Her ſelf thereat, and, ſeeing her, beſtows
The water ſo deſir'd; which ſhe before
Had boil'd with Barley. Drinking at the door,
A rude hard-favour'd Boy beſide her ſtood,
Who laught, and call'd her Greedy-gut. Her bloud
Inflam'd with anger, what remain'd ſhe threw
Full in his face; which forthwith ſpeckled grew.
His arms convert to legs; a tail withall
Spins from his changed ſhape: his body ſmall,
Leſt he might prove too great a foe to life:
Though leſs, yet like a Lizard. Th' aged Wife
(That wonders, weeps, and fears to touch) he ſhuns,
And preſently into a creviſe runs.
Fit to his colour they a name elect;
With ſundry little ſtars all over ſpeckt.

Wit

What Lands, what Seas the Goddess wandred through,
Were long to tell: Earth had not room enough.
To *Sicily* she returns; where-ere she goes,
Inquires, and comes where *Cyane* now flows.
She, had she not been changed, all had told;
Now wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold:
Yet to the Mother of her Daughter gave
A certain sign, bearing upon a wave
Persephone's rich Zone, that from her fell
When through the sacred Spring she sunk to Hell.
This seen, and known, as but then lost, she tare,
Without self-pity, her dis-shevell'd hair;
And with redoubled blows her breast invades:
Nor knowes what Land t' accuse, yet all upbraids,
Ingrate, unworthy with her gifts t' abound;
Trinacria chiefly, where the steps she found
Of her misfortunes. Therefore there she brake
The furrowing plough; the Ox and owner strake
Both with one death; then, bad the fields beguile
The trust impos'd; shrunk seed corrupts. That soil,
So celebrated for fertility,
Now barren grew: Corn in the blade doth die.
Now too much drought annoys, now lodging showrs;
Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy Fowl devours
The new-sown grain: else Tares and Darnel tire
The fetter'd Wheat, and Weeds that through it spire.
In *Elean* waves *Alpheus* then appear'd,
And from her dropping hair her forehead clear'd:
O Mother of that far-sought Maid, thou friend
To life, said she, here let thy labour end:
Nor be offended with thy faithful Land,
That blameless is, nor could her Rape withstand.
I, here a Guest, not for my Countrey plead.
My Countrey *Pisa* is: in *Elis* bred,
I as an Alien in *Sicily* dwell:
But yet no Countrey pleaseth me so well.
I, *Arethusa*, now these Springs possess;
This is my seat: which, courteous Goddess, bless.
Why I affect this place, t' *Ortygia* came
Through such vast Seas, I shall impart the same
To your desire, when you, more fit to hear,
Shall quit your care, and be of better chear.
Earth gives me way, through whose dark caverns roll'd
I here ascend, and long-mist stars behold.

While under ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
Your ſweet *Proſerpina* I there eſpy'd:
Full ſad ſhe was; even then you might have ſeen
Fear in her face: and yet ſhe is a Queen;
And yet ſhe in that gloomy Empire ſways;
And yet her will th' Infernal King obeys.
Stone-like ſtood *Ceres* at this heavy news,
And, ſtaring, long continued in a muſe.
When grief had quickened her ſtupidity,
She took her Chariot, and aſcends the skie:
There, veiled all in clouds, with ſcattered hair,
She kneels to *Jupiter*, and makes this pray'r.
Both for my bloud and thine, O *Jove*, I ſue:
If I be nothing gracious, yet do you
A Father to your Daughter prove; nor be
Your care the leſs, becauſe ſhe ſprung from me.
Lo, ſhe at length is found, long ſought through all
The ſpacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the Loſs aſſures: but if to know
Her being, be to Find, I've found her ſo.
And yet I would the injury remit,
So he the ſtoln reſtore. 'Twere moſt unfit
That holy *Hymen* ſhould thy Daughter joyn
Unto a Thief; although ſhe were not mine.
Then *Jove*: The pledge is mutual, and theſe cares
To either equal. Yet this deed declares
Much Love, miſ-called Wrong: nor ſhould we ſhame
Of ſuch a Son, could you but think the ſame.
All Wants ſuppoſe; can he be leſs then great,
And be *Jove*'s Brother? What when all compleat?
I but preferr'd by lot? Or if you burn
In endleſs ſpleen, let *Proſerpine* return;
On this condition, That ſhe yet have ta'ne
No ſuſtenance: ſo Deſtinies ordain.
To fetch her Daughter, *Ceres* poſts in haſte:
But Fates with-ſtood; the Maid had broke her faſt.
For, wandring in the Orchard, ſimply ſhe
Pluckt a Pomegranat from the ſtooping Tree;
Thence took ſeven grains, and eat them one by one:
Obſerved by *Aſcalaphus* alone,
Whom *Acheron* on *Orphne* erſt begot
In pitchy Caves; a Dame of ſpecial note
Amongſt th' *Avernal* Nymphs. This utter'd, ſtaid
The ſighing Queen of *Eretum*, who made

The

The Blab a Bird: with waves of *Phlegeton*
His Face beſprinkled, Plumes appear thereon,
Crookt Beak, and broader Eyes; the ſhape he had
He loſt, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
His Head o're-ſiz'd, his long Nails talons prove;
His winged Arms for lazineſs ſcarce move.
He proves a filthy, ill-preſaging Fowl,
To Mortals ominous, a ſcreeching Owl.
Yet was the puniſhment no more then due
To his offence. But how offended you,
Acheloides, that wings and claws diſgrace
Your goodly forms, yet keep your Virgin-face?
Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathleſs Powers
Were with the Goddeſs when ſhe gather'd flowers?
Whom when through all the earth you ſought in vain,
You wiſht for wings to fly upon the Main,
That pathleſs Seas might teſtifie your care.
The eaſie Gods conſented to your pray'r.
Straight golden feathers on your Backs appear:
But leſt that muſick, fram'd t' inchant the ear,
And ſo great gifts of ſpeech ſhould be profan'd,
Your Virgin-looks and humane voice remain'd.
But *Jove*, his Siſter's diſcontent to chear,
Between her and his Brother parts the year.
The Goddeſs now in either Empire ſways;
Six months with *Ceres*, ſix with *Pluto* ſtays.
Proſerpina then chang'd her mind and look,
(Late ſuch as ſullen *Dis* could hardly brook)
And clear'd her brows: as *Sol*, obſcur'd in ſhrowds
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquiſht clouds.
Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethuſa* tell
Her cauſe of flight: and why a ſacred Well?
Th' obſequious waters left their murmuring.
The Goddeſs then above the Cryſtal Spring
Her head advanc'd; and, wringing her green hairs,
She thus *Alpheus* ancient love declares.
I of *Achais* once a Nymph; none more
The Chace affected, or t' intoil the Boar.
By Beauty though I never ſought for fame;
Though maſculine; of Fair I bare the name.
Nor took I pleaſure in my praiſed face,
Which others value as their onely grace:
But, ſimple, was aſhamed to excell;
And thought it infamy to pleaſe too well.

As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat,
('Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat)
When well-nigh tir'd, a silent Stream I found,
All eddiles, perspicuous to the ground,
Through which you every pebble might have seen:
It ran as if it had no River been.
The Poplar and the hoary Willow, fed
By bord'ring streams, their gratefull shadow spred.
In this cool Rivulet my foot I dipt,
Then knee-deep wade; nor so content, unstript
My self forthwith: upon a Sallow stud
My Robe I hung, and leapt into the Floud.
Where while I swim, and labour to and fro
A thousand ways, with arms that swiftly row,
I from the bottom heard an unknown tongue;
And, frighted, to the higher margent sprung.
Whither so fast, O *Arethusa*? twice
Out-cry'd *Alpheus*, with a hollow voice.
Uncloathed as I was, I fled for fear,
(For on the other side my garments were.)
The faster followed he, the more did burn:
I naked, seem'd the readier for his turn.
As trembling Doves the eager Hawks eschew;
As eager Hawks the trembling Doves pursue;
I fled, he followed. To *Orchomenus*,
Psophis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Maenalus*,
Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I
My flight maintained; nor could he come nigh.
But I unable to hold out so long:
He, patient of much labour, and more strong.
And yet o're Plains, o're woody Hills I fled,
And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread.
The Sun was at our backs: before my feet
I saw his Shadow, or my fear did see't.
How-e're, his sounding steps, and thick-drawn breath
That fann'd my hair, affrighted me to death.
Stark tir'd, I cry'd; Ah caught! help, (O forlorn!)
Diana, help thy Squire, who oft have born
Thy Bow and Quiver. Mov'd at my request,
With muffling clouds she cover'd the distrest.
The River seeks me in that pitchy shrowd,
And searches round about the hollow cloud.
Twice came he where *Diana* me did hide;
And twice he, *Io Arethusa*, cry'd.

Then

Then what a heart had I! the Lamb ſo fears
When howling Wolves about the Fold ſhe hears.
So heartleſs Hare, when trailing Hounds draw nigh
Her ſented Form; nor dares ſhe move an eye.
Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
My farther ſteps; but guards the cloud and place.
Cold ſweats my then-beſieged lims poſſeſt:
In thin thick-falling drops my ſtrength decreaſt.
Where-e're I ſtept, ſtreams ran; my hair now fell
In trickling dew; and, ſooner then I tell
My deſtiny, into a Floud I grew.
Alphem his beloved Waters knew,
And, putting off th' aſſumed ſhape of Man,
Reſumes his own, and in my Current ran.
Chaſt *Delia* cleft the ground. Then through blind Caves
To lov'd *Ortygia* ſhe conducts my waves;
Affected for her name; where firſt I take
Review of day. This *Arethuſa* ſpake.
The fertil Goddeſs to her Chariot chains
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with ſtubborn reins:
Her courſe, 'twixt heaven and earth, to *Athens* bends;
And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot ſends.
Part of the ſeed ſhe gave, ſhe bade him throw
On untill'd Earth; part on the till'd to ſow.
O're *Europe* and the *Aſian* ſoyl convey'd,
The Youth to *Scythia* turns, where *Lyncus* ſway'd.
His Court he enters. Ask'd what way he came,
His cauſe of coming, Countrey, and his name;
Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd,
And in renowned *Athens* I reſide.
No ſhip through toiling Seas me hither bare;
Nor over land came I, but through the air.
I bring you *Ceres* gift; which, ſown in fields,
Corn-bearing Crops (a better feeding) yields.
The barbarous King envies it; and, that he
The Authour of ſo gread a good might be,
Gives entertainment: but, when ſleep oppreſt
His heavy eyes, with ſteel attempts his breaſt.
Whom *Ceres* turns t' a *Lynx*; and homewards makes
The young *Mopſopian* drive her ſacred Snakes.
Our Chief concluded here her learned Lays.
The Nymphs, with one conſent, give us the Bays.
The vanquiſht rail. To whom the Muſe: Since you
Eſteem it nothing to deſerve the due

To your contention, but muſt adde foul words
To your ill deeds, nor this your pride affords
Our patience room; we'll wreak it on your heads,
And tread the path which Indignation leads.
Pæonians laugh, and our ſharp threats deſpiſe.
About to ſcold, and with diſgracefull noiſe
To clap their hands, they ſaw the feathers ſprout
Beneath their nails, and cloath their arms throughout;
Hard nebs in one another's faces ſpie;
And now new Birds into the Forreſt flie:
Theſe ſylvan Scolds, as they their arms prepare
To beat their boſomes, mount, and hang in air.
Who yet retain their ancient eloquence,
Full of harſh chat, and prating without ſenſe.

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pallas *an old Wife.* *Haughty thoughts o're-throw*
Hæmus *and* Rhodope; *who Mountains grow.*
The Pygmy *a Crane.* Antigone *becomes*
A Stork. *A statue* Cynaras *entombs.*
His impious Daughters, Stones. *In various shapes*
The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.
Arachne, *a Spider.* Niobe *yet drowns*
Her Marble cheeks in tears. *Uncivil Clowns*
Are curst to Frogs. *From Tears clear* Marsyas *flows.*
His Ivory shoulder, new-made, Pelops *shows.*
Progne, *a Swallow, sign'd with murther's stains.*
Sad Philomel *to secret night complains.*
Rage to a Lapwing turns th' Odrysian *King.*
Calais *and* Zetes *native feathers wing.*

THritonia to the Muse attention lends, (mends.
Who both her Verse, and just revenge com-
Then said t'her self; To praise is of no worth;
Let our revengefull Power our praise set forth.
Intends *Arachne's* ruine. She, she heard,
Before her curious webs, her own preferr'd.
Nor dwelling nor her nation fame impart
Unto the Damsel, but excelling Art.
Deriv'd from *Colophonian Idmon's* side,
Who thirsty Wool in *Phocean* purple dy'de.

Her Mother (who had paid her debt to fate)
Was also mean, and equal to her mate.
Yet through the *Lydian* towns her praise was spred,
Though poor her birth, in poor *Hypæpa* bred.
The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forsook,
The sleek *Pactolian* Nymphs their streams, to look
On her rare works: nor more delight in viewing
Them done, (done with such grace) then when a-doing
Whether she Orb-like roul the ruder wool;
Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;
Or draw it into cloud-resembling flakes;
Or equal twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;
Or with her lively-painting Needle wrought:
You might perceive she was by *Pallas* taught.
Yet such a Mistress her proud thoughts disclaim.
Let her with me contend: if foil'd, no shame
(Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.
Pallas forthwith an old-wive's shape indues;
Her hair all white; her limbs, appearing weak,
A staff supports; and thus began to speak:
Old Age hath something which we need not shun:
Experience by long tract of time is won.
Scorn not advice: with Dames of humane race
Contend for fame, but give a Goddess place.
Crave pardon, and she will thy crime remit.
With eyes confessing rage, and eye-brows knit,
(Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strokes)
She masked *Pallas* with these words provokes:
Old-Fool, that dot'st with age, to whom long life
Is now a curse, thy Daughter, or son's Wife,
(If thou hast either) taught be they by this;
My wisedom for my self sufficient is.
And lest thy counsel should an int'rest claim
In my diversion, I am still the same.
Why comes she not? why trial thus delays?
She comes, said *Pallas*, and her self displays.
Nymphs and *Mygdonian* Dames the Power adore:
Onely the Maid her self undaunted bore.
And yet she blusht: against her will the red
Flushr in her cheeks, and thence as swiftly fled.
Even so the purple Morning paints the skies;
And so they whiten at the Sun's up-rise.
She now, as desperately obstinate,
Praise ill affecting, runs on her own fate.

No more *Jove*'s daughter labours to diſſuade;
No more refuſeth, nor the ſtrife delay'd.
Both ſettle to their tasks apart; both ſpread
At once their warps, conſiſting of fine thread,
Ty'd to their beams. A reed the thread divides,
Through which the quick-returning ſhuttle glides,
Shot by ſwift hands. The comb's inſerted tooth
Between the warp ſuppreſt the riſing woof.
Strife leſs'ning toil, with skirts tuckt to their waſt,
Both move their cunning arms with nimble haſt.
Here crimſon dy'd in *Tyrian* braſs they weave:
The ſcarce-diſtinguiſh'd ſhadows ſight deceive.
So watry clouds, guilt by *Apollo*, ſhow
The vaſt sky painted with a mighty Bow:
Where though a thouſand ſeveral colours ſhine,
No eye their cloſe tranſition can define:
The next the former clearly repreſents;
Yet by degrees ſcarce ſenſible diſſents.
Their work's imbelliſhed with ductil gold:
And both reviv'd antiquities unfold.
Pallas in *Athens Mars* his Rock doth frame,
And that old ſtrife about the Citie's name.
Twice ſix Celeſtials ſit inthron'd on high,
Repleat with awe-infuſing gravity:
Jove in the midſt. The ſuted figures took
Their lively forms. *Jove* had a royal look.
The Sea-god ſtood, and with his Trident ſtrake
The cleaving Rock, from whence a Fountain brake:
Whereon he grounds his claim. With ſpear and ſhield
Her ſelf ſhe arms: her head a mourian ſteel'd,
Her breaſt her *Ægis* guards. Her Launce the ground
Appears to ſtrike; and from that pregnant wound
The hoary Olive charg'd with fruit aſcends.
The Gods admire: with victory ſhe ends.
Yet ſhe, to ſhew the Rival of her praiſe
What hopes to cheriſh for ſuch bold eſſays,
Adds four contentions in the utmoſt bounds
Of every angle, wrought in little rounds.
One *Thracian Rhodope* and *Hæmus* ſhows,
Now Mountains topt with never-melting ſnows,
Once humane bodies; who durſt emulate
The bleſt Celeſtials both in ſtyle and ſtate.
The next contains the miſerable doom
Of that *Pygmæan* matron, overcome

By *Juno* made a Crane, and forc'd to jar
With her own nation in perpetual war.
A third presents *Antigone*, who strove
For unmatcht beauty with the Wife of *Jove*,
(Nor *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her sire)
Prevail'd with violent *Saturnia*'s ire)
Turn'd to a Stork, who, with white pinions rais'd,
Is ever by her creaking Bill self-prais'd.
In the last circle *Cynaras* was plac't;
Who, charg'd with grief, the Temple stairs imbrac't,
(Of late his Daughters, by their pride o'rethrown)
Appears to weep, and grovel on the stone.
The web a wreath of peacefull Olive bounds;
And her own tree her work both ends and crowns.
Arachne weaves *Europa*'s rape by *Jove*.
The Bull appears to live, the Sea to move.
Back to the shore she casts a heavy eye,
To her distracted Damsels seems to cry;
And from the sprinkling waves, that skip to meet
With such a burthen, shrinks her trembling feet.
Asteria there a struggling Eagle prest:
A Swan here spreads his wings o're *Leda*'s breast.
Jove, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compells;
Whose fruitfull Womb with double issue swells:
Amphitryon for *Alcmena*'s love became;
A Showr for *Danae*; for *Ægina*, Flame:
For beautifull *Mnemosyne* he takes
A Shepherd's form; for *Deois* a Snake's.
Thee also, *Neptune*, like a lustfull Steer,
She makes the fair *Æolian* Virgin bear;
And get th' *Aloides* in *Enipe*'s shape;
Now turn'd t'a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.
The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthning seed,
The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steed,
And thee a Stallion: thee *Melantho* finds
A Dolphin. She to every form assigns
Like-equal looks, to every place the same
Aspect. A Herdsman *Phœbus* here became;
A Lion now; now Falcon's wings displays;
Macarean Issa Shepherd-like betrays.
Liber, a Grape, *Erigone* compress:
And *Saturn* Horse-like *Chiron* gets, half beast.
About her web a curious trail designs;
Flowers intermixt with clasping Ivy twines.

Not

Not *Pallas* this, nor Envy this reproves.
Her fair ſucceſs the vext Virago moves:
Who tears the web with crimes celeſtial fraught;
With ſhuttle from *Cytorian* Mountains brought,
Arachne thrice upon the forehead ſmote.
Her great heart brooks it not, about her throat
An halter knits. Remorſefull *Pallas* ſtaid
Her falling weight; Live, wretch, yet hang, ſhe ſaid.
This curſe (leſt of ſucceeding times ſecure)
Still to thy iſſue and their race endure.
Sprinkled with *Hecate*'s banefull weeds, her hair
She forthwith ſheds: her noſe and ears impair;
Her head grows little, her whole body ſo;
Her thighs and legs to ſpiny fingers grow;
The reſt all belly, whence a thred ſhe ſends:
And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.
All *Lydia* ſounds, the fame through *Phrygia* rung,
And gave an argument to every tongue.
Her *Niobe* had known, when ſhe a maid
In *Sipylus* and in *Mæonia* ſtaid.
Yet ſlights that home example; ſtill rebells
Againſt the Gods, and with proud language ſwells.
Much made her haughty. Yet *Amphion*'s town,
Their high deſcents, nor glory of a crown,
So plea'd her (though ſhe pleas'd her ſelf in all)
As her fair race. We *Niobe* might call
The happieſt mother that yet ever brought
Life unto light, had not her ſelf ſo thought.
Tireſian Manto, in preſages skill'd,
The ſtreets, inſpir'd by holy fury, fill'd
With theſe exhorts: *Iſmenides*, prepare;
To great *Latona* and her Twins with prayer
Mix ſweet perfumes; your brows with Lawrel bind:
By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind
About their Temples the commanded Bay;
And, ſacred fires with incenſe feeding, pray.
Behold, the Queen in height of ſtate appears.
A *Phrygian* mantle weav'd with gold ſhe wears:
Her face, as much as rage would ſuffer, fair.
She ſtops, and ſhaking her diſhevell'd hair,
The godly troup with haughty eyes ſurveys.
What madneſs is it, unſeen God (ſhe ſays)
Before the ſeen Celeſtials to prefer?
Or, while I Altars want, to worſhip her?

Me

Me *Tantalus* (alone allow'd to feast
In Heav'n) begot; my Mother not the least
Pleias; and greateſt *Atlas* Sire to thoſe,
On whoſe high ſhoulders all the Stars repoſe.
Jove is my other Grandfather; and he
My Father-in-law: a double grace to me.
Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdoms me obey:
My Husband's harp-rais'd walls I jointly ſway:
Throughout my Court behold in every place
Infinite riches: adde to this a Face
Worthy a Goddeſs: then, to crown my joys,
Seven beauteous Daughters, and as many Boys:
All theſe by marriage to be multiply'd.
Behold, have we not reaſon for our pride?
Dare you *Latona* then, by *Cœus* got,
Before me place? to whom a little ſpot
The ample Earth deny'd t' unlade her womb?
Heav'n, Earth, nor Seas afford your Goddeſs room;
A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbour gave.
Thou wandreſt on the land, I on the wave,
It ſaid; and granted an unſtable place.
She brought forth two; the ſeventh part of my race.
I happy am, who doubts? ſo will abide;
Or who doubts that? with plenty fortify'd.
My ſtate's too great for Fortune to bereave:
Though much ſhe raviſh, yet much more muſt leave.
My bleſſings are above low fear. Suppoſe
Some of my hopefull ſons this people loſe;
They cannot be reduced unto two.
Off with your Bays, theſe idle Rites eſchew.
They put them off, the ſacrifice forbore:
And yet *Latona* ſilently adore.
As much as free from barrenneſs, ſo much
Diſdain and grief th' inraged Goddeſs touch.
Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins,
To vent her paſſions to her ſacred Twins.
'Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone,
(Excepting *Juno*, ſecond unto none)
Am queſtion'd if a Goddeſs, and muſt loſe,
If you aſſiſt not, all religious dues.
Nor is this all; that curſt *Tantalian* Seed
Adds foul reproaches to her impious deed.
She dares her children before you prefer,
And calls me childleſs: may it light on her,

Whoſe

Whose wicked words her Father's tongue declare.
About to second her report with prayer;
Peace, *Phœbus* said, complaint too long delays
Conceiv'd revenge: the same vext *Phœbe* says.
Then swiftly through the yielding air they glide
To *Cadmus* towr's; the clouds their glories hide.
A spacious plain before the City lies,
Made dusty with the daily exercise
Of trampling hoofs, by strifefull Chariots trackt.
Part of *Amphion*'s active sons here backt
High-bounding Steeds; whose rich caparison
With scarlet blusht, with gold their bridles shone.
Ismenis, from her womb who first did spring,
As with his ready horse he beats a ring,
And checks his foamy jaws, Ay me! out-cries;
While through his groaning breast an arrow flies.
His bridle slackning with his dying force,
He leisurely sinks side-long from his horse.
Next, *Sipylus* from clathing quiver flies
With slackned reins: as when a Pilot spies
A growing storm, and, lest the gentle gale
Should scape besides him, claps on all his sail.
His hast th' unevitable bow o're-took,
And through his throat the deadly arrow struck.
He, by the horse's mane, and speedy thighs,
Drops head-long, and the Earth in purple dyes.
Now *Phœdimus*, and *Tamalus*, the heir
T' his Grand-sire's name, that labour done, prepare
To wrastle. Whilst with oiled lims they prest
Each others pow'r, close grasping breast to breast,
A shaft, which from th' impulsive bow-string flew,
Them in that sad Conjunction jointly slew.
Both groan at once, at once their bodies bend
With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend.
Their rowling eyes together set in death,
Together they expire their parting breath.
In rusht *Alphenor*, (bleeding in their harms)
And rais'd their heatless corses in his arms:
But in that pious duty fell; the threds
Of life, his heart-strings, wrathfull *Delius* shreds.
Part of his lungs clave to th' extracted head:
And with his bloud his troubled spirit fled.
But unshorn *Damasichthon* slaught'red lies,
Not by a single wound; shot where the thighs

Knit

Knit with the ham-ſtrings in the knotty joint.
Striving from thence to tug the fatal point,
Another at his neck the bow directs.
Thick-guſhing bloud the piercing ſhaft ejects;
Which, ſpinning upward, cleft the paſſive air.
Laſt *Ilioneus*, with ſucceſleſs prayer,
His hands up-heaves; You Gods in general,
Said he, (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
O pity me. The Archer had remorſe;
But now irrevocable was that force:
And yet his life a little wound diſpatcht,
His heart but onely with the arrow ſcratcht.
Ill news, the people's grief, her houſhold's tears
Preſent their ruine to their mother's ears.
Who wonders how the Gods their lives durſt touch;
And ſwells with anger that their power was ſuch.
For ſad *Amphion*, wounding his own breaſt,
Had now his ſorrow with his ſoul releaſt.
How different is this *Niobe*, from that
Who great *Latona*'s Rites ſuppreſt of late,
And proudly pac'd the ſtreets, envy'd by thoſe
That were her friends; now pitied by her foes?
Frantick ſhe doth on their cold corſes fall,
And her laſt kiſſes diſtributes to all.
From whom to Heav'n erecting her bruis'd arms,
Cruel *Latona*, feaſt thee with our harms;
Feaſt, feaſt, ſhe ſaid; thy ſavage ſtomack cloy;
Cloy thy wild rage, and in our ſorrows joy.
Seven times, upon ſeven Herſes born, I die.
Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why
Victorious? hapleſs I have not ſo few;
Who, after all theſe funerals, ſubdue.
This ſaid, the bow-ſtring twangs. Pale terrour chills
All hearts ſave *Niobe*'s, obdur'd by ills.
The ſiſters, in long mourning robes array'd,
About their herſes ſtood, with hair diſplay'd.
One draws an arrow from her brother's ſide;
And joining her pale lips to his, ſo dy'd.
Another ſtriving to aſſwage the woes
That rackt her mother, forthwith ſpeechleſs grows;
And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,
Shuts her fixt teeth, the ſoul already fled.
This, flying falls; that, her dead ſiſter makes
Her bed of death: this hides her ſelf; that quakes.

Six

Six ſlain by ſundry wounds; to ſhield the laſt,
Her mother over her her body caſt.
This one, ſhe cries, and that the leaſt, O ſave.
The leaſt of many, and but one, I crave.
Whilſt thus ſhe ſues, the ſu'd-for *Delia* hits.
She by her husband, ſons and daughters, ſits
A childleſs Widow, waxing ſtiff with woes.
The wind wags not one hair; the ruddy Roſe
Forſakes her cheek; in her declining head
Her eye-balls fix, throughout appearing dead.
Her tongue and palate robb'd of inward heat,
At once congeal; her pulſe forbears to beat.
Her neck wants power to turn, her feet to go,
Her arms to move: her very bowels grow
Into a ſtone. She yet retains her tears:
Whom ſtraight a whirl-wind to her country bears,
And fixes on the ſummit of an Hill.
Now from that mourning Marble tears diſtill.
Th' exemplary revenge ſtruck all with fear:
Who offerings to *Latona*'s altars bear
With doubled zeal. When one, as oft befalls,
By preſent accidents the paſt recalls.
In fruitfull *Lycia* once, ſaid he, there dwelt
A ſort of Peaſants who her vengeance felt.
'Twas of no note, in that the men were baſe;
Yet wonderfull. I ſaw the pool and place
Fam'd by the prodigy. My father, ſpent
Almoſt with age, ill-brooking travel, ſent
Me thither for choice Steers; and for my Guide
A native gave. Thoſe Paſtures ſearcht, we ſpy'd
An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac'd
Amidſt a Lake, with ſhivering reeds imbrac'd.
O favour me, he, ſoftly murmuring, ſaid:
O favour me, I, ſoftly murmuring, pray'd.
Then askt, if Nymph or Faun therein reſide,
Or rural God. The *Lycian* thus reply'd:
O Youth, no Mountain Powers this Altar hold:
She calls it hers to whom *Jove*'s Wife of old
Earth interdicted: ſcarce that floating Iſle,
Wave-wandring *Delos*, finiſht her exile.
Where, couch't on Palms and Olives, ſhe, in ſpight
Of fretfull *Juno*, brought her Twins to light.
Thence alſo, frighted from her painfull bed,
With her two infant Deities ſhe fled.

Now

Now in *Chimæra*-breeding *Lycia*, (fir'd
By burning beams) with her long travel tir'd,
Heat-raising thirst the Goddess sore oppreſt,
By their exhausting of her milk increast.
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
A Lake of shallow water she descries,
Where Clowns were then a-gathering picked weeds,
With shrubby osiers, and plash-loving reeds.
Approacht, *Titania* kneels upon the brink,
And of the cooling liquour stoops to drink.
The Clowns withstood. Why hinder you, said she,
The use of water, that to all is free?
The Sun, Air, Water, Nature did not frame
Peculiar; a publick gift I claim.
Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
My weary lims, but killing thirst to quench.
My tongue wants moisture, and my jaws are dry:
Scarce is there way for speech: for drink I die.
Water to me were Nectar. If I live,
'Tis by your favour: life with water give.
Pity these babes: for pity they advance
Their little arms. Their arms they stretcht by chance.
With whom would not such gentle words prevail?
But they, persisting to prohibit, rail;
The place with threats command her to forsake.
Then with their hands and feet disturb the lake;
And leaping, with malicious moti on move
The troubled mud, which rising, floats above.
Rage quencht her thirst: no more *Latona* sues
To such base slaves; but Goddess-like doth use
Her dreadfull tongue, which thus their fates imply'd;
May you for ever in this Lake reside.
Her wish succeeds. In loved lakes they strive,
Now sprawl above, now under water dive;
Oft hop upon the bank, as oft again
Back to the water: nor can yet restrain
Their brawling tongues; but, setting shame aside,
Though hid in water, under water chide.
Their voices still are hoarse: the breath they fetch
Swells their wide throats: their jaws with railing stretch:
Their heads their shoulders touch; no neck between,
As intercepted: all the back is green,
Their bellies (every part o're-sizing) white.
Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pools delight.

Thus

Thus much I know not by what *Theban* ſaid,
Another mention of a Satyre made,
By *Phœbus* with *Tritonia*'s reed o'recome;
Who for preſuming felt an heavy doom.
Me from my ſelf, ah! why do you diſtract?
(Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: alas! this fact
Deſerves not ſuch a vengeance. Whilſt he cry'd,
Apollo from his body ſtript his hide.
His body was one wound; bloud every way
Streams from all parts: his ſinews naked lay;
His bare veins pant: his heart you might behold,
And all the fibers in his breaſt have told.
For him the Fauns that in the foreſts keep,
For him the Nymphs and brother Satyrs weep:
His end *Olympus* (famous then) bewails,
With all the ſhepherds of thoſe hills and dales.
The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their tears,
Which in her penetrated womb ſhe bears,
Till big with waters; then diſcharg'd her fraught.
This pureſt *Phrygian* Stream a way out ſought
By down-falls, till to toiling ſeas he came:
Now called *Marſyas* of the Satyr's name.
The Vulgar, theſe examples told, return
Unto the preſent; for *Amphion* mourn,
And his ſoft iſſue. All the mother hate.
Pelops alone laments his ſiſter's fate.
While with torn garments he preſents his woes,
The Ivory piece on his left ſhoulder ſhows.
This once was fleſh, and coloured like the right.
Slain by his Sire, the Gods his limbs unite;
His ſcattered parts all found, ſave that alone
Which interpos'd the neck and ſhoulder-bone.
They then with Ivory ſupply'd th' unfound:
And thus reſtored *Pelops* was made ſound.
The neighbouring Princes met: the Cities near
Intreat their Kings the deſolate to chear;
Renown'd *Mycenæ*, *Sparta*, th' *Argive* State,
And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian*'s hate,
Fertil *Orchomenos*, *Corinthus*, fam'd
For high-priz'd braſs, *Meſſene*, never tam'd,
Cleonæ, *Patræ*, *Eylos*, (*Nelem* crown)
And *Trœzen*, not as then *Pitthem* town,
With all that two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* Streights include,
And all without, by two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* view'd.

Athens

Athens alone (who would believ't?) withheld.
Thee from that Civil office war compell'd.
Th' inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast
Had then beſieg'd thee with a barbarous hoſt:
Whom *Thracian Tereus* with his Aids o're-threw,
And by that victory renowned grew.
Powerfull in wealth and people, from the loins
Of *Mars* deriv'd, *Pandion Progne* joins
To him in marriage. This nor *Juno* bleſt,
Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac'd that feaſt.
The ſnake-hair'd Furies held the ſputtering light
From funeral ſnatcht, and made the bed that Night.
Th' ill-boding Owl upon the roof was ſet.
Progne and *Tereus* with theſe omens met;
Thus Parents grew. The *Thracians* yet rejoice,
And thank the Gods with one united voice.
The marriage-day, and that of *Itys* birth,
They conſecrate to univerſal mirth.
So lies the good unſeen. By this the Sun,
Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run;
When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.
If I have any grace with thee, afford
This favour, that I may my ſiſter ſee:
Send me to her, or bring thou her to me:
Promiſe my father, that with ſwifteſt ſpeed
She ſhall return. If this attempt ſucceed,
The ſum of all my wiſhes I obtain.
He bids them launch his ſhips into the Main:
Then makes th' *Athenian* port with ſails and oars,
And lands upon the wiſht *Firæan* ſhoars.
Brought to *Pandion's* preſence, they ſalute.
The King with bad preſage begins his ſute.
For lo, as he his wife's command recites,
And for her quick return his promiſe plights,
Bright *Philomela* came in rich array;
More rich in beauty. So they uſe to ſay
The ſtately *Naiades* and *Dryad's* go
In Sylvan ſhades, were they apparell'd ſo.
This ſight in *Tereus* ſuch a burning breeds,
As when we fire an heap of hoary reeds;
Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd ſtubble thruſt.
Her face was excellent: and in-bred luſt
Inrag'd his bloud; to which thoſe Climes are prone.
Stung by his Countrie's fury and his own,

He

He ſtraight intends her women to intice,
And bribe her Nurſe, to proſecute his vice;
Her ſelf to tempt with gifts; his crown to ſpend:
Or raviſh, and by war his rape defend.
What dares he not, thruſt on by wild deſire?
Nor can his breaſt contain ſo great a fire.
Rackt with delay, he *Progne*'s ſute renews:
And for himſelf, that but pretended, ſues.
Love made him eloquent. As oft as he
Exceeded, he would ſay, Thus charged ſhe:
And moving tears (as ſhe had ſent them) ſheds.
You Gods, how dark a blindneſs over-ſpreads
The ſouls of men! whilſt to his ſin he climbs,
They think him good, and praiſe him for his crimes.
Even *Philomela* wiſht the ſame. Now ſhe
Hangs on her Father's neck: and what would be
Her utter ruine, as her ſafety preſt.
While *Tereus* by beholding pre-poſſeſt,
Her kiſſes and imbraces heat his bloud,
And all afford his fire and fury food.
He wiſht, as oft as ſhe her Sire imbrac'd,
Himſelf her Sire: nor would have been more chaſt.
He by their importunities is wrought.
She, over-joy'd, her Father thanks; and thought
Her ſelf and Siſter in that fortunate,
Which drew on both a lamentable fate.
The labour of the Day now near an end,
From ſteep *Olympus Phœbus* Steeds deſcend.
The boards are Princely ſerv'd: *Lyæus* flows
In burniſht gold. Then take they ſoft repoſe.
And yet th' *Odryſian* King, though parted, fries;
Her face and grace is ever in his eyes.
He parts unſeen unto his fancy feigns,
And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled brains.
Day roſe, *Pandion* his departing Son
Wrings by the hand; and, weeping, thus begun:
Dear ſon, ſince Piety this due requires,
With her, receive both your and their deſires.
By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,
I charge you guard her with a Father's love:
And ſuddenly ſend back (for all delay
To me is death) my age's onely ſtay.
And, Daughter, ('tis enough thy Siſter's gone)
For pity leave me not too long alone.

As

As he impos'd this charge, he kiſt withall;
And drops of tears at every accent fall.
The pledges then of promis'd faith demands,
(Which mutually they give) their plighted hands.
To *Progne*, and her little Boy, ſaid he,
My love remember; them ſalute from me.
Scarce could he bid farewell, ſobs to ingage
His troubled ſpeech; dreading his ſoul's preſage.
As ſoon as ſhipt, as ſoon as active oars
Had mov'd the ſurges, and remov'd the ſhoars,
She's ours, With me my wiſh I bear, he cries;
Exults, and barbarous, ſcarce defers his joys,
His eyes faſt fixt. As when *Jove*'s Eagle bears
An Hare t' her Airy truſs'd in rapefull fears,
And to the trembling priſoner leaves no way
For hoped flight, but ſtill beholds her prey.
The voiage made, on his own land he treads;
And to a Lodg *Pandion*'s Daughter leads,
(Obſcur'd with woods) pale, trembling, full of fears,
And for her Siſter asking now with tears.
There mues her up; his foul intent makes known;
Inforc'd her, a weak virgin, and but one.
Help, Father, Siſter, help, in her diſtreſs
She cries; and on the Gods with like ſucceſs.
She trembles like a Lamb, ſnatcht from the fangs
Of ſome fell Wolf, that dreads her former pangs:
Or as a Dove, who on her feathers bears
Her bloud's freſh ſtains, and late-felt talons fears.
Reſtor'd unto her mind, her ruffled hair,
As at a wofull funeral, ſhe tare;
Her arms with her own fury bloudy made:
Then, wringing her up-heaved hands, thus ſaid;
O Monſter! barbarous in thy horrid luſt!
Treacherous Tyrant! whom my Father's truſt,
Impos'd with holy tears, my Siſter's love,
My Virgin ſtate, nor Nuptial ties, could move!
O what a wild confuſion haſt thou bred!
I'm an Adultereſs to my Siſter's bed:
Thou, Husband to us both; my onely hate;
And to expect a miſerable fate.
Why mak'ſt thou not thy villanies compleat,
By forcing life from her abhorred ſeat?
O would thou hadſt, e're I my honour loſt:
Then had I parted with a ſpotleſs ghoſt.

Yet,

Yet, if the Gods have Eyes; if their Powers be
Not meerly Names; nor all decay with me;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape due vengeance. Senſe of ſhame
I will abandon; and thy crime proclame
To men, if free: if not, my voice ſhall break (ſpeak;
Through theſe thick walls, and teach the woods to
Hard rocks reſolve to ruth. Let Heav'n this hear,
And Heav'n-thron'd Gods; if there be any there.
Theſe words the ſavage Tyrant move to wrath:
Nor leſs to fear. Alike provok'd by both,
He draws his ſword: his cruel hands he winds
In her looſe hair, her arms behind her binds.
Her throat glad *Philomela* ready made,
Conceiving hope of death from his drawn blade.
Whilſt ſhe reviles, invokes her Father, ſought
To vent her ſpleen; her Tongue, in pincers caught,
His ſword divided from the panting root:
Which, trembling, murmurs curſes at his foot.
And as a Serpent's tail, diſſever'd, leaps:
Even ſo her Tongue, and dying ſought her ſteps.
After this fact (if we may rumour truſt)
He oft abus'd her body with his luſt.
Yet to his Wife even after this retires,
Who for her Siſter eatneſtly inquires.
Her Funerals he belies, with feigned grief;
And by inſtructed tears begets belief.
Progne her royal ornaments rejects,
And puts on black; an empty tomb erects;
To her imagin'd Ghoſt oblations burns;
Her Siſter's fate, not as ſhe ſhould, ſhe mourns.
Now through twelve Signs the Sun had born his light.
What ſhould ſad *Philomela* do? her flight
A barbarous guard reſtrain'd; the walls were ſtrong;
Her mouth had loſt the Index of her wrong.
The wit that miſery begets is great:
Great ſorrow adds a quickneſs to conceit.
A woof upon a *Thracian* loom ſhe ſpreads,
And inter-weaves the white with crimſon threads,
That character her wrong. This cloſely wrought
She gave t' her ſervant, by her looks beſought
To bear it to her Miſtreſs; who preſents
The Queen therewith, not knowing the contents.
The Wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds,
And in a wofull verſe her ſtate behold:

She

She held her peace: ('twas strange) grief struck her mute:
No language could with such a passion sute.
Nor had she time to weep. Right, wrong, were mixt
In her fell thoughts: her soul on vengeance fixt.
It was that time when, in a wild disguise,
Sithonian matrons use to solemnize
Lyæus three-years Feast. Night spreads her wings:
By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
By night th' impatient Queen a javelin takes,
And, now a Bacchanal, the Court forsakes.
Vines shade her brows: the rough hide of a Deer
Shogs at her side: her shoulder bare a spear.
Hurried through woods, with her attendant frows,
Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
Thy far more sober fury, *Bacchus*, strives
To counterfeit. Now at the Lodge th' arrives,
Howls, *Euæ* cries, breaks ope the doors, and took
Her Sister thence; with Ivy hides her look,
In habit of a Bacchanal array'd;
And to her City the amaz'd convey'd.
That hated roof when *Philomela* knew,
The poor soul shook; her visage bloudless grew.
Progne withdraws, the sacred weeds unloos'd;
Her wofull Sister's bashfull face disclos'd;
Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise
Her down-cast eyes: her Sister's wrong survays
In her dishonour. As she strove t'have sworn,
With up-rais'd looks, and call'd the Gods t'have born
Her pure thoughts witness, how she was compell'd
To that loath'd fact; she hands, for speech, upheld.
Stern *Progne* broils; her bosom hardly bears
So vast a rage: she chides her Sister's tears.
No tears, said she, our lost condition needs,
But steel; or if thou hast what steel exceeds.
I for all horrid practices am fit:
To wrap this roof in flame, and him in it:
His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,
T' extirp; or with a thousand wounds divorce
His guilty soul. The deed I intend is great:
But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
Came *Itys* in, and taught her what to do.
Beheld with cruel eyes, Ah! how I view
In thee, said she, thy Father! then intends
Her tragick Scene. Rage in her looks ascends.

But

But when her Son ſaluted her, and clung
Unto her neck, mixt kiſſes as he hung,
With childiſh blandiſhments; her high-wrought bloud
Began to calm, her rage abated ſtood:
Tears trickled from her eyes by ſtrong conſtraint.
But when ſhe found her reſolution faint
With too much pity; ſhe her Siſter views,
And ſays, while both by turns her eyes peruſe,
Why flatters he? why tongueleſs weeps the other?
Why Siſter calls not ſhe, whom he calls Mother?
Degenerate! think whoſe Daughter, to whom wed:
All piety is ſin to *Tereus* bed.
Then *Itys* trails, (as when by *Ganges* flouds
A Tigreſs drags a Fawn through ſilent woods)
Retiring to the moſt ſequeſtred room.
While he, with hands up-heav'd, foreſees his doom;
Clings to her boſome; Mother! Mother! cry'd;
She ſtabs him, nor once turn'd her face aſide.
His throat was cut by *Philomela's* knife:
Although one wound ſuffic'd to vanquiſh life.
His yet quick limbs, e're all his ſoul could paſs,
She piece-meal tears: ſome boil in hollow braſs,
Some hiſs on ſpits. The pavements bluſht with bloud.
Progne invites her Husband to this food,
And feigns her Countrie's Rite; which would afford
No ſervant, nor companion, but her Lord.
Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-ſire's throne,
With his Son's carved intralls ſtuffs his own;
And bids her (ſo Soul-blinded) call his Boy.
Progne could not diſguiſe her cruel joy:
In full fruition of her horrid ire,
Thou haſt, ſaid ſhe, within thee thy deſire.
He looks about, asks where. And while again
He asks, and calls; all bloudy with the ſlain,
Forth, like a Fury, *Philomela* flew,
And at his face the head of *Itys* threw.
Nor ever, more then now, deſir'd a Tongue,
T' expreſs the joy of her revenged wrong.
He with loud out-cries doth the board repell;
And calls the Furies from the depth of Hell.
Now tears his breaſt, and ſtrives from thence in vain
To pull th' abhorred food: now weeps amain,
And calls himſelf his Son's unhappy tomb.
Then draws his ſword, and through the guilty room

Purſues the Siſters; who appear with wings
To cut the air: and ſo they did. One ſings
In woods; the other near the houſe remains,
And on her breaſt yet bears her murther's ſtains.
He, ſwift with grief and fury, in that ſpace
His perſon chang'd. Long tufts of Feathers grace
His ſhining Crown; his Sword a Bill became;
His Face all arm'd: whom we a Lapwing name.
This killing news, e're half his age was ſpent,
Pandion to th' infernal Shadows ſent.
Erechtheus the throne and ſcepter held;
Who both in juſtice and bold arms excell'd.
To him his Wife four Sons, all hopefull, bare;
As many Daughters, two ſurpaſſing fair.
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made:
But *Thrace* and *Terens Boreas* nuptial ſtaid,
Who God-belov'd *Orithya* wanted long,
While he put off his pow'r, to uſe his tongue.
His ſute rejected, horridly inclin'd
To anger, (too familiar with that Wind,)
I juſtly ſuffer this indignity:
For why, ſaid he, have I my arms laid by,
Strength, violence, high rage, and awfull threats?
'Tis my diſhonour to have us'd intreats:
Force me beſits. With this thick clouds I drive,
Toſs the blue billows, knotty Oaks up-rive,
Congeal ſoft Snow, and beat the earth with hail.
When I my brethren in the air aſſail,
(For that's our field) we meet with ſuch a ſhock,
That thundring skies with our incounters rock,
And cloud-ſtruck lightning flaſhes from on high.
When through the crannies of the earth I fly,
And force her in her hollow caves, I make
The Ghoſts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
Thus ſhould I've woo'd, with theſe my match have
Erechtheus ſhould have been compell'd, not pray'd. (made:
Thus *Boreas* chafes, or no leſs ſtorms, and ſhook
His horrid wings; whoſe airy motion ſtruck
The earth with blaſts, and made the Ocean roar.
Trailing his dusky mantle on the floor,
He hid himſelf in clouds of duſt, and caught
Belov'd *Orithya*, with her fear diſtraught.
Flying, his agitated fires increaſt:
Nor of his airy race the reins ſuppreſt,

Till

Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.
Two goodly Twins th' espous'd *Athenian* Dame
Gave to the Icy authour of her rape,
Who had their Father's wings, and Mother's shape:
Yet not so born. Before their Faces bore
The manly ensigns of their yellow hair,
Calais and *Zetes* both unplumed were.
But when the down did on their chins appear,
Then, fowl-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;
In the first vessel, with the flow'r of *Greece*,
Through unknown Seas they sought the Golden Fleece,

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Seventh Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

MEN, *Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their (years*
By Odours cast. A dry branch Olives bears.
Drops sprout to flowers. Old Æson young became:
So Liber's *Nurses. An old Sheep a Lamb.*
Cerambus *flies. A Snake, a snake-like stone.*
An Ox, a Stag. Sad Mera *barks unknown.*
Horns front the Coan *Dames. The* Telchines
All change. A Dove turn'd Maid. The hard to please
Becomes a Swan. His Mother Hyrie *weeps*
Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe *keeps*
Her Son-sought life. A King and Queen estrang'd
To flightfull Fowls. Cephisus *Nephew chang'd*
Into a Seal. Eumelus *daughter flies*
Through traceless regions. Men from Mushroms rise.
Phineus *and* Periphas *light wings assume.*
So Polyphemon's *Niece. From* Cerberus *spume*
Springs Aconite. Just Earth a grave denies
To Sciron's *bones; which now in Rocks arise.*
Arne, *a Chough. Stout* Myrmidons *are born*
Of toiling Ants. The late-rejected Morn
Masks Cephalus. *The Dog that did pursue,*
And Beast pursu'd, two Marble Statues grew.

With *Pegasæan* keel the *Minyæ* plow
The curling waves; and *Phinem* see, who now
In endless night his needy Age consumes.
The youthfull sons of *Boreas*, rais'd with plumes,

Those

Thoſe greedy *Harpyes*, with the Virgin face,
Far off from his polluted table chaſe.
They, under *Jaſon*, having ſuffered much,
At length the banks of ſlimy *Phaſis* touch.
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minyæ* ask;
And from the King receive a dreadfull task.
Meanwhile *Æetias* fries in ſecret fires:
Who ſtruggling long with over-ſtrong deſires,
When Reaſon could not ſuch a rage reſtrain,
She ſaid, *Medea*, thou ſtriv'ſt all in vain: (prove?
Some God, unknown, withſtands. What will this
Or is it ſuch a thing as men call Love?
Why ſeem the King's commands ſo too ſevere?
And ſo in truth they be. Why ſhould I fear
A Stranger's ruine, never ſeen before?
Whence ſpring theſe cares? why fear I more and more?
Theſe furies from thy virgin-breaſt repell,
Wretch, if thou canſt. Could I, I ſhould be well.
A new-felt force my ſtriving pow'rs invades:
Affection this, Diſcretion that perſuades.
I ſee the better, I approve it too:
The worſe I follow. Why ſhould'ſt thou purſue
An Husband of another world, that art
Of royal birth? Our Countrey may impart
A choice as worthy. If this foreign mate
Or live, or die, 'tis in the hands of fate.
Yet, may he live. I ſuch a ſute might move
To equal Gods, although I did not love.
For what hath *Jaſon* done? his hopefull youth
Would move all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth,
His birth, his valour. Set all theſe apart;
His perſon would: I feel it moves my heart.
Yet ſhould not I aſſiſt, the flaming breath
Of Bulls would blaſt him; or aſſaults of death
Spring up in arms from *Tellus* hoſtile womb;
Or elſe the greedy Dragon prove his tomb.
This ſuffer, and thou haſt an heart of ſtone,
Born of a Tigreſs, and more ſavage grown.
Yet why ſtand I not by? behold him ſlain?
And ſo my acceſſary eyes profane?
Adde fury to the Bulls? to th' Earth-born, ire?
And ſleepleſs Dragon with more ſpleen inſpire?
The Gods forbid. I'll rather help, then pray.
My Father's Kingdome ſhall I then betray?

And save this Stranger, whom I hardly know,
That, sav'd by me, he should without me go,
Marry another, and leave me behind
To punishment? Could he prove so unkind,
Or for another my deserts neglect,
Then should he die. Such is not his aspect,
The clearness of his mind, his very grace,
That I should fraud suspect, or think him base.
Besides, beforehand he shall plight his troth,
And bind the contract with a solemn oath.
What needst thou doubt? go on; delay decline:
Obliged *Jason* will be ever thine.
Hymen shall crown thee, mothers celebrate
Their sons Protectress through th' *Achaian* State.
My Sister, Brother, Father, country Gods,
Shall I abandon for unknown abodes?
Fierce is my Father, barbarous my land,
My Brother a child: my Sisters wishes stand
With my desires: the greatest God of all
My breast in shrines. What I forsake, is small;
Great hopes I follow: to receive the grace
For *Argo*'s safety; know a better place;
And Cities which in these far-distant parts
Are famous; with civility and arts;
And *Æson*'s son, whom I more dearly prize
Then wealthy Earth, and all her Monarchies.
In him most happy, and affected by
The bounteous Gods, my crown shall reach the sky.
They tell of Rocks that justle in the main;
Charybdis, that sucks in, and casts again
The wreckfull waves: how in *Sicilian* Streights,
Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waits.
My love possest, in *Jason*'s bosom laid,
Let Seas swell high, I cannot be dismay'd,
While I infold my Husband in my arms;
Or should I fear, I should but fear his harms.
Call'st thou him Husband? wilt thou then thy blame,
Medea, varnish with an honest name?
Consider well what thou intend'st to doe;
And, while thou mayst, so foul a crime eschew.
Thus she: When Honour, Piety, and Right,
Before her stood, and *Cupid* put to flight.
She goes where *Hecate*'s old Altar stands,
O're-shadowed by a dark and secret woods.

Her

Her broken ardour ſhe had now reclaim'd:
Which *Jaſon*'s preſence forthwith re-inflam'd.
Her cheeks bluſh fire, her face with fervour flaſhes:
And as a dying cinder, rak'd in aſhes,
Fed by reviving winds, augmenting, glows,
And, toſſed, to accuſtom'd fury grows:
So ſickly Love, which late appear'd to die,
New life aſſum'd from his inflaming eye;
Whoſe looks by chance more beauty now diſcover
Then heretofore. You might forgive the Lover.
Her eager eyes ſhe rivets on his face;
And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race:
Nor could divert her looks. As he his tongue
Began t' unlooſe, her fair hand ſoftly wrung,
Implor'd her aid, and promis'd her his bed;
She anſwer made, with tears profuſely ſhed:
I ſee to what events m' intentions move;
Nor ignorance deceives me thus, but love.
I by my cunning will preſerve your life:
But ſwear, that done, to take me to your wife.
He by the Altar of the Triple Power,
The groves which that great Deity imbowr,
Her Father's Sire, to whom the hid appears,
His own ſucceſs, and ſo great danger, ſwears.
Believ'd, from her th' inchanted herbs receives;
With them, their uſe: and his Protectreſs leaves.
The Morrow had the ſparkling ſtars defac'd,
When all in *Mars*'s field aſſemble, plac'd
On circling ridges: ſeated on a throne,
The Ivory-ſcepter'd King in ſcarlet ſhone.
From adamant noſtrils braſs-hooft Bulls now caſt
Fierce *Vulcan*, and the graſs with vapours blaſt.
And as full forges, blown by art, reſound;
As fime of flints, infurnac'd under ground,
By ſprinkled water fire conceives: ſo they
Pent flames, involv'd in noiſefull breaſts, diſplay;
So roar their ſcorched throats. Yet *Æſon*'s Heir
Came bravely on: on whom they turn, and ſtare
With terrible aſpects; his ruine threat
With ſteel-tipt horns. Inrag'd, their cleft hoofs beat
The thundring ground, whence clouds of duſt ariſe:
They with their ſmoky bellowings rend the ſkies.
The *Minyæ* fear congeals; but he remains
Untoucht. Such virtue Sorcery contains.

Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he ſtrokes:
Makes them to draw the plough with unknown yokes.
The *Colchians* at ſo ſtrange a ſight admire:
The *Minyæ* ſhout, and ſet his thoughts on fire.
He in his Cask the Viper's teeth aſſumes:
And in the turn'd-up furrows them inhumes.
Earth mollifies the pois'nous ſeeds, which ſpring,
And forth a harveſt of new People bring.
And as an Embryo, in the womb inclos'd,
Aſſumes the form of man, within compos'd
Through all accompliſht numbers; nor comes forth
To breathe in air, till his maturer growth:
So when the bowells of the teeming Earth
Grew great, ſhe gave mens perfect ſhapes their birth.
And, what's more ſtrange, with them, their arms aſcend;
Who at th' *Æmonian* youth their lances bend.
When this th' *Achaians* ſaw, they hung the head;
And all their courages for terrour fled.
Even ſhe who had ſecur'd him was afraid,
When ſhe beheld ſo many one invade.
A chill cold checks her bloud; death looks leſs pale.
And, leſt the herbs ſhe gave ſhould chance to fail,
Unheard auxiliary charms ſh' imparts,
And calls th' aſſiſtence of her ſecret Arts.
He hurls a maſſie ſtone among his foes,
Who on themſelves convert their deadly blows.
The Earth-born Brothers mutual wounds deſtroy,
And civil war. The *Grecians* skip for joy,
And throng t' imbrace the Victour. Her the ſame
Affection ſpurr'd; ſhe was withheld by ſhame.
Yet that too weak, if none had lookt upon her:
Not vertue checkt her, but the wreck of honour.
Now in conceit ſhe hugs him in her arms;
And thanks the Gods, the authours of her charms.
To make the Dragon ſleep that never ſlept,
Remains, whoſe care the golden purchace kept.
Bright-creſted, triple-tongu'd, his cruel jaws
Arm'd with ſharp fangs, his feet with dreadfull claws.
When once beſprinkled with *Lethæan* juice,
And words repeated thrice, (which ſleep produce,
Calm the rough ſeas, and make ſwift rivers ſtand)
His eye-lids vail'd to ſleep's unknown command.
The Hero of the Golden Fleece poſſeſt,
Proud of the Spoil, with her whoſe favour bleſt

His

His enterprize (a Second Spoil) now bore
To sea, and lands safe on *Iolchian* shoar.
Æmonian Parents for their Sons return
Bring gratefull gifts, congested incense burn;
And chearfully with horn-gilt offerings pay
Religious vows. But *Æson* was away,
Oppress't with tedious age, now near his tomb.
When thus *Æsonides*: O wife, to whom
My life I ow, though all I hold in chief
From thy deserts, which far surpass belief;
If Magick can, (what cannot Magick doe?)
Take years from me, and his with mine renew.
Then wept. His piety her passion stirs;
Who sighs to think how she had used her's:
Yet this concealing, answers; What a crime
Hath slipt thy tongue? thinkst thou that with thy time
I can, or will, another's life invest?
Hecat' fore-fend: nor is't a just request.
Yet, *Jason*, we a greater gift will give:
Thy Father, by our Art renew'd, shall live,
Without thy loss; if so the triple Pow'r
Assist me with her presence in that hour.
Three nights yet wanted e're the Moon could join
Her growing horns. When with repleniſht shine
She view'd the Earth, the Court she leaves; her hair
Untrest, her garments loose, her ancles bare;
And wanders through the dead of drowzy Night
With unseen steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,
Deep Rest had bound in humid gyves: she crept
So silently, as if her self had slept.
No Aspen wags, moist air no sound receives;
Stars onely twinckle. She to those upheaves
Her arms; thrice turns about, thrice wets her crown
With gathered dew, thrice yawns; and, kneeling down,
O Night, thou friend to Secrets; you clear Fires,
That, with the Moon, succeed when day retires;
Great *Hecate*, that know'st and aid'st imparts
To our designs; you Charms and Magick Arts;
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yields
Thy powerfull simples; airs, winds, mountains, fields,
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and rivers clear;
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appear.
By you, at will, I make swift streams retire
To their first fountains, whilst their banks admire;

Seas toſs, and ſmooth; clear clouds, with clouds deform
Storms turn to calms, and make a calm a Storm.
With ſpells and charms I break the viper's jaw;
Cleave ſolid rocks; oaks from their roots I draw;
Whole woods remove; the airy mountains ſhake;
Earth force to groan; and ghoſts from graves awake.
And thee, *Tirania*, from thy ſphere I hale;
Though braſs reſounding do thy throes avail.
Our charms thy chariot pale; our pois'nous weeds,
That bluſhing Goddeſs which the night ſucceeds.
Flame-breathing bulls you tam'd; you made them bow
Their ſtubborn necks unto the ſervile plow.
The Serpent's brood by you ſelf-ſlaughtered lies:
Your ſlumbers clos'd the wakefull Dragons eyes,
At our command; and ſent the Golden Fleece
(The guard deluded) to the towers of *Greece*.
Now need I drugs that may old age indue
With vigour, and the flower of youth renew.
Which you ſhall give. Nor blaze theſe ſtars in vain;
Nor Dragons vainly through the airy main
This Chariot draw. Hard by the Chariot reſts.
Mounting, ſhe ſtrokes the bridled Dragons creſts,
And ſhakes the reins. Rapt up, beneath ſhe ſpies
Theſſalian Tempe; and her Snakes applies
To parts remote. The herbs that *Oſſa* bear,
Steep *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*, ever-clear
Olympus, who proud *Pindus* over-tops;
Up roots ſhe, or with brazen ſickle crops.
Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*,
By *Amphryſus* much, and where *Enipeus* ran.
Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus* barren found;
Nor thee, ſmooth *Babe* with ſharp ruſhes crown'd.
Whatther'd from *Euboean Anthedon*
Whatherb as yet by *Glaucus* change unknown.
By winged Dragons drawn, nine nights, nine daies,
About ſhe romes, and every field ſurveys.
Return'd, her Snakes, that did but onely ſmell
The Odours, caſt their skins, and age expell.
Her feet to enter her own roof refuſe,
Roofs by the sky: ſhe touch of man eſchews.
Two Altars builds of living turf; the right
To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. Theſe dight
With Vervin and green boughs, hard by two pits
She forthwith digs; and ſacrificing ſlits

The

The throats of black-fleec'd Rams: with reeking bloud
The ditches fills; and pours thereon a floud
Of honey and new milk, from turn'd-up bowls;
Repeating powerfull words. The King of Souls,
His ravisht Queen sh' invokes, and Powr's beneath,
Not to precipitate old *Æson*'s death.
They with long murmurings and pray'rs appeas'd;
She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.
Her sleep-producing Charm his spirits deads,
Who on the grass his senseless body spreads.
Charg'd *Jason* and the rest far off withdrew.
Unhallowed eyes might not such Secrets view.
Furious *Medea*, with her hair unbound,
About the fragrant Altar trots a Round;
The brands dips in the ditches black with bloud,
And on the Altars fires th' infected wood;
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
And thrice with sulphur, muttering horrid names.
Meanwhile in hollow brass the med'cine boils,
And, swelling high, in foamy bubbles toils.
There seeths she what th' *Æmonian* vales produce,
Roots, juices, flow'rs, and seeds of sovereign use:
Adds stones from Oriental rocks bereft,
And others by the ebbing Ocean left;
The Dew collected e're the Dawning springs;
A Screech-Owl's flesh, with her ill-boding wings;
The intralls of ambiguous Wolves, that can
Take, and forsake the figure of a Man;
The Liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then takes
The scaly skins of small *Cinyphian* Snakes.
A Crow's old head and pointed beak was cast
Among the rest, which had nine ages past.
These, and a thousand more without a name,
Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame,
For humane benefit. Th' ingredients now
She mingles with a withered Olive-bough.
Lo, from the caldron the dry stick receives
First verdure, and a little after leaves;
Forthwith with over-burthening Olives deckt.
The skipping froth, with under-flames eject,
Upon the ground descended in a dew;
Whence vernal flow'rs and springing pasture grew.
This seen, she cuts the old man's throat, out-scrus'd
His scarce-warm bloud, and her receipt (infus'd)

His

His mouth or wound ſuckt in. His beard and head
Black hairs forthwith adorn, the hoary ſhed.
Pale colour, morphew, meager looks remove;
And under-riſing fleſh his wrinkles ſmooth.
His lims wax ſtrong and luſty. *Æſon* much
Admires his change; himſelf remembers ſuch
Twice twenty Summers paſt: withall, indu'd
A youthfull mind, and both at once renew'd.
This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views:
By *Col. his* gift his Nurſes dates renews.
Leſt fraud ſhould ceaſe, ſhe with her bed's Conſort
Diſſenſion feigns, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
His Daughters (for ſad age the King arreſts)
Her entertain. She ſoon, with ſlie proteſts
Of forged love, allures their quick belief:
Her many merits mentions, but in chief
Old *Æſon*'s cure, inſiſting on that part.
This hope ingenders, that her able Art
Might ſo their Father's vaniſht youth reſtore.
Her they with infinite rewards implore.
She, muſing, ſeems to doubt, and, with pretence
Of difficulty, holds them in ſuſpence.
But when ſhe had a tardy promiſe made;
To win your ſtedfaſt confidence, (ſhe ſaid)
Take from your flocks the moſt age-ſhaken Ram,
And ſuddenly he ſhall become a Lamb.
Straight thither by the wreathed horns they drew
A ſunk-ey'd Ram, whoſe youth none living knew.
Now at his rivell'd throat out-lancing life,
(Whoſe little bloud could hardly ſtain her Knife)
His carcaſe ſhe into a Caldron throws;
With it, her drugs. Each lim more ſlender grows:
He caſts his horns, and with his horns his years:
Anon a tender bleating ſtrikes their ears.
While they admire, out skips a friſking Lamb,
That ſports, and ſeeks the Udder of his Dam.
Fixt with amaze, they, ſtrongly now poſſeſt,
Her promiſe more importunately preſt.
Thrice *Phœbus* had unyok'd his panting Steeds,
Drencht in *Iberian* Seas, whilſt Night ſucceeds,
Studded with ſtars; when falſe *Medea* took,
With uſeleſs herbs, meer waters of the brook.
On *Pelias*, and his drowzy Guard, ſhe hunz
A death-like ſleep with her inchanting tongue.

Whom

Whom now the ſo-inſtructed Siſters led
Into his chamber, and beſiege his bed.
Why pauſe you thus, ſaid ſhe, O ſlow to good?
Untheath your ſword, and ſhed his aged bloud;
That his veins with ſpritely juice may fill.
His life and youth depends upon your will.
If you have any vertue, nor purſue
Unfruitfull hopes, perform this filial due.
With ſteel your father's age expulſe, and purge
His dregs through wounds. Their zeal her ſpeeches urge.
Who were moſt pious, impious firſt became;
Shunning Unnaturalneſs, they act the ſame.
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow,
But with averted looks blind wounds beſtow.
He, bloud-imbrew'd, his hoary head advanc'd;
Half-mangled ſtrove to riſe; and now intranc'd
Amidſt ſo many ſwords, his arms up-held,
And, Daughters, cry'd, what doe you? what compell'd
Thoſe cruel hands t' invade your Father's life?
Down ſunk their hands and hearts. *Medea's* knife
His following ſpeech and throat aſunder cuts:
She his hackt lims in ſeething liquour puts.
And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft ſhe flies
O're ſhady *Pelion*, God-like *Chiron's* Den,
Aſpiring *Othrys*, hills renown'd by men
For old *Cerambus* ſafety: who, by aid
Of favouring Nymphs, relief-full wings diſplay'd,
While ſwallowing waves the weighty Earth confound;
And ſwo'n *Deucalion's* ſurges ſcap'd, undrown'd.
Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaves;
That Marble which the Serpent's ſhape receives;
Idæan groves, where *Liber* turn'd a Steer
(To cloke his ſon's ſlie theft) into a Deer;
The ſand-heap which *Corytus* Sire contains;
And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plains:
Eurypylus town, where horns the Matrons ſham'd
Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;
Phœbeian Rhodes, *Jalyſian Telchines*,
Drencht by *Jove's* vengeance in his brother's ſeas,
For all transforming with their vicious eyes.
By *Cea's* old *Cartheian* walls ſhe flies,
Where fates *Alcidamas* with wonder move,
To think his Daughter could become a Dove.

Then.

Then *Hyrie*'s lake, *Cyontian Tempe* view'd,
Grac'd by a Swan with ſudden plumes indu'd.
For *Phyllius* there had, at a Boy's command,
Wild Birds and ſavage Lions brought to hand;
And bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd:
Yet at ſo ſtern a love not ſeldome ſtorm'd,
And his laſt purchace to the Boy deny'd.
Pouting, You'l wiſh you'd given him me, he cry'd;
And jumpt from down-right cliffs. All held him ſlain;
When ſpreading wings a ſilver Swan ſuſtain.
His mother (ignorant thereof) became
A Lake with weeping, which they *Hyrie* name.
Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Ophian Combe* ſhuns,
With trembling wings, her life-purſuing ſons.
Then near *Latona*-lov'd *Calaurea* rang'd,
In which the King and Queen to birds were chang'd.
Cyllene on the right hand, where that beaſt
Menephron would his mother have compreſt.
Cephiſus ſpies, who for his nephew mourn'd,
Into a Sea-calf by *Apollo* turn'd:
Eumelus Court, whoſe Daughter ſads her Sire
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire
To *Piren Ephyre*: men, if Fame ſay true,
Here at the firſt from ſhow'r-rais'd muſhroms grew.
But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
And *Creon*'s Palace, wrapt in Magick flame,
When impious ſteel her childrens bloud had ſhed,
She ill-reveng'd from *Jaſon*'s fury fled.
Whom now the ſwift *Titanian* Dragons draw
To *Pallas* towers. Thoſe thee, juſt *Phineus*, ſaw,
And thee, old *Periphas*, together fly:
Where *Polyphemon*'s Neece new wings ſupply.
Ægeus entertains her, (of his life
The onely ſtain) and took her for his wife.
And now arrives, unknown, *Ægeus* ſeed,
Who, great in name, had two-ſea'd *Iſthmos* freed;
Whoſe undeſerved ruin *Phaſias* ſought,
By mortal Aconite, from *Scythia* brought.
This from th' *Echidnean* Dog dire eſſence draws.
There is a blind ſteep cave with foggy jaws,
Through which the bold *Trœzenian* Hero ſtrain'd,
Dragg'd *Cerberus* with adamant inchain'd:
Who backward hung, and, ſcowling, lookt askew
On glorious day, with anger rabid grew;

Thrice

Thrice howls, thrice barks at once, with his three heads,
And on the grass his foamy poison sheds.
This sprung, attracting from the fruitfull soil
Dire nourishment, and power of deathfull spoil.
The rural Swains, because it takes delight
In barren rocks, surnam'd it Aconite.
Ægeus, by her sly perswasions won,
As to a foe, presents it to his Son.
He took the cup: when, by his Ivory hilt,
He both his Son discovered, and her guilt;
And struck the potion from his lips. With charms
Ingendring clouds she scapes his lengthless arms.
Though glad of his Son's safety, a chill fear
Shook all his powers, that danger was so near.
With fire he feeds the Altars, richly feasts
The Gods with gifts, Whole Hecatombs of beasts
(Their horns with ribbands wreath'd) imbue the ground.
No day, they say, was ever so renown'd
Amongst th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all
Together celebrate that Festival,
Thus singing, when full bowls their spirits raise:
Great *Theseus*, *Marathon* resounds thy praise,
For slaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
They live who *Cremyon's* wasted field manure,
By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcan's* Seed
By thee glad *Epidaure* beheld to bleed.
Savage *Procrustes* death *Cephisia* view'd;
Eleusis Cercyon's. *Scinis*, ill indu'd
With strength so much abus'd, who Beeches bent,
And tortur'd bodies 'twixt their branches rent,
Thou slew'st. The way which to *Alcathoe* led
Is now secure, inhumane *Sciron* dead.
The Earth his scatter'd bones a grave deny'd;
Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
Which, tossed to and fro, in time became
A solid rock: the rock we *Sciron* name.
If we thy years should number with thy acts,
Thy years would prove a cypher to thy facts.
Great soul, for thee, as for our publick wealth,
We pray, and quaff *Lyæus* to thy health.
The Palace with the people's praises rings;
And sacred joy in every bosome springs.
Ægeus yet (no pleasure is compleat:
Grief twines with joys:) for *Theseus* safe receit

Reaps

Reaps little comfort. *Minos* threatens war,
Though ſtrong in men and ſhips, yet ſtronger far
Through vengeance of a Father; who his harms,
In ſlain *Androgeos*, ſcourgeth with juſt arms.
Yet wiſely firſt endeavours forein aid;
And all the Iſlands of that Sea ſurvey'd.
He *Anaphe* and *Aſtypalea* gains;
The one by gifts, the other war conſtrains;
Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* chalky-fields,
High *Scyros*, *Cythnos*, which rich metals yields,
Champain *Seriphos*, *Paros* far diſplay'd
With marble brows, *Sithonis* ill betray'd
By impious *Arne* for, yet-loved, gold,
Turn'd to a Chough, whom ſable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didyme*, the Sea-lov'd ſoil
Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oil,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; theſe their aid deny'd.
The *Gnoſſian* fleet from thence their ſails apply'd
Unto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd:
Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd;
But *Æacus*, there reigning, call'd the ſame
Ægina, of his honour'd Mother's name.
All throng to ſee a Prince of ſo great worth:
Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, iſſuing forth,
With *Phocus*, youngeſt of that royal race,
Make haſt to meet him. With a tardy pace
Came aged *Æacus*, and ask'd the cauſe
Of his repair. When, after ſome ſhort pauſe,
With ſighs, which his imboſom'd grief diſplay'd,
The Ruler of the hundred Cities ſaid:
Aſſiſt our arms, born for my murth'red ſon,
And in this pious war our fortunes run;
Give comfort to his grave. The King reply'd,
In vain you ask what needs muſt be deny'd:
No City is in ſtricter league then ours
Conjoin'd to *Athens*: mutual are our pow'rs.
He, parting, ſaid, Your league ſhall coſt you dear.
And held it better far to threat, then bear
A war ſo hazzardous, whereby he might
Conſume his force before he came to fight.
Yet might they ſee the *Cretans* under ſail
From high-built walls, when, with a leading gale,
An *Attick* ſhip attain'd their friendly ſhoar,
Which *Cephalus* and his embaſſage bore.

Th' *Æacides* him know, (though many a day
Unſeen) imbrace, and to the Court convey.
The goodly Prince, who yet th' impreſſion held
Of thoſe perfections which in youth excell'd,
Enters the Palace, bearing in his hand
A branch of *Attick* Olive. By him ſtand
Clytus and *Bates*, valorous and young;
Who from the loins of high-born *Pallas* ſprung.
Firſt *Cephalus* his full Oration made;
Which ſhew'd his meſſage, and demanded aid:
Their leagues and ancient loves to mind recalls;
And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:
With eloquence inforcing's embaſſie.
When God-like *Æacus* made this reply;
(His royal Scepter ſhining in his hand)
Athenians, crave not ſuccour, but command.
This Iſland's forces yours vouchſafe to call;
For in your aid I will adventure all.
Souldiers I have enough, at once t'oppoſe
My enemies, and to repell your foes.
The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
Bear no excuſes. May your Citie ſtill
Increaſe with people, *Cephalus* reply'd.
At my approach I not a little joy'd,
To meet ſo many youths of equal years,
So freſh and luſty. Yet not one appears
Of thoſe who heretofore your town poſſeſt,
When firſt you entertain'd me for a Gueſt.
Then *Æacus*, (in ſighs his words aſcend)
A ſad beginning had a better end.
Would I could utter all: Day would expire
E're all were told, and 'twould your patience tire.
Their bones and aſhes ſilent graves incloſe.
And what a treaſure periſhed with thoſe!
By *Juno*'s wrath, a dreadfull peſtilence
Devour'd our lives. She took unjuſt offence,
In that this Iſle her Rival's name profeſt.
While it ſeem'd humane, and the cauſe ungueſt,
So long we death-repelling Phyſick try'd:
But thoſe diſeaſes vanquiſht Art deride.
Heav'n firſt the Earth with thickned vapours ſhrouds,
And lazy heat involves in ſullen clouds.
Four pallid Moons their growing horns unite,
And had as oft withdrawn their feeble light;

Yet

Yet ſtill the death-producing *Auſter* blew.
The Springs and ſtanding Lakes infected grew.
Serpents in untill'd fields by millions creep;
And in the ſtreams their tainting poiſons ſteep.
Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, and ſavage Beaſts firſt die:
Nor Birds could from the ſwift infection fly.
Sad Swains, amazed, ſee their Oxen ſhrink
Beneath the yoke, and in the furrows ſink.
The fleecy Flocks with anguiſh faintly bleat,
Let fall their wool, and pine away with heat.
The generous Horſe, that from the Race of late
Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
Unmindfull of the glory of his prize,
Groans at his manger, and there deedleſs dies.
The Boar forgets his rage: ſwift feet now fail
The Hart: nor Bears the horned Herd aſſail.
All languiſh. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
Are fill'd with carcaſes, that ſtench the air:
Which neither Dogs, nor greedy Fowl (how much
To be admir'd!) nor hoary Wolves would touch.
Theſe putrefy, and deadly Odours bred,
That round about their dire contagion ſpred.
Now Plague among the wretched Countrey-Swains,
Now in our large and populous City reigns.
At firſt, their bowels broil, with fervour ſtretcht:
The ſymptoms, redneſs, hot wind hardly fetcht.
Their furr'd tongues ſwell; their dry jaws gaſp for breath,
And with the air inhale a ſwifter death.
None could endure or coverture, or bed;
But on the ſtones their panting bodies ſpred.
Cold ſtones could no way mitigate that heat:
Even they beneath thoſe burning burthens ſweat.
None cure attempt: the ſtern diſeaſe invades
The heartleſs Leech; nor Art her authour aids.
The near ally'd, whoſe care the ſick attends,
Sicken themſelves, and die before their friends.
Of remedy they ſee no hope at all,
But onely in approaching funeral.
All, their deſires obey; for help none care;
Help was there none: in ſhameleſs throngs repair
To Springs and Wells: there ſtick, in bitter ſtrife
T' extinguiſh thirſt; but firſt extinguiſh life.
Nor could th' o'ercharg'd ariſe; but, dying, ſink:
And of thoſe tainted waters others drink.

The

The wretches loath their tedious Beds, thence break
With giddy steps; or, if now grown too weak,
Roul on the floor: their quitted Houses hate,
As guilty of their miserable fate;
And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse.
Half-Ghosts they walk'd, while they their legs could use.
You might see others on the earth lie mourning,
Their heavy eyes with dying motion turning,
Stretching their arms to heav'n; where-ever death
Surpris'd them, parting with their sigh'd-out breath.
Oh what a heart had I! or ought to have!
I loath'd my life, and wisht with them a grave.
Which way soever I convert my eye,
The breathless multitude dispersed lie;
Like perisht apples dropping with the strokes
Of rocking winds, or acorns from broad oaks.
See you yon Temple, mounted on high stairs?
'Tis *Jupiter's*. Who hath not offer'd prayers,
And slighted incense, there; Husbands for Wives,
Fathers for Sons? and while they pray, their lives
They 'fore th' inexorable Altars vent,
With incense in their hands, half yet unspent.
How oft the Ox unto the Temple brought,
While yet the Priest the angry Powers besought,
And pour'd pure wine between his horns, fell down,
Before the ax had touch'd his curled crown?
To *Jupiter* about to sacrifice,
For me, my country, sons; with horrid noise
Th' unwounded Offring fell; and now the wound
Scarce blood to wet the knife, that made it, found.
The Inwards lost their signs of heav'n's presage,
Out-razed by the stern Disease's rage.
The dead before the sacred doors were laid,
Before the Altars too; the Gods t' upbraid.
Some chose themselves with cords; by death eschew
The fear of death; and instant Fates pursue.
Dead corses without Dues of funeral
They weakly bear: the Ports are now too small.
Or un-interr'd they lie; or else are thrown
On wealthless Piles. Respect they give to none.
For Piles they strive: on those their kinsfolk burn,
That flame for others. None are left to mourn;
Ghosts wander undeplor'd by sons or sires:
Not is there room for tombs, or wood for fires.

Astonisht

Astonisht with these tempests of extreams,
O *Jove*, said I, if they be more then dreams
That laid thee by *Ægina*; nor thy ire
Incensed be, that I should call thee sire;
Render me mine, or me afford a grave.
With prosperous thunder-claps a sign he gave.
I take it, said I; let this Omen be
A happy pledge of thy intents to me.
Hard by, a goodly Oak by fortune stood,
Sacred to *Jove*, of *Dodonean* wood.
Grain-gathering Ants there in long files I saw,
Who with their little mouths great burthens draw,
Keeping their paths along the rugged rine.
While I admire their number; O divine,
And ever helpfull, give to me, said I,
As many men, who may the dead supply.
The trembling Oak his lofty top declin'd,
And murmured without a breath of wind.
I shook with fear, my tresses stood an end:
Yet on the earth and oak I kisses spend.
I durst not seem to hope, yet hope I did;
And in my breast my cherisht wishes hid.
Night came, and sleep care-wasted bodies chear'd:
Before my eyes the self-same Oak appear'd:
So many branches, as before, there were;
So many busie Ants those branches bear;
So shook the Oak, and with that motion threw
To under-earth the grain-supporting crue.
Greater and greater straight they seem to sight;
To raise themselves from earth, and stand upright.
These, numerous feet, black colour, lankness leave;
And instantly a humane shape receive.
Now sleep withdrew. My dream I waking blame;
And on the small-performing Gods exclaim:
Yet heard a mighty noise, and seem'd t' have heard
Almost forgotten voices: yet I fear'd
That this a dream was also. Whereupon,
The door thrust open, in runs *Telamon*.
Come forth, said he, O father, and behold
What hope transcends, nor can with faith be told.
Forth went I, and beheld the men which late
My dream presented; such in every state
I saw, and knew them. They salute their King.
Jove prais'd, a party to the town I bring;

Leave

Leave to the reſt the empty fields; and call
Them *Myrmidons*, of their original.
You ſee their perſons: ſuch their manners are
As formerly; a people given to ſpare,
Patient of labour, what they get preſerve.
They, like in years and minds, theſe wars ſhall ſerve,
And follow your conduct; when firſt this wind
(The wind blew Eaſterly) that was ſo kind
To bring you hither, will to your avail
Convert it ſelf into a Southern gale.
Diſcourſe thus entertain'd the day; with Feaſts
They crown the Evening; Sleep the Night poſſeſt.
The Morning Sun projects his golden rays:
Still *Eurus* blew, and their departure ſtays.
Now *Pallas* ſons to *Cephalus* reſort,
And *Cephalus* with *Pallas* ſons to Court,
With early viſits: (ſleep the King inchains)
Whom *Phocus* at the entrance entertains.
For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,
To raiſe an army were already gone.
Phocus meanwhile into an inward room,
Of fair receit, th' *Athenians* led; with whom,
They ſeated firſt, he ſits. His fancy fed
Upon the Javelin with the golden head,
Held by *Æolides*: of what tree made
Being ignorant, ſome ſpeeches paſt, he ſaid;
I haunt the deſart woods, delight in bloud
Of ſavage Beaſts; yet know not of what wood
Your Dart conſiſts. For if of Aſh it were,
'Twould look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appear
More knotty. On what tree ſoe're it grew,
Mine eyes ſo fair a Dart did never view.
One of th' *Æacan* brethren made reply:
You would more wonder at the quality.
It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;
And of it ſelf returns with ſlaughter red.
Phocus the cauſe deſireth much to know,
From whence it came, and who did it beſtow.
He yields to his requeſt: yet things well known,
Reſtrain'd by modeſty, he lets alone.
An I, toucht with ſorrow for his wife, that bleeds
In his remembrance, thus with tears proceeds.
This Dart, O Goddeſs-born, provokes theſe tears:
And ever would, if endleſs were my years.

This,

This me, in my unhappy Wife, destroy'd:
This gift I would I never had injoy'd.
Procris Orithya's sister was; if Fame
Have more inform'd you of *Orithya*'s name.
Yet she (should you their minds and forms confer)
More worth the rape. *Erechtheus* me to her,
And Love, unite. Then happy, happy I
Might yet have been. But, Oh! the Gods envy.
Two months were now consum'd in chast delight;
When gray *Aurora*, having vanquisht Night,
Beheld me on the ever-fragrant hill
Of steep *Hymettus*, and, against my will,
As I my Toils extended, bare me thence.
I may the truth declare without offence.
Though rosie be her Cheeks; although she sway
The dewy Confines of the Night and Day,
And Nectar drink; my *Procris* all possest:
My Heart was hers, my Tongue her praise profest.
I told her of her holy Nuptial ties,
Of Wedlock's breach, and yet-scarce-tasted joys.
Fire-red, she said, Thy harsh complaints forbear;
Possess thy *Procris*: though so fair, so dear,
Thou'lt wish th'hadst never known her, if I know
Insuing fate: and, angry, lets me go.
Her words I ponder'd as I went along;
Began to doubt *Procris* might m' honour wrong.
Her youth and beauty tempt me to distrust:
Her vertue checks those fears as most unjust.
But I was absent: but example fed
My jealousie: but lovers all things dread.
I seek my sorrows; and with gifts intend
To tempt the chast. *Aurora* proves a friend
To this suspicion, and my form translates.
Unknown, I enter the *Athenian* gates;
And then my own. The house from blame was free,
In decent order, and perplext for me.
Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd her view.
View'd, with astonishment I scarce pursue
My first intent: scarce could I then forbear
Due kisses, scarce, not what I was appear.
She still was sad; yet lovelier none then she,
Even in that sadness; sorrowfull for me.
How excellent, O *Phocus*, was that face,
Which could in grief retain so sweet a grace?

What

What need I tell how often I assail'd
Her vexed chastity, how oft *I* fail'd?
How often said she, One I onely serve:
For him, where-ever, I my bed preserve.
What mad man would such faith have farther prest,
But I, industrious to my own unrest?
With fervent vows, and gifts still multiply'd,
At length she wavers. False of faith, I cry'd,
Thou art disclos'd: I no Adulterer,
But thy wrong'd Spouse; nor can this trial erre.
She made no answer, prest with silent shame,
Th' unhappy house, and me, far more in blame,
Forsaking: mankind for my sake th' eschews,
And, *Dian*-like, the mountain-chace pursues.
Abandon'd, hotter flames my bloud incense.
I pardon begg'd, confessing my offence;
And said, *Aurora* might have me subdu'd
With such enticements, had but she so woo'd.
My fault confest, her wrong revenged, we
Grow reconcil'd, and happily agree.
Besides her self, as though that gift were small,
A Dog she gave; which, *Cynthia* giving, All,
Said she, shall pass in swiftness: and this Spear
You so commend, which in my hand I bear.
Do you the fortune of the first inquire?
Receive a wonder, and the fact admire.
Dark prophecies, not understood of old,
The *Naiades* with searching wits unfold.
When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,
Neglected grew. Nor could she this endure.
A cruel Beast infests th' *Aonian* plains,
To many fatal, fear'd by Countrey Swains,
Both for their cattel, and themselves. I met
The neighbouring youth, our Toils the fields beset.
He nimbly skips above the upper lines.
And, mounting over, frustrates our designs.
The dogs uncouple; from them all he springs,
With no less speed then if supply'd by wings.
All bid me let my *Lælaps* slip, (for so
My dog was call'd;) who, struggling long ago,
Half-throttled, strain'd the leash. No sooner gone
Then out of sight, his foot-steps left he on
The burning sand, but vanisht from our eyes,
As swiftly as a well-driven Javelin flies;

Or

Or as a singing Pellet from a Sling;
Or as an Arrow from a *Cretan* String.
I mount a hill which over-topt the place,
From thence beholding this admired chace.
The beast now pincht appears, now shuns by flight
His catching jaws: nor (crafty) runs out-right,
Nor trusts his heels; with nimble turnings shunning
His urgent foe, in stead of over-running.
He at his heels, well match'd, doth now appear
To catch th' uncaught, and mouths the empty air.
My dart I take to aid: which while I shook,
And on the thong direct my hasty look,
To fit my fingers, looking up again,
I saw two marble Statues on the plain.
Had you these seen, you could not chuse but say,
That this appear'd to run, and that to bay.
That neither should each other over-go,
The Gods decreed: if Gods descend so low.
Thus he, and paus'd. Then *Phocus*, Pray unfold
Your Dart's offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.
Joy Grief fore-runs: that Joy we first recite.
For, O, those times I mention with delight,
When youth and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life,
She in her Husband blest, I in my Wife.
In both one care, and one affection moves:
She would not have exchang'd my bed for *Jove's*;
Nor *Venus* could have tempted my desire:
Our bosoms flam'd with such an equal fire.
When *Sol* had rais'd his beams above the flouds,
My custom was to trace the leafy woods.
Arm'd with this dart, alone I hunting went,
Without horse, huntsmen, toils, or dogs of scent.
Much kill'd, I to the cooler shades repair.
And where the valley breaths a fresher air.
Cool air I seek, while all with fervour glows;
Cool air expect, the cause of my repose.
Come, Air, I use to sing, relieve th' oppress;
Come, O most welcome, glide into my breast:
Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.
By chance I other blandishments repeat:
(So Fates in orce) as, O my soul's delight,
By thee I'm fed and chear'd; thy sweets excite
M' affections to these woods: O may thy breath
Still fix with mine, and so preserve from death.

A busie

A buſie ear theſe doubtfull ſpeeches caught,
Who oft-nam'd Air ſome much-lov'd *Dryad* thought;
And told my *Procris* with a leuder tongue
His falſe ſurmiſes, with the ſong I ſung.
Love is too credulous. With grief ſhe faints,
And, ſcarce reviving, burſts into complaints;
My ſpotleſs faith with fury execrates:
Woe's me, ſhe cries, produc'd to cruel fates!
Tranſported with imaginary blame,
What's not, ſhe fears; an unſubſtantial name:
Yet grieves, (poor ſoul!) as if in truth abus'd;
Yet often doubts, and her diſtruſt accus'd.
Now holds the information for a lie;
Nor will truſt other witneſs then her eye.
Aurora re-inthron'd th' inſuing Day:
I hunt, and ſpeed. As on the graſs I lay,
Come, Air, ſaid I, my tired ſpirits chear.
At this an unknown ſigh invades my ear.
Yet I; O come, before all joys preferr'd.
I then among the leaves a ruſsling heard,
And threw my dart, ſuppoſing it ſome beaſt.
But, O! 'twas *Procris*: wounded on the breaſt,
She ſhriek'd at me. Her voice too well I knew;
And thither, with my grief diſtracted, flew.
Half dead, all bloud-imbrew'd, my Wife I found,
Her gift (alas!) extracting from her wound.
I rais'd her body, then my own more dear;
To bind her wounds, my lighter garments tear,
And ſtrive to ſtaunch the bloud. O, pity take,
Said I, nor thus a guilty ſoul forſake.
She, weak, and now a-dying, thus replies:
(Her laſt of ſpeech) By all our nuptial ties,
By heav'n-imbowred Gods, by thoſe below,
To whoſe infernal monarchy I go,
By that, if ever I deſerved well,
By this ill-fated love, for which I fell,
Yet now in death moſt conſtantly retain,
O, let not *Air* our chaſter bed prophane.
This ſaid, I ſhew'd, and ſhe perceived, how
That errour grew: but what avail'd it now?
She ſighs; her bloud along her ſpirits took:
She looks on me as long as ſhe could look.
My lips her ſoul receive, with her laſt breath;
Who, now reſolved, ſweetly ſmiles in death.

The weeping Hero told this Tragedy
To those that wept as fast. The King drew nigh,
And his two sons, with well-arm'd Regiments,
New rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* presents.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eighth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Harmonious Walls. Lewd Scylla *now despairs;*
With Nisus, *chang'd: the Lark the Hobby dares.*
Ariadne's *Crown a Constellation made.*
Th' inventive youth a Partridge, still afraid
Of mounting. Meleager's *Sisters mourn*
His Tragedy: to Fowl, so named, turn.
Five Water-nymphs, the five Echinades
Demonstrate. Perimele, *near to these,*
Becomes an Island. Jove *and* Hermes *take*
The forms of Men. A City turn'd t' a Lake;
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,
Old Baucis *and* Philemon, *changed are*
At once to sacred Trees. In various shapes
Blue Proteus *sports. Oft self-chang'd* Metra *scapes*
Scorn'd servitude. The Stream of Calydon
Forsakes his own, and other shapes puts on.

NOw *Lucifer* exalts the Day, to Hell (fli
Old Night descends; the Eastern winds now
Moist clouds arose; when gentle Southern (gale
Befriended returning *Cephalus*. Full sails
Wing his successfull course; who long before
All expectation touch'd the wished shore.

Mean

Mean while juſt *Minos* waſts *Lelegia*'s coaſt,
And girts *Alcathoe* City with his Hoaſt.
This *Niſus* held; whoſe head a purple Hair,
'Mong thoſe of honourable ſilver, bare;
His Kingdom's ſtrength. Six aged Moons grew young;
Yet wars ſucceſs in equal balance hung:
Slow Victory, in choice yet what to doe,
With doubtfull wings 'twixt either army flew.
A royal Tower, with ſounding walls, there ſtands,
Erected by *Apollo*'s ſacred hands:
Whereon, they ſay, he laid his golden Lyre;
Whoſe ſtrings the ſtones with harmony inſpire.
This, *Niſus* Daughter oft aſcends alone,
And drops ſmall pebbles on the warbling ſtone,
In time of peace. When war had peace expell'd,
Thence ſhe the conflicts of ſtern *Mars* beheld.
By this delay, the Princes names ſhe knows,
Their arms, horſe, habits, and *Cydonian* bows;
Europa's Son, the General, yet ſhe knew
More then the reſt, more then 'twas fit to do.
For when he wore his fairly-plumed caſk,
She thought him lovely in that warlike maſk:
Or when his braſs-refulgent ſhield he rai'd,
His gracefull geſture infinitely ſhe prais'd.
Nor could his practis'd arm let flie a dart,
But ſtraight ſh' extolls his ſtrength, conjoyn'd with art.
If he an arrow drew, ſhe'd ſwear that ſo
Apollo ſtood, when he diſcharg'd his Bow.
But when, his helmet off, he ſhew'd his face;
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
He on his hot high-bounding Courſer ſits;
O then ſhe ſcarce is miſtreſs of her wits.
Happy ſhe cal's the launce his hand ſuſtains:
Happy ſhe calls his hand-ſuſtained reins.
And had ſhe pow'r, ſhe would have madly paſt
Through all the hoſtile ranks; her ſelf have caſt
Amidſt the *Cretan* tents, even from that Tower;
Or op'd the braſs-ribb'd gates to *Minos* power;
Or what he elſe could wiſh. She then ſurvey'd
The *Gnoſſian* King's white Tent, and ſoftly ſaid;
Whether I ſhould for this ſo ſad a war
Or joy, or grieve, within my ſelf I jar.
Alas, that he I love ſhould be my foe!
But I'd not known him, had it not been ſo.

Yet me in hoſtage might he take, of peace
A pledge, me for his ſpouſe; and wars ſurceaſe.
No marvel though a God her beauty took,
If ſhe that bare thee had ſo ſweet a look.
Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent
This dull delay, and fly to *Minos* tent!
My ſelf I would diſcloſe, confeſſe my flame;
And buy him with what dowry he ſhould name,
But to betray theſe towers. Die, die, deſire,
E're I by treaſon to your ends aſpire.
Yet, through the Victour's clemency, it ſome,
Nay many, hath avail'd t' have been o'recome.
Juſt war he wageth for his ſon's ſad end:
His cauſe is ſtrong, ſtrong arms his cauſe defend.
Sure we muſt fall. If ſuch our Citie's fate;
Why ſhould his Power inthrone him in this State,
And not my Love? better, without delay,
His ſouldiers bloud, his own, he conquer may.
For ill-preſaging fears my reſt confound,
Leſt ſome, not knowing him, ſhould *Minos* wound.
For no heart is ſo hard, that did him know,
And would a Launce againſt his boſome throw.
Then thus; with me, my Countrey I intend
To render up, and give theſe wars an end.
What is't to intend? Each paſſage hath a guard;
My father keeps the keys, ſees the gates barr'd.
'Tis he defers my joys; 'tis him I dread:
Would I were not, or he were with the dead.
Tuſh, we are our own Gods. They thrive that dare;
And Fortune is a foe to ſlothfull pray'r.
Long ſince, another ſcortcht with ſuch a fire,
By death had forc'd a way to her deſire.
And why ſhould any more adventurous prove?
I dare through ſword and fire make way to Love.
And yet here is no uſe of fire nor ſword;
But of my Father's hair. This muſt afford
What I ſo much affect, and make me bleſt;
Richer then all the treaſure of the Eaſt.
This ſaid, Night, nurſe of cares, her curtains drew;
When in the dark the more audacious grew.
In prime of reſt, when tir'd with day-bred cares
Sleep all infolds, ſhe ſilently repairs
Into her Father's bed-chamber, and there
Picks out (O horrid act!) his fatal hair.

Scirl

Seiz'd on her wicked prey, with her she bore
The guilty spoil, unlock'd a Postern door;
Then past the foe, (bold by her merit made)
And to the King not un-astonisht said:
Inforc'd by Love, I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seed,
Yield up my Country, and my Gods: no meed,
But thee, I crave. This purple hair receive,
My love's rich pledge: nor think a hair I give,
But my old Father's head. And therewith she
Presents the gift with wicked hand. But he
Rejects her profer: and much terrifi'd
With horrour of so foul a deed, reply'd;
The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhorr'd!)
Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.
Howe're, *Jove's Creet*, the world wherein I reign,
Shall such a Monster never entertain.
This said, the most just Victor doth impose
Laws no less just upon his vanquisht foes:
Then orders, that they forthwith oars conveigh
Aboard the brass-beak'd ships, and anchors weigh.
When *Scylla* saw the *Gnossian* navy swim,
And that her Treason was abhorr'd by him,
To violent anger she converts her prayers,
And, Fury-like, with stretcht arms, and spred hairs,
Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou, leaving me, whose love
With conquest crown'd thee? O preferr'd above
My Country, Father; 'twas not thou didst win,
But I that gave; my merit, and my sin.
Yet this, nor such affection could persuade:
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had laid.
For whither should I go, thus left alone?
What? to my Country? that's by me o'rethrown.
Wer't not, my treason dooms me to exile.
Or to my Father, giv'n unto thy spoil?
Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
And neighbours fear th' example in their State.
I out of all the world my self have thrown,
To purchase an access to *Creet* alone.
Which if deny'd, and I left to despair;
Europa never one so thankless bare:
But swallowing *Syrt's*, *Charybdis* chaf'd with wind,
Or some fell Tiger of th' *Armenian* kind.
Jove's not thy Father; nor with forged shape
Of Bull beguil'd, thy Mother suffer'd rape.

That ſtory of thy glorious race is feign'd:
For ſhe a wild and loveleſs Bull ſuſtain'd.
O father *Niſus*, thy revenge behold.
Rejoyce, O City, by my treaſon ſold.
Death, I confeſs, I merit. Yet would I
Might by their hands whom I have injur'd die.
For why ſhouldſt thou, who onely didſt ſubdue
By my offending, my offence purſue?
My Country and my Father felt this ſin;
Which unto thee hath meritorious been.
Thou worthy art of ſuch a wife, as ſtood
A Bull's hot luſt, within a Cow of wood:
Whoſe ſhameleſs womb a monſtrous burthen bare.
Ah! do my ſorrows to thy ears repair?
Or are my fruitleſs words born by that wind
That bears thee hence, and leaves me wretch behind?
No marvel though *Paſiphaë* preferr'd
A Bull 'fore thee more ſavage then the Herd.
Woe's me! make haſte I muſt: the waves with oars
Reſound; his ſhip forſakes, with us, our ſhores.
In vain! I'll follow thee ungratefull King;
And, while I to thy crooked veſſel cling,
Be dragg'd through drenching ſeas. This having ſaid,
She takes the waves, by *Cupid*'s ſtrengthning aid,
And cleaves t' his ſhip. Her Father, now high-flown,
Strikes airy wings, (a red-mail'd Hobby grown)
And ſtoops to cuff her with his golden ſears.
She ſlips her hold, infeebled by her fears.
While yet a-falling, that ſhe might eſchew
The threatning ſea, light wings t' her ſhoulders grew.
She changes to a bird in ſight of all:
This, of that raviſht Hair, we *Ciris* call.
No ſooner *Minos* touch'd the *Cretan* ground,
But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd,
His vows to conqueſt-giving *Jove* he pay'd;
And all his palace with the ſpoil array'd.
And now his familie's reproach increaſt;
That uncouth Prodigie, half man, half beaſt,
The mother's foul adultery deſcry'd.
Minos reſolv'd his marriage ſhame to hide
In multitude of rooms, perplext and blind,
The work t' excelling *Dædalus* aſſign'd:
Who ſenſe diſtracts, and errour leads a maze
Through ſubtle ambages of ſundry ways.

As

As *Phrygian Mæander* ſports about
The flowry vales, now winding in, now out;
Himſelf incounters, ſees what follows, guides
His ſtreams unto their ſprings, and, doubling, ſlides
To long-mockt ſeas: ſo *Dædalus* compil'd
Innumerable by-ways, which beguil'd
The troubled ſenſe; that he, who made the ſame,
Could ſcarce retire: ſo intricate the frame.
Within this fabrick *Minos* then inclos'd
This double form, of man and beaſt compos'd.
The Monſter with *Athenian* bloud twice fed,
The third Lot, in the ninth year, vanquiſhed.
Who by a Clew was guided to the door
(A virgin's counſel) never found before.
Ægides, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes
For *Dia*; on the naked ſhore forſakes
His confident and ſleep-oppreſſed Mate.
Now, pining in complaints, the deſolate
Bacchus with marriage comforts, and that ſhe
Might glorious by a Conſtellation be,
Her head unburthens of her crown, and threw
It up to heav'n: through thinner air it flew.
Flying, the jewels that the verge inchaſe
Convert to fires, faſt fixed in one place;
Th' old form retaining. They their ſtation take,
'Twixt him that kneels, and him who holds the Snake.
The Sea-impriſon'd *Dædalus*, meanwhile,
Weary of *Crete*, and of his long exile,
Toucht with his Countrie's love and place of birth,
Thus ſaid; Though *Minos* bar both ſea and earth;
Yet heaven is free: that courſe attempt I dare.
Held he the world, he could not hold the air.
This ſaid, to Arts unknown he bends his wits,
And alters nature, Quills in order knits,
Beginning with the leaſt; the longer ſtill
The ſhort ſucceeds; much like a riſing Hill.
Their rural Pipes the Shepherds long ago
(Fram'd of unequal reeds) contrived ſo.
With threads the midſt, with wax he joyns the ends:
And theſe, as natural wings, a little bends.
Young *Icarus* ſtood by, who little thought
That with his death he play'd; and, ſmiling, caught
The feathers toſſed by the wandring air:
Now chafes the yellow wax with buſie care,

And interrupts his Sire. When his laſt hand
Had made all perfect, with new wings he fann'd
The air that bare him. Then inſtructs his Son:
Be ſure that in the middle courſe thou run.
Dank Seas will clog the wings that lowly flie:
The Sun will burn them, if thou ſoar'ſt too high.
'Twixt either keep. Nor on *Boötes* gaze,
Nor *Helice*, nor ſtern *Orion*'s rays:
But follow me. At once, he doth adviſe,
And unknown feathers to his ſhoulders ties.
Amid his work and words the ſalt tears brake
From his dim eyes; with fear his fingers ſhake.
Then kiſt he him ne'r to be kiſſed more;
And rais'd on lightſome feathers flies before,
His fear behind: as birds through boundleſs skie
From airy neſts produce their young to flie.
Exhorts to follow; taught his baneſull skill;
Waves his own wings, his ſon's obſerving ſtill.
Theſe, while ſome Angler fiſhing with a Cane,
Or Shepherd leaning on his ſtaff, or Swain,
With wonder views; he thinks them Gods that glide
Through airy regions. Now he on's left ſide
Leaves *Juno*'s *Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white;
Lebynthos and *Calydna* on the right,
Flowing with honey. When the Boy, much took
With pleaſure of his wings, his Guide forſook;
And, raviſht with deſire of heav'n, aloft
Aſcends. The odour-yielding wax more ſoft
By the ſwift Sun's vicinity then grew,
Which late his feathers did together glew.
That thaw'd, he ſhakes his arms, which now were bare,
And wanted wherewithall to gather air.
Then falling, Help, O Father, he cries. The blew
Seas ſtop his breath, from whom their name they drew.
His Father, now no Father, left alone,
Cry'd, *Icarus*, where art thou? which way flown?
What region, *Icarus*, doth thee contain?
Then ſpies the feathers floating on the Main.
He curſt his arts, interrs the corps, that gave
The Land a name which gave his Son a grave.
The Partridge from a thicket him ſurvey'd,
As in a tomb his wretched ſon he laid:
Who clapt his fanning wings, and loudly churr'd,
T' expreſs his joy; as then an onely bird;

So

So made of late, (unknown in former time)
O *Dædalus*, by thy eternal crime.
To thee thy Sister gave him to be taught;
Who little of his destiny fore-thought;
The Boy then twelve years aged, of a mind
Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclin'd.
He Saws invented, by the bones that grow
In fishes backs, the steel indenting so:
And two thant Compasses with rivet bound,
Th' one to stand still, the other turning round,
In equal distance. *Dædalus* this stung,
Who from *Minerva*'s sacred turret flung
The envy'd headlong, and his falling feigns.
Him *Pallas*, fautrix of good wits, sustains:
Who straight the figure of a fowl assumes,
Clad in the midst of air with freckled plumes.
The vigour of his late swift wit now came
Into his feet and wings: he keeps his name.
They never mount aloft, nor trust their birth
To tops of trees; but fleck as low as earth,
And lay their eggs in tufts. In mind they bear
Their ancient fall, and lofty places fear.
Tir'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:
In whose defence hospitious *Cocalus* fights.
Now *Athens*, by *Ægæus* glorious Seed,
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
They crown their Temples, warlike *Pallas*, *Jove*
Invoke, with all the Deities above.
Whom now they honour with the large expence
Of bloud, free gifts, and heaps of frankincense.
Vast fame through all th' *Argolian* Cities spread
His praise; and all that rich *Achaia* fed
His aid in their extremities intreat:
And *Calydon* (though *Meleager*'s seat)
His aid seeks 'gainst a Boar by *Dian* sent,
As her revenge, and horrid instrument.
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harvest blest,
To *Ceres* his first-fruits of Corn addrest,
To *Pallas* Oil, and to *Lyæus* Wine;
Ambitious honours all the Powers divine
Reap from the Rurals; who neglect to pay
Dian dues, her Altars empty lay.
Anger affects the God. This will not we
Unpunisht bear; nor unrevenged, said she,

Though un-adored, ſhall they vaunt we be.
With that ſhe ſent into *Oenean* fields
A vengefull Boar. Rank-graſs'd *Epirus* yields
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:
But thoſe are leſs which in *Sicilia* feed.
His eyes blaze bloud and fire: his ſtiff neck bears
Horrible briſtles, like a grove of ſpears.
A boiling foam upon his ſhoulders flows
From grinding jaws: his tuſhes equal thoſe
Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth caſts
Swift lightning: and his breath the paſtures blaſts.
Now tramples he the Corn, when in the blade;
The Husbandman's ripe vows now fruſtrate made,
He reaps the weighty ears: their uſual grain
The Barns and threſhing-floors expect in vain.
Broad-ſpreading Vines he with their burthen ſhears;
And boughs from ever-leafy Olives tears.
Then falls on Beaſts, the Herdſmen now unfear'd:
Nor Dogs, nor raging Bulls defend their Herd.
The people fly, ſecurity ſcarce find
In walled towns: till *Meleager*, join'd
With youths of choiceſt worth, inflam'd with praiſe,
Attempts his death. The twin *Tyndarides*,
One for his Horſemanſhip, the other fam'd
For Whorl-bats; *Jaſon*, who the firſt Ship fram'd;
Theſeus with his *Pirithous*, a pair
Of happy friends; and *Lyncew*, *Aphar*'s heir;
The two *Theſtiadæ*; *Leucippus*, crown'd
For ſtrength; *Acaſtus*, for his dart renown'd;
Swift *Idas*; *Cæneus*, not a woman then;
Phippothous, *Dryas*; *Phœnix*, (beſt of men,)
Amyntor's ſon; th' alike *Actorides*;
And *Phyleus*, ſent from *Elis*, came: with theſe,
Phereres hope; adventurous *Telamon*;
And he who call'd the great *Achilles* Son;
Hyantian Iolaus; the well-grac't
Eurytion; and *Echion*, who ſurpaſt
In running; *Lelex* the *Narycian*;
With *Panopæus*; *Hyleus*; *Hippaſon*;
Now youthfull *Neſter*: ſons to that intent
Hippocoon from old *Amyclæ* ſent;
Penelope's father-in-law; *Parrhaſia* bred
Ancæus; wiſe *Ampycides* well read
In fates; *Oeclides*, not as yet betray'd

By's

By's wife; *Tegeian Atalant'*, a maid
Of paſſing beauty, ſprung from *Schœnus* race,
Of high *Lycæan* woods the onely grace.
A poliſht Zone her upper garment bound;
And in one knot her artleſs hair was wound.
Her arrows Ivory guardian clattering hung
On her left ſhoulder; and a Bow well ſtrung
Her left hand held. Her looks a wench diſplay'd
In a boy's face, a boy's face in a maid.
The *Calydonian* Hero her beheld,
And wiſht at once: his wiſhes fate repell'd.
He lurking flames attracts; and ſaid, O bleſt
Is he, whom thou ſhalt with thy joys inveſt!
But time and modeſty his courtſhip ſtay,
By a more preſſing action call'd away.
A wood o're-grown with trees, yet never fell'd,
Mounts from a plain, that all beneath beheld.
The glory-thirſting Gallants this aſcend.
Forthwith a part their corded toilsextend;
Some, hounds uncouple; ſome, the track or feet
Together trace, and danger long to meet.
A Dale there was, (through which the rain-rais'd floud
Oft tumbled down, and in the bottom ſtood)
Repleat with pliant Willows, mariſh Weeds,
Sharp Ruſhes, Oſiers, and long ſlender Reeds.
The Boar from thence diſlodg'd, like lightning cruſht
Through juſtling clouds, among the hunters ruſht,
Bears down the obvious trees; the crathing woods
Report their fall. The Youths each other's bloods
With high-rais'd ſhouts inflame, who keep their ſtands,
And ſhake their broad-tipt ſpears with threatning hands.
The dogs he ſcatters; thoſe that durſt oppoſe
His horrid fury, wounds with gaunching blows.
Echion firſt his javelin vainly caſt,
Which ſtruck a Beech. The next his ſides had paſt,
But that with too much ſtrength it over-flew:
This weapon *Fagaſæan Jaſon* threw.
O *Phœbus*, ſaid *Ampycides*, if I
Have honour'd, and do honour thee, apply
Thy ſuccour in ſucceſs of my intents.
The God, as much as in him lay, aſſents.
But from the dart the head *Diana* took;
Which gave no wound, although the Boar it ſtruck.
The beaſt like lightning burns, thus chaf'd with ire:

His

His grim eyes ſhine, his breaſt breaths flames of fire.
And as a ſtone which ſome huge engine throws
Againſt a wall, or bulwark mann'd with foes;
The deadly boar with ſuch ſure violence
Aſſaults their forces. The right wing's defence,
Eupalamon and *Pelagon*, he caſt
On ſounding earth: drawn off with timely haſt.
Enæſimus, great *Hippocoon*'s ſon,
Could not ſo well his ſlaughtering tuſhes ſhun,
Which cut the ſhrinking ſinews in his thigh,
Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to flie.
And *Neſtor* long had perithed, perchance,
Before *Troy*'s war; but vaulting on a Launce,
He took a tree, which there his branches ſpred,
And ſafely ſaw the foe from whom he fled.
Who, full of rage, his vengefull tuſhes whets
Upon an Oak, and dire deſtruction threats.
Then, truſting to his new-edg'd arms, the Boar
The manly thigh of great *Orithyas* tore.
The brother Twins, not yet celeſtial ſtars,
Conſpicuous both, both terrible in war,
Both mounted on white Steeds, aloft both bare
Their glittering ſpears, which trembled in the air:
And both had ſped, but that the Swine withdrew
Where neither horſe nor javelin could purſue.
In follows *Telamon*, hot of the chace;
And, ſtumbling at a root, fell on his face.
While *Peleus* lifts him up, a winged ſhaft
Tegæa drew, which flew as ſwift as ſight.
Below his ear the fixed arrow ſtood,
And ſtain'd his briſtles with a little blood.
The Virgin leſs rejoyced in the blow
Then *Meleager*, who firſt ſaw it flow,
Firſt ſhew'd his mates the blood. O moſt renown'd,
Said he, thy honour hath thy vertue crown'd.
The men, they bluſh for ſhame; each other chear;
And high-rais'd ſouls with clamours higher rear:
Their ſpears in cluſters fling; which make no breach
Through idle ſtore, and throws their throws impeach.
Behold *Ancæus*, with a poll-ax, ſtern
To his own fate; who ſaid, By me O learn
You youths, how much a man's ſharp ſteel exceeds
A woman's weapons, and applaud my deeds.
Though *Dian* ſhould take arms, and in this ſtrife

Pro-

Protect her Beast, she should not save his life.
Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands
Advanc'd his poll-ax, and on tip-toes stands.
Whom, e're his arms descend, the furious Swine
Prevents, and sheaths his tushes in his groin.
Down fell *Ancæus*, out his bowels gusht:
All gore with bloud the earth, as guilty, blusht.
Ixion's son *Pirithous* forward prest,
And with an able arm his Launce addrest.
To whom *Ægides*; O to me more dear
Then my own life, my better half, forbear.
The wife in valour should aloof contend:
Fool-hardy courage was *Ancæus* end.
This said, his heavy cornel, with an head
Of brass, he hurls: which sure had struck him dead,
(It was delivered with so true an aim)
But that a tall Beech interpos'd the same.
Æsonides then threw his thrilling Launce;
Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)
A dog between his baying jaws: the wound
Rusht through his guts, and nail'd him to the ground.
Oenides varying hand discharg'd two spears:
The earth the one, the beast the other bears.
Whi'e now he raves, grunts, turns his body round,
Casts bloud and foam, the authour of his wound
Rusht in, provokes his greater wrath, and, where
His shields dissever, thrusts his deadly spear.
They all with chearfull shouts their joys unfold,
Shake his victorious hands, the Beast behold
With wonder, whose huge bulk possest so much,
And hardly think it safe the slain to touch;
Yet dye their javelins in his bloud. He laid
His foot upon his horrid head, and said,
My right receive, beloved *Nonacrine*,
And let my glory ever share with thine.
Then gave the bristled spoil, and ghastly head
With monstrous tushes arm'd, which terrour bred.
She in the Gift and Giver pleasure took.
All murmur, with prepostrous envy strook.
On her the violent *Thestiadæ* frown;
And I cry aloud with stretcht-out arms, Lay down;
Nor, Woman, of our titles us bereave:
Lest thee thy beautie's confidence deceive.
He's no fit judge, whom love hath reft of sight.

Then

Then ſnatch from her her gift, from him his right.
Oenides ſwells, his looks with anger ſtern:
You raviſhers of others honours, learn
(Said he) the diſtance between words and deeds.
With impious ſteel ſecure *Plexippus* bleeds.
While *Toxeus*, whether to revenge his bloud,
Or ſhun his brother's fortune, wavering ſtood;
He clears the doubt: the weapon, hot before
By th' other's wounds, new heats in his heart's gore.
Gifts to the holy Gods *Althæa* brings
For her ſon's victory, and *Pæans* ſings.
When back ſhe ſaw her ſlaughtred brothers brought,
At that ſad ſight ſhe ſcreecht, and, grief-diſtraught,
The City fills with out-cries; off ſhe tears
Her royal robes, and funeral garments wears.
But told by whom they fell, no longer mourns:
Rage dries her eyes, her tears to vengeance turns.
The triple Siſters erſt a brand convey'd
Into the fire, her belly newly laid;
Thus chanting, while they ſpun the fatal twine;
O lately born, one period we aſſign
To thee, and to this brand. The charm they weave
Into his fate, and then the chamber leave.
His mother ſnatcht it with an haſty hand
Out of the fire, and quencht the flagrant brand.
This in an inward cloſet cloſe ſhe lays;
And by preſerving it, preſerves his days.
This now produc'd, a pile of wood ſhe rais'd,
That, by the hoſtile fire invaded, blaz'd.
Four times ſhe profers to the greedy flame
The fatal brand; as oft withdrew the ſame.
A Mother, and a Siſter, now contend:
And two contending names one boſom rend.
Oft fear of future crimes a paleneſs bred:
Oft burning fury gave her eyes his red.
She ſeems to threaten now with cruel look:
And now appears like one that pity took.
Her tears the fervour of her anger dries:
Yet found the tears again to drown her eyes.
Even as a ſhip, when wind and tide contends,
Feels both their furies, and with either bends:
So *Theſtius*, whom unſteddy paſſion drives,
By changes, calms her rage, and rage revives.
A Siſter's love at length ſubdues a Mother's.

That

That bloud may calm the ghosts of bleeding Brothers,
Impiously pious, Flames, to ashes turn
This brand, said she, and my loath'd bowels burn.
Then, holding in her hand the fatal wood,
As she before the funeral altar stood,
You triple Powers, who guilty Souls pursue,
Eumenides, these Rites of vengeance view.
I act the crime I punish. Death must be
By death aton'd. On murther, murther we
Accumulate, redoubling funerals.
This cursed house by throngs of mischief falls.
Shall *Oeneus* joy in his victorious son?
Sad *Thestius* robb'd of his? One fortune run.
Look up, O you my Brothers ghosts, you late
Dislodged souls; see how I right your fate.
Accept of this infernal sacrifice,
Which cost me dear, my womb's accursed price.
Ay me! O whither am I rapt? excuse
A Mother, Brothers. Trembling hands refuse
Their fainting aid. He merits death: yet by
A Mother's rage methinks he should not die.
Then shall he scape? alive, a victor, feast
In proud success, of *Calydon* possest?
You, little ashes, and chill shades, forlorn?
I'll not endure it. Perish, Villain, born
To our immortal ruine. Ruinate
With thee thy Father's hopes, his crown and state.
Where is a Mother's heart? a parent's pray'r?
Th' unthought-of burthen which I ten months bare?
O would, while yet an infant, the first flame
Had thee devour'd; nor I oppos'd the same.
Thy life, I gave; by thine own merit die:
A just reward for thy impiety.
Thy twice-giv'n life resign; first by my womb,
Last by this ravisht brand; or me intomb
With my poor Brothers. Fain I would pursue
Revenge, yet would not. O, what shall I doe?
Before my eyes my Brothers wounds now bleed,
And the sad image of so foul a deed.
Now pity and a Mother's name controul
My stern intention. O distracted soul!
You've won, my Brothers; but, alas! ill won:
So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand

To

To trembling flames, expos'd the funeral brand.
The brand appears to ſigh, or ſighs expires,
Wrapt in th' imbracements of unwilling fires.
Unknowing *Meleager* abſent broils
Even in thoſe flames; his bloud, thick-panting, boils
In unſeen fire. He ſuch tormenting pains
With more then manly fortitude ſuſtains.
Yet grieves, that by a ſlothfull death he falls
Without a wound: *Ancæus* happy calls.
His aged Father, Brothers, Siſters, Wife,
He groaning names, with his laſt words of life:
Perhaps his Mother. Flames and pains increaſe;
Again they languiſh, and together ceaſe.
To liquid air his vaniſht ſpirits turn,
The ſable coals in clouds of aſhes mourn.
Low lies high *Calydon*, the young, the old,
Ignoble, noble, all their griefs unfold.
The *Calydonian* Matrons cut their hair,
Deflower their beauties, cry, Wo and deſpair!
His hoary head with duſt his Father hides,
Lies groveling on the ground, and old age chides.
For now his Mother, by her guilt purſu'd,
Revenging ſteel in her own breaſt imbrew'd.
Though *Phœbus* would an hundred tongues beſtow,
A wit that ſhould with full invention flow,
All *Helicon* infuſe into my breaſt;
His Siſters ſorrows could not be expreſt.
Themſelves, forgetting decency, they deface:
While he retains a body, that imbrace;
Kiſs his pale lips: when turn'd to aſhes, they
The aſhes in their bruiſed boſomes lay:
Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appears,
Imbrace, and fill the characters with tears.
But when *Diana*'s wrath was ſatisfi'd
With *Oeneus* miſery; they all (beſide
Fair *Gorge* and the lovely *Deianire*)
On plumy pinions, by her power, aſpire,
With long-extended wings, and beaks of horn:
Who through the air in varied ſhapes are born.
Meanwhile to *Pallas* towers *Ægides* hies,
(His part perform'd in that joint enterprize:)
Whoſe haſt rain-raiſed *Achelous* ſtaid.
Renown'd *Cecropian* Prince, the River ſaid,
Vouchſafe my roof; nor to th' impetuous flood

Commit

Commit thy perſon. Oft huge logs of wood,
And broken Rocks, down tumbling, loudly roar.
Herds with their ſtalls not ſeldome heretofore
They hurried have: nor was the Ox of force
To keep his ſtand; nor ſwiftneſs ſav'd the Horſe.
And when diſſolved ſnow from mountains pour'd,
Their violent whirl-pits many have devour'd.
More ſafe to ſtay untill the current run
Within his bounds. To whom *Ægeus* ſon;
'Twere folly, it not madneſs, to refuſe
Thy houſe and counſel: both I mean to uſe.
Then enters his large Cave, (where Nature play'd
The Artiſan) of hollow Pumice made,
And rugged Tophus, floor'd with humid moſs:
The roof pure white and purple ſhells imboſs.
Now had *Hyperion* paſt two parts of day,
When *Theſeus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renown
Of *Trœzen*, now appearing gray, ſat down;
And whom the River (glad of ſuch a gueſt)
Preferr'd unto the honour of his feaſt.
Forthwith bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat:
That ta'ne away, upon the table ſet
Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theſeus* turn'd his face
To under-ſeas, and, pointing, ſaid; What place
Is yon, and of what name, that ſtands alone?
And yet methinks it ſhould be more then one.
It is not one, the courteous Floud replies,
But five: their neighbourhood deceives your eyes.
The leſs t' admire *Diana*, late deſpis'd,
Five Nymphs they were; who having ſacrific'd
Ten beeves, invited to their feſtival
The rural Gods; my ſelf forgot by all.
At this I ſwell, and, never greater, roul
With ſtreams as much inraged as my ſoul.
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I tear;
With them, the Nymphs (now mindfull of me) bear
In exile to the deep: whoſe waves, with mine,
That then-united maſs of earth diſjoin
Into as many pieces, as in ſeas
Are of the Floud-imbrac'd *Echinades*.
Yet ſee one Iſle, far, O! far off remov'd,
Call'd *Perimele*, once by me belov'd.
I from this Nymph her virgin-honour took.

Hippodamas

Hippodamas his Daughter could not brook;
But caſt her from a rock into the deep.
Whom while my loving ſtreams from ſinking keep,
I ſaid; O *Neptune*, thou that doſt command
The wandring waves, that beat upon the land,
To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end,
Incline a gentle ear. I did offend
Whom I ſupport. O kind and equal prove.
Had but *Hippodamas* a Father's love,
Or had he not been ſo inhumane; he
Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.
Her, whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,
When in the troubled waves he caſt his child,
A place afford: or let her be a place
Which I may ever with my ſtreams imbrace.
His head the King of Surges forward ſhook,
And, in aſſenting, all the Ocean ſtruck.
The Nymph yet ſwims, although with fear oppreſt.
I laid my hand upon her panting breaſt:
While thus I handled her, I might perceive
The earth about her ſtiffning Body cleave.
Now, with a maſs infolded, as ſhe ſwims,
An Iſland riſes from her transform'd lims.
He held his peace. This admiration won
In all; derided by *Ixion*'s ſon,
By nature rough, and one who did deſpiſe
All-able Gods: who ſaid, Thou tell'ſt us lies,
And think'ſt the Gods too potent; as if they
Could give new ſhapes, or take our old away.
His ſaying all amaz'd, (none it approv'd)
Moſt *Lelex*, ripe in age and wiſedome, mov'd.
Heav'ns power, immenſe and endleſs, none can ſhun,
Said he; and what the Gods would doe, is done.
To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hills there grows
An Oak by a Lime-tree, which old walls incloſe.
My ſelf this ſaw, while I in *Phrygia* ſtay'd,
By *Pittheus* ſent, where erſt his father ſway'd.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground,
Where Coots and fiſhing Cormorants abound.
Jove, in an humane ſhape, with *Mercury*,
(His heels unwing'd) that way their ſteps apply.
Who gueſt-rites at a thouſand houſes crave;
A thouſand ſhut their doors: one onely gave,
A ſmall thatch'd Cottage, where, a pious Wife,

Old

Old *Bauci*, and *Philemon*, led their life;
Both equal-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent,
In this grew old; rich onely in content.
Who poverty, by bearing it, declin'd;
And made it easy with a cheartull mind.
None master, nor none servant, could you call:
They who command, obey; for two were all.
Jove hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate,
And, stooping, enters at their humble gate.
Sit down and take your ease, *Philemon* said.
While busie *Bauci* straw-stufft cushions laid,
And stirr'd abroad the glowing coals, that lay
In smothering ashes, rak'd up yesterday.
Dry bark and with'red leaves thereon she throws;
With feeble breath to flame the cinders blows:
Then slender clefts and broken branches gets:
And over all a little Kettle sets.
Her Husband from the cool herbs cuts their leaves,
Which from his gratefull Garden he receives:
Takes down a flitch of Bacon with a Prong,
That long had in the smoky chimney hung:
Whereof a little quantity he cuts;
And it into the boiling liquour puts.
This seething, they the time beguile with speech,
Unsensible of stay. A bowl of Beech
There by the handle hung upon a pin:
This fills he with warm water, and therein
Washes their feet. A moss-stuft bed and pillow
Laid on an homely bedstead made of willow;
A coverlet, us'd but at feasts, they spred:
Though course and old, yet fit for such a bed.
Down lie the Gods. The palsie-shaken Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs: one lame,
And shorter then the rest, a pot-sheard rears.
This, now made level, with green Mint she clears;
Whereon the party-colour'd Olives set,
Autumnal Cornels, in tart pickle wet,
Cool Endive, Radish, new Eggs roasted rear,
And late-prest Cheese, which earthen dishes bear.
A Goblet of the self-same silver wrought,
And bowls of Beech, varnisht with wax, were brought.
Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith sent:
They wine, not yet of perfect age, present.
This ta'ne away, the second course now comes;

Filberds,

Filberds, dry Figs, with rugged Dates, ripe Plums,
Sweet-swelling Apples, disht in Osier twines,
And purple Grapes new gather'd from their vines:
'Th' midst, an honey-comb. Above all these,
Were chearfull looks, and ready will to please.
Meanwhile the Maple-cup it self doth fill:
And oft exhausted, is repleniht still.
Astoniht at the miracle, with fear
Philemon and the aged *Baucis* rear
Their trembling hands in pray'r; and pardon crave
For that poor entertainment which they gave.
One Goose they had, their cottage's chief guard,
Which they to hospitable Gods award:
Which long their slow pursuit deluding, flies
To *Jupiter*; so sav'd from sacrifice.
W' are Gods, said they; Revenge shall all destroy:
You in this ruine shall your lives enjoy.
Together leave your house; and to yon hill
Follow our steps. They both obey their will.
The Gods conducting, feebly both ascend,
Leaning on staves, and with time's burthen bend.
A flight-shot from the top, review they take;
And see all swallowed by a mighty Lake,
Their House excepted. While they this admire,
Lament their neighbours ruine, and desire
To see their cottage, which alone doth keep
Its place, while for the Place's fate they weep;
That humble shed, two little even for two,
Becomes a Fane. The Crotches Columns grew;
The Thatch and Roof shine with bright Gold; the Doors
Divinely carv'd; the Pavement Marble-floors.
While fearfull *Baucis* and *Philemon* pray'd,
Saturnius with a chearfull count'nance said:
Thou just old man, and thou good woman, (who
Deserv'st so just an husband) what do you
In chief desire? They talk a while alone;
Then thus to *Jove* their common wish make known.
We crave to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.
And since in all our lives we never jarr'd,
Let one hour both dissolve: nor let me be
Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.
Their suite is sign'd. The Temple they possest,
As long as life. With time and age oppresst,
As now they stood before the sacred gate,

And call to memory that place's fate,
Philemon ſaw old *Baucis* freſhly ſprout;
And *Baucis* ſaw *Philemon* leaves thruſt out.
Now on their heads aſpiring branches grew.
While they could ſpeak, they ſpake: at once, Adieu;
They jointly ſaid; at once the creeping rine
Their trunks inclos'd; at once their ſhapes reſign.
They of *Tyana* to this preſent ſhow
Theſe neighbour-trees, that from two bodies grow.
Old men, nor like to lie, nor vain of tongue,
This told. I ſaw their boughs with Garlands hung;
And hanging freſh, I ſaid, Who Gods before
Receiv'd, be ſuch: Adorers we adore.
The tale and teller wonder and belief
Provok'd in all, but *Theſeus* mov'd in chief.
Who covetous to hear ſuch deeds as theſe;
The *Calydonian* River, preſt to pleaſe,
In this ſort, leaning on his elbow, ſpake.
There be who ever keep the form they take:
Others have power themſelves at will to change.
As thou, blue *Proteus*, that in ſeas doſt range:
Who now a Man, a Lion now appear'ſt,
Now a fell Boar; a Serpent's ſhape now bear'ſt;
A Bull, with threatning horns, now ſeem'ſt to be;
Now like a Stone, now like a ſpreading Tree;
And ſometimes like a gentle River flow'ſt,
Sometimes like Fire, averſe to Water, ſhow'ſt.
Autolycus his Wife, the Daughter to
Leud *Eriſichthon*, things as ſtrange could do.
He was her Father, who the Gods deſpis'd,
Nor ever on their Altars ſacrific'd;
Who *Ceres* groves with ſteel profan'd, where ſtood
An old huge Oak, even of it ſelf a Wood.
Wreaths, ribbands, gratefull tables, deckt its boughs,
And ſacred ſtem, the Dues of powerfull Vows.
Full oft the *Dryades*, with chaplets crown'd,
Danc'd in his ſhade, full oft they tript a Round
About his bole. Five cubits three times told
His ample circuit hardly could infold:
Whoſe ſtature other trees as far exceeds,
As other trees ſurmount the humble weeds.
Yet this his fury rather did provoke;
Who bids his ſervants fell the ſacred Oak:
And ſnatching, while they paus'd, an Ax from one,

Thus

Thus ſtormeth; Not the Goddeſs-lov'd alone,
But though this were the Goddeſs, ſhe ſhould down,
And ſweep the Earth with her aſpiring crown.
As he advanc'd his arms to ſtrike, the Oak
Both ſigh'd and trembled at the threatning ſtroke:
His Leaves and Acorns pale together grew:
His colour-changing Branches ſweat cold dew.
Then, wounded by his impious hand, the bloud
Guſht from th' inciſion in a purple flood.
Much as a mighty Ox, that falls before
The ſacred altar, ſpouts forth ſtreams of gore:
On all amazement ſeiz'd: when One (of all)
The crime deters; nor would he's Ax let fall.
Contracting his ſtern brows, Receive, ſaid he,
Thy pietie's reward: and from the tree
The ſtroke converting, lops his head; then ſtrake
The Oak again: from whence a voice thus ſpake;
A Nymph am I, within this Tree inſhrin'd,
Belov'd of *Ceres*. O profane of mind,
Vengeance is near thee, with my parting breath
I propheſie: a comfort to my death.
He ſtill his guilt purſues, and overthrows
With cables, and innumerable blows,
The ſturdy Oak: which, nodding long, down ruſht;
And in his lofty fall his fellows cruſht.
Their Siſter and their grove the Nymphs lament;
And, hid in ſable veils, to *Ceres* went;
On *Eriſichthon* juſt revenge require.
She readily conſents to their deſire.
The fair-brow'd Goddeſs ſhakes her ſhining hairs:
(With that, the Fields ſhook all their golden ears)
Then to a mercileſs revenge proceeds,
(Had he deſerved mercy by his deeds)
By ſtarving. But, ſince not, by fatal doom,
Ceres and *Famine* might together come;
A Nymph, one of the light *Oreades*,
She ſends to *Famine*, with ſuch words as theſe.
In froſty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorn
And barren, bearing neither fruit nor corn.
Num Cold, pale Hue, chill Ague there abide,
And meagre *Famine*. Bid that Fury glide
Into his curſed intralls, and devour
All plenty: let her rage ſubdue my power.
But leſt long ways thy journey tedious make,

My

My chariot and my yoked Dragons take.
Taking her Chariot, through the empty skies,
To *Scythia* and rough *Caucaſus* ſhe flies:
There, in a ſtoney field, ſad *Famine* found,
Tearing with teeth and nails the foodleſs ground;
With ſnarled hair, ſunk eyes, looks pale and dead,
Lips white with ſlime, thin teeth with ruſt o're-ſpred.
Through her hard skin the writhel'd guts appear.
Her huckle-bones ſtuck up; a valley, where
Her belly ſhould aſcend; her dry breaſts hung
So lank, as if they to her back had clung.
The falling fleſh the riſing joints augment.
Round knees, and ancles leanly eminent.
Eſpy'd far off, (ſhe durſt not be ſo bold
To come too near,) the Nymph her meſſage told.
After a little ſtay, although ſhe were
Far off, although but now arrived there,
She famine felt; ſo wheels about her Snakes,
And her high paſſage to *Æmonia* takes.
Famine obeys the Goddeſſe's command,
(Though their endeavours ſtill oppoſed ſtand)
And, by a tempeſt hurried through the skies,
Enters the wretche's roof; beſides him lies,
Then faſt aſleep; (for now Night's heavy charms
All eyes had cloſ'd) imbrac'd him in her arms;
Her ſelf infus'd; breath'd on his face and breaſt;
His empty veins with hungry rage poſſeſt.
This thus perform'd, ſhe leaves the fruitfull earth;
And back returns to her abodes of dearth.
Sleep hitherto with pleaſurable wings
On *Eriſichthon* gentle ſlumber flings:
Who dreams of feaſts, extends his idle jaws,
With labouring teeth fantaſtically chaws;
Deludes his throat by ſwallowing empty fare,
And for affected food devours the air.
Awak'd, hot famine raves through all his veins,
And in his guts and greedy palate reigns.
Forthwith, what Sea, what Earth, what Air affords,
He craves, and plains of ſtarving at full boards;
In banquets banquets ſeeks. What might alone
Have Towns and Nations fed, ſuffice not one.
Hunger increaſeth with increaſt repaſt.
And as all Rivers to the Ocean haſt,
Who, thirſty ſtill, drinks up the ſtranger-flouds:

As ravenous fires refuse no profer'd foods,
Huge piles receive, the more they have, the more
By much desire, made hungry with their store:
So *Erisichthon*, of a mind profane,
Full dishes empties, and demands again.
Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat;
Who, ever empty, still prepares to eat.
His bellie's gulf his patrimony wasts,
Consuming famine yet unlessened lasts:
And his insatiable throat's extent
Now all his wealth into his bowels sent.
A daughter left, unworthy such a Sire,
The begger sold, to feed his hunger's fire.
Her noble thoughts base servitude disdain;
And now her hands extending to the Main,
O thou that hadst my maidenhead, said she,
Thy ravisht spoil from hated bondage free.
Neptune had this, who to her prayer consents:
And, though then by her Master seen, prevents
His following search; transforming of his Rape
Into a Man, mask'd in a Fisher's shape.
Angler, her Master said, that with thy bait
Conceal'st thy hook, so prosper thy deceit,
So rest the Sea compos'd, so may the fish
Be credulous, and taken at thy wish,
As thou reveal'st her, who, in garments poor,
And ruffled hair, late stood upon this shoar.
For here, but very now, I saw her stand;
Nor farther trace her foot-steps in the sand.
She, *Neptune*'s bounty finding, well apaid
To be inquir'd for of her self, thus said:
Pardon me, Sir, whoere you are; my eyes
Have been attentive on this exercise.
To win belief; so may the God of Seas
Assist my cunning in such Arts as these,
As late nor man nor maid I saw before
Your self, my self excepted, on this shoar.
He credits, and beguil'd, the shoar forsook:
When she again her former figure took.
Her Father, seeing she could change her shape,
Oft sold her; she as often made escape,
Now Hart-like, now a Cow, a Bird, a Mare,
And fed his hunger with ill-purchas'd fare.
But when his malady all means had spent,

And

And he had given it the laſt nouriſhment;
Now to devour his own fleſh proceeds,
And by diminiſhing it, his body feeds.
What need I dwell on forein facts? even we
Can vary ſhapes, though limited they be.
Now ſeem I as I am; oft like a Snake;
And many times a Bull's born'd figure take.
But while I horns aſſum'd, one thus was broke
As you behold. This with a ſigh he ſpoke.

H OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Ninth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent Achelous; *now a Bull:*
His severed Horn with Plenty ever full.
Lychas *a Rock.* Alcides *sunk in flame,*
Ascends a God: The labour-helping Dame
A Weesel. Lotis, *flying lust, becomes*
A Tree: the like fate Dryope *intombs.*
Old Iolaus *waxeth young agen.*
Callirrhoe's *Infants suddenly grow Men.*
Byblis *a weeping Fountain.* Iphis, *now*
Turn'd Boy, to Isis *pays his Maiden Vow.*

HE who his high descent from *Neptune* draws,
Of this so sad a Sigh demands the cause,
This maimed Brow. When thus the God pro-
His dangling curls impal'd with quivering reeds. (ceeds
An heavy task you set: his own disgrace
Who would revive? Yet was in not so base
To be subdu'd, as noble to contend:
And such a Victor doth by foil defend.
Have you not heard of fair-cheekt *Deianire*,
The envy'd hope of many, the desire
Of all that knew her? We, with others, went
To *Oeneus* Court, to purchase his consent,
Parthaon's son, make me thy son-in-law,
I and *Alcides* said: the rest withdraw.

He, with his Father *Jove*, his Labours fame,
And Step-dame's vanquiſht tasks, inforc'd his claim.
'Twere ſhame, ſaid I, that deathleſs Gods to men
Who die ſhould ſtoop. (A God he was not then.)
Theſe ever-living waters I command,
That wind in endleſs currents through thy Land.
Thy ſon no ſtranger is, if I be He:
But of thy Country, and a Friend to thee.
And be't no prejudice, that *Juno*'s Hate,
Nor puniſhing Imployments preſs my fate.
If from *Alcmena* you your lineage ſhew;
Jove's your falſe Sire, or criminous, if your true.
You ſeek a Father in a Mother's ſhame.
Brag not of *Jove*, or take a Baſtard's name.
He all this while, with eyes that ſparkle fire,
Upon me frown'd, and hardly rul'd his ire:
Then onely ſaid, My hand my tongue exceeds:
Win thou with words, ſo I ſubdue with deeds.
With that, fell on. To ſpeak ſo big, and ſhrink,
I ſhame; and let my wave-green Mantle ſink;
My arms oppoſe, my hands for ſeiſure preſt;
And every fitted part for fight addreſt.
He throws duſt on me with his hollow hand:
And I again beſprinkle him with ſand.
Now catch'd he at my neck, now at my thighs,
Or profer makes, and t'every limb applies.
But me my weight defends; in vain he ſtrives.
Much like as when a roaring billow drives
Againſt a rock: the rock repels his pride,
By his own poiſure firmly fortify'd.
Both for a while withdrew: again we meet,
And ſtrongly keep our ſtands; feet join to feet.
With that I ruſht upon him with my breaſt:
My fingers his, my brow his forehead preſt.
So have I ſeen two Bulls with horrid might
Together cloſe; the motive of their fight
The faireſt Cow in all thoſe fields; the Herd
With fear expecting which ſhould be preferr'd.
Thrice *Hercules* did all his force incline
(But all in vain) to free his breaſt from mine.
The fourth aſſay my ſtrong imbrace unbound,
And from my graſping arms his body woond.
Then turning me about, (truth guides my tongue)
Upon my back with all his weight he hung.

If I have credit, (Lies can find no way
To praiſe) on me, me thought, a mountain lay.
Scarce could I claſp my arms, all froath'd with ſweat:
Scarce from his gripes could I my body get.
Still preſſing on, he gives nor time to breathe,
Nor gather ſtrength: my powers my truſt deceive.
At laſt, his yoking arms my neck command:
When, pull'd upon my knees, I bit the ſand.
My native Slight my weaker force ſupply'd:
I ſtraight from him like a long Serpent glide.
Now in contracted folds I forward ſprung,
Horridly hiſſing with my forked tongue.
He laughs, and flouts my Cunning in this ſort:
To ſtrangle Serpents was my cradle's ſport.
Though other Dragons to thy conqueſts bow:
To dire *Lernean Hydra* what art thou?
Her wounds were fruitfull: from each ſever'd head,
Each of her hundred necks, two fiercer bred.
More ſtrong by twinning heirs. Theſe, thus renew'd
And multiply'd by death, I twice ſubdu'd.
What hope haſt thou, a forged Snake, to 'ſcape;
That fight'ſt with feigned arms, and begg'ſt thy ſhape?
This ſaid, my neck his graſping fingers clinch'd,
And ſcruz'd my throat, as if with pincers wrinch'd;
While from his gripes I ſtrove my jaws to pull.
Twice over-come, I now, like furious Bull,
Once more his terrible aſſaults oppoſe.
His arms about my ſwelling cheſt he throws,
And following, hales; my Horn (my head turn'd round)
Fixt to the earth, and threw me on the ground.
My brow (that not ſufficient) diſ-adorns,
By breaking one of my ingaged horns.
The *Naiades* with fruits and flowers this fill:
Wherein abundant Plenty riots ſtill.
Here *Achelous* ends. One lovely-fair,
Girt like *Diana*'s Nymph, with flowing hair,
Came in, and brought the wealthy Horn, repleat
With Autumn's ſtore, and fruit ſerv'd after meat.
Day ſprung, and mountains ſhone with early beams.
His Gueſts depart; nor ſtay till peaceſull ſtreams
Glide gently down, and keep their bounded race.
Sad *Achelous* now his ruſtick face
And maimed head within the current ſhrouds.
This blemiſh much his former beauty clouds;

All

All elſe compleat. The dammage of his brows
He ſhades with flaggy wreaths, and ſallow boughs.
But *Deianira*, *Neſſus*, was thy wrack;
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.
Jove's ſon, with his new Wife, to *Thebes* his courſe
Directing, came t' *Euenus* rapid ſource.
The big-ſwoln ſtreams, increaſt with Winter's rain,
And whirling round, their paſſage now reſtrain.
For her he fears; fear for himſelf abhorr'd:
When ſtrong limb'd *Neſſus* came, who knew the Ford,
And ſaid; I ſafely will tranſport thy Bride:
Meanwhile ſwim thou unto the other ſide.
To him *Alcides* his 'fraid Wife betakes;
Who, fearing both the floud and *Neſſus*, quakes.
Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lion's skin,
(His club and bow before thrown over) in
The Heros leaps, and ſaies, However vaſt,
Theſe waves, ſince undertaken, ſhall be paſt.
And confident, nor ſeeks he ſmootheſt waies;
Nor by declining entertains delayes.
Now over, ſtooping for his bow, he heard
His Wife's ſhrill ſhrieks; and *Neſſus* ſaw, prepar'd
To violate his truſt. Thou raviſher,
What hope, ſaid he, can thy vain ſpeed confer?
Soho, thou half a beaſt, withhold thy flight:
I wiſh thee hear; nor intercept my right.
If no reſpect of me can fix thy truſt,
Yet let thy Father's wheel reſtrain thy luſt.
Nor ſhalt thou 'ſcape revenge, however fleet:
Wounds ſhall o'retake thy ſpeed, though not my feet.
The laſt his deeds confirm; for as he fled,
An arrow ſtruck his back: the barbed head
Paſt through his breaſt. Tugg'd out, a crimſon floud
Spouts both waies, mixt with *Hydra*'s pois'nous bloud.
This *Neſſus* took, and ſoftly ſaid; Yet I,
Alcides, will not unrevenged die:
And gave his Rape a robe dipt in that gore.
This will (ſaid he) the heat of love reſtore.
Long after, (all the ample world poſſeſt
With his great acts, and *Juno*'s hate increaſt)
From raz'd *Oechalia* haſting his remove,
To ſacrifice unto *Cenæan Jove*:
Fame's babblings *Deianira*'s ears ſurprize,
(Which falſhood adds to truth, and grows by lies)

How *Iole* her Husband *Hercules*
With love inthrall'd. Stung with this ſtrong diſeaſe,
The troubled lover credits what ſhe fears.
At firſt ſhe nouriſheth her grief with tears,
Which weeping eyes diffuſe. Then ſaid; But why
Weep we? the Strumpet in theſe tears will joy.
Since ſhe will come, ſome change attempt I muſt,
Before my bed be ſtained with her luſt.
Shall I complain? be mute? ſhift houſes? ſtay?
Return to *Calydon*, and give her way?
Or call to mind that I am ſiſter to
Great *Meleager*, and ſome miſchief do?
What a wrong'd Woman, what the ſpleenfull wo
Of jealouſie, by harlots death, can ſhow?
Her thoughts, long toil'd with change, now fixed ſtood,
To ſend the garment dipt in *Neſſus* bloud;
To quicken fainting love. The preſent ſhe
To *Lychas* gave, (as ignorant as ſhe)
And her own ſorrow; which, with good intent,
And kind reſpects, ſhe to her Husband ſent.
This now the unſuſpecting Hero wore,
Wrapt in the poiſon of *Echidna*'s gore.
He, praying, new-born flames with incenſe fed;
And bowls of wine on marble Altars ſhed.
The ſpreading miſchief works; with heat diſſolv'd,
The manly limbs of *Hercules* it involv'd.
Who, whil'ſt he could, with uſual fortitude
His groans ſuppreſt. All patience now ſubdu'd
By extream pain, the Altar down he flings;
And ſhady *Oeta* with his clamour rings.
Forthwith to tear the torture off he ſtrives.
The riven robe his skin, that lines it, rives:
Or to his limbs inſeparably it cleaves;
Or his huge bones and ſinews naked leaves.
As fire-red ſteel in water drencht; ſo toils
His hiſſing bloud, and with hot poiſon boils.
No mean: the greedy flames his entrals eat;
And all his body flows with purple ſweat:
His ſcorched ſinews crack, his marrow fries.
Then, to the Stars his hands advanc'd he cries:
Feaſt, *Juno*, on our harms. Oh, from on high
Behold this plague: thy cruel ſtomach cloy.
If foes may pity purchaſe; (ſuch are we;)
This life, with torments vext, long ſought by thee,

And

And born to toil, receive. For death would prove
To me a bleſſing: and a Step-dame's love
May ſuch a bleſſing give. Have I thus gain'd,
For ſlain *Buſiris*, who *Jove*'s temple ſtain'd
With ſtrangers bloud? that from the earth earth-bred
Antæus held? whom *Geryon*'s tripple head,
Nor thine, O *Cerberus*, could once diſmay?
Theſe hands, theſe made the *Cretan* Bull obey.
Your labours, *Elis*, ſmooth *Stymphalian* flouds,
Confeſs with praiſes, and *Parthenian* woods.
You got the golden Belt of *Thermodon*:
And Apples from the ſleepleſs Dragon won.
Nor cloud-born *Centaurs*, nor th' *Arcadian* Boar,
Could me reſiſt; nor *Hydra*, with her ſtore
Of frightfull Heads, which by their loſs increaſt.
I, when I ſaw the *Thracian* Horſes feaſt
With humane fleſh, their mangers overthrew;
And, with his Steeds, their wicked Maſter ſlew.
Theſe hands the *Nemean* Lion choak'd; theſe quell'd
Huge *Cacus*: and theſe ſhoulders heav'n upheld.
Jove's cruel wife grew weary to impoſe:
I never to perform. But Oh! theſe woes,
This new-found plague, no virtue can repell,
Nor arms, nor weapons. Hungry flames of Hell
Shoot through my veins, and on my liver prey.
Euryſthens yet triumphs: and ſome will ſay
That there be Gods. Here his complaint he ends;
And high-rais'd ſteps o're lofty *Oeta* bends,
Hurried with anguiſh: like a Bull, that bears
A wounding javelin; whom the wounder fears.
Oft ſhould you ſee him quake, oft groan, oft ſtriving
To tear his garments; ſolid trees up-riving,
Inraged with the mountains, and then rear
His ſcorched arms unto his Father's ſphere.
Hid in an hollow Rock, he *Lychas* ſpies:
When torture having ſeiz'd his faculties
With all her furie, *Lychas*, didſt thou give
This horrid giſt, ſaid he? Think'ſt thou to live,
I dying by thy treaſon? While he quakes,
Looks ghaſtly pale, unheard excuſes makes;
While yet he ſpake, while to his knees he clung;
Caught by the heels, about his head thrice ſwung,
Him into deep *Eubœan* waves he threw;
(As engines ſtones) who hardned as he flew.

As falling ſhow'rs congeal'd with freezing winds,
Convert to ſnow; as ſnow together binds,
And, rolling round, in ſolid hail deſcends:
So while the air his forced body rends,
Bloudleſs with terrour, all his moiſture gone,
That Age reports him chang'd to rugged Stone.
And ſtill within *Eubœa*'s gulfy deeps,
A ſmall Rock lies, which man's proportion keeps;
Whereon the mariners will not tread at all,
As if't had ſenſe: and this they *Lychas* call.
But thou, *Jove*'s God-like ſon, (a Pile with ſtore
Of trees prepar'd, which lofty *Oeta* bore)
Thy Bow and ample Quiver (wherein lie
Thoſe Arrows that again muſt viſit *Troy*)
Bequeathſt to *Pean*'s Heir; who catching fire
Puts to the Pile. While greedy flames aſpire,
Thou on the top thy Lion's ſpoil didſt ſpread;
And lay'ſt thereon (thy Club beneath thy head)
With ſuch a look, as if a crowned Gueſt
Amidſt full goblets, at a mirthfull feaſt.
Now all-imbracing flames a crackling made,
And their Contemner's patient limbs invade.
The Gods much thought for Earth's Defender took:
When thus *Saturnius*, with a chearfull look:
This grief, you Gods, is our delight: with all
Our ſoul we joy, that ſuch as you ſhould call
Us King and Father; who ſo gratefull are,
And of our progeny expreſs ſuch care.
For though his noble acts deſerve as much;
You us oblige. But leſt vain terrours touch
Your loyal hearts, let not theſe flames diſpleaſe.
Who conquer'd all, ſhall alſo conquer theſe.
Vulcan ſhall but his mother's part ſubdue.
For that's immortal which from us he drew,
And can nor taſt of death, nor ſtoop to fire;
But, freed from earth, ſhall to our joys aſpire.
This all your Deities I think will pleaſe.
If any grudg ſuch grace to *Hercules*,
Nor would his honour; let them envy ſtill:
They ſhall confirm our act againſt their will.
The Gods aſſent. And *Juno*'s ſelf accords;
At leaſt in ſhow: yet *Jupiter*'s laſt words
Unſmooth her forehead with obſerv'd diſtaſt.
What flame could vanquiſh, *Mulciber* doth waſt;

And

And *Hercules* not known by's face remains,
Who nothing of his mothers form retains;
Now onely *Jove*-like. As a Snake his years
Casts with his skin, and sprightly young appears
With glittering scales: so the *Tirynthian*,
Having put off the habit of frail man,
Shines in his better part, and seems more great,
With aw-infusing majesty repleat;
Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Jove*,
Through hollow clouds unto the Stars above.
Prest *Atlas* feels his Weight. *Eurystheus* ire
Ends not in death; his hatred to the Sire
Pursues his race. *Alcmena*, worn with care,
Had *Iole*, to whom she might declare
Her old-wives plaints, her sons hard labours, (known
Through broad-spred Earth) his fortunes and her own.
Her *Hyllus*, by *Alcides* testament,
Took to his bed, with love's unforc'd consent;
And fill'd her womb with generous seed. When thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
And quick in working, when thy time draws near
To call *Ilithya*, which sad mothers fear;
To me made difficult by *Juno*'s spight.
For ten accomplisht signs did now excite
My travail to *Alcides* birth, whose weight
My belly stretcht; which bare so great a fraight,
That you might swear it was begot by *Jove*:
When with intolerable pains I strove.
Now also, speaking, horrour chills my heart:
And griefs remembred adde to grief a part.
Seven nights, seven daies thus rackt, with anguish tir'd,
My hands upheld, with out-cries, I desir'd
Lucina's aid, my burthen to untie.
She came indeed, but pre-corrupted by
Jove's wife, to execute her deadly hate.
Hearing my groans, she sat before the gate
On yonder Altar. Her right knee upholds
Her cross left ham, her fingers knit in folds
Delai'd delivery: she with mutter'd spells
Of secret power, the pressing birth repells.
I strive, and, raving, tax ungratefull *Jove*;
Desire to die; and breathe complaints might move
Relentless flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
Who pray for me, and comfort my despair.

Red-hair'd *Galanthis*, one of mean descent,
In all employments stoutly diligent,
Beloved for her duty, doth misdoubt
Malicious *Juno*. Passing in and out,
She saw the Goddess on the Altar sit;
Her arms about her knees her fingers knit.
What-e're you be, rejoice with us, she said;
Joyfull *Alcmena* hath her belly laid.
The Goddess ruling child-birth, starting, rose;
And, parting her link'd fingers, eas'd my Throes.
They say *Galanthis* laught at this deceit:
Whom straight the flouted Goddess, in a fret,
Drags by the hair, nor suffers her to rise.
Forthwith her arms convert to legs and thighs.
Agility and colour still abide;
Her shape transform'd. In that her Mouth supply'd
Help to that child-birth, at her Mouth she bears:
Nor now our still-frequented houses fears.
This said, she sighs for her old servant's sake:
To whom her Daughter, likewise sighing, spake.
You, Mother, sorrow for no kindreds fate.
But what if I the wondrous change relate
Of my poor Sister? Tears and sorrow seize
My troubled speech. Of all th' *Oecalides*,
For form few might with *Dryope* compare;
The onely child her dying mother bare:
I born by a second Wife. Her Virgin-flow'r
Being gath'red by that over-mastring pow'r,
Who in *Delos* and in *Delphos* doth reside;
Andraemon weds her, happy in his Bride.
A Lake there is, which shelving borders bound,
Much like a shoar, with fragrant Myrtles crown'd.
Hither came simple *Dryope*, and (what more
Afflicts me) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.
Her arms her Child, a pleasing burthen, hold;
Who suckt her breasts, not yet a twelve-month old.
Hard by the Lake a flow'ry Lotus grew,
(Expecting berries) of a crimson hue.
Thence pulling flowers, *the* gave them to her Son
To play withall: so was I like t'have done;
For I was there. I saw the bloud descend
From dropping twigs, the boughs with horrour bend;
And heard, too late, *Lotis* a Nymph, who fled
From lustfull *Priapus*, to quit her dread,

Assum'd

Aſſum'd this ſhape, her name of *Lotus* kept.
My Siſter, this not knowing, backward ſtept,
And would depart, as ſoon as ſhe had pray'd.
But roots her feet, for all her ſtruggling, ſtay'd;
And onely above ſhe moves. The bark increaſt,
Aſcending from the bottom to her breaſt.
This ſeen, ſhe thought t' have torn her hair; but tears
Leaves from their twigs: her head green branches bears.
The child *Amphiſus* (for his grand-father,
Eurytus, did that name on him confer)
Now finds his Mother's breaſts both ſtiff and dry.
I, a ſpectatour of thy tragedy,
Dear Siſter, had in me no power of aid.
Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I ſtaid,
Clung to thy ſpreading boughs, and wiſht that I,
Intomb'd with thee, might in thy Lotus lie.
Behold, *Andræmon* comes, with him her Sire,
(Both wretched) and for *Dryope* inquire.
When I for *Dryope* the Lotus ſhow'd,
They kiſſes on the yet warm wood beſtow'd;
And, groveling on the ground, her roots imbrace.
Now all of thee, dear Siſter, but thy face,
Th' incroaching habit of a Tree receives.
With tears ſhe baths her new-created leaves;
And, while ſhe might, while yet a way remain'd
For ſpeaking paſſion, in this ſort complain'd:
If credit to the wretched may be given,
I ſwear by all the Powers above in Heaven,
I never this deſerv'd. Without a ſin
I ſuffer: innocent my life hath bin.
Or if I lie, may my green branches fade,
And, fell'd with axes, on the fire be laid.
This Infant from his dying Mother bear
To ſome kind Nurſe: and often let him here
Be fed with milk; oft in my ſhadow play.
Let him ſalute my tree; and ſadly ſay,
(When he can ſpeak) This Lotus doth contain
My deareſt Mother. Let him ſtill refrain
All Lakes; nor ever dare to touch a Flower:
But think that every tree inſhrines a Power.
Dear Husband, Siſter, Father, all farewel.
If in your gentle hearts compaſſion dwell,
Suffer no ax to wound my tender boughs;
Nor on my leaves let hungry cattel browze.

And since I cannot unto you decline,
Ascend to me, and joyn your lips to mine.
My little son, while I can kiss, advance.
But fate cuts off my failing utterance.
For now the softer rind my neck ascends,
And round about my leafy top extends.
Remove your hands: without the help of those,
The wrapping bark my dying eies will close.
She left to speak, and be. Yet humane heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd a seat.
While *Iole* this story told, her eies,
Fill'd with her tears, the kind *Alcmena* dries,
And weeps her self. Behold, a better change
With joy defers this sorrow, nor less strange.
For *Iolaus*, twice a youth, came in,
The doubtfull Down now budding on his chin.
Fair *Hebe*, at her Husband's suite, on thee
This gift bestow'd. About to swear, that she
Would never give the like; wise *Themis* said,
Forbear; War raves in *Thebes* by discord swai'd;
And *Capaneus* but by *Jove* alone
Can be subdu'd. The Brothers then shall groan
With mutual wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost
In swallowing earth, alive shall see his Ghost.
His Son's red hands his Mother's life extract,
T'appease his Sire; a just, yet wicked fact.
Rapt from his home and senses, with th' affright
Of staring furies, and his mother's Sprite,
Untill his Wife the fatal gold demands;
Her Husband murther'd by *Phegides* hands.
Then *Acheloian Callirrhoe*
Shall *Jove* importune, that her Infants may
Be turn'd to Men, and due revenge require
(As he, for his) of those who slew their Sire.
Her prai'rs shall win consent from *Jove*; who then
Will bid thee make *Callirrho*'s Children Men.
This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung.
Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,
Why they this gift should not to others give.
Aurora for her Husband's age doth grieve:
Ceres complains of *Jasius* hoary hair:
Vulcan would *Erichthonius* youth repair:
And cares of time to come in *Venus* reign,
That her *Anchises* might wax young again.

All

All sue for some, seditious tumults grew,
From Favour sprung; which *Jove* doth thus subdue.
What mutter you? or where is your respect?
Think you, you can the power of Fate subject?
Old *Iolaus* was by Fate renew'd:
By fate *Callirrhoe*'s Babes shall be indu'd
With youth; not by ambition, nor by war.
Even we, that you may better brook it, are
Prescrib'd by Fate: which could we change, not thus
Should time make old our God-like *Æacus*;
Eternal youth should *Rhadamanthus* crown;
Nor should our *Minos* lose his old renown,
Despised now through age, who heretofore
With such a brave command his scepter bore.
These words of *Jove* the yielding Gods assuage;
Sith *Rhadamanth* and *Æacus* with age
Decline; and *Minos*, whose youth's active flame
Made mighty nations tremble at his name:
Though now, in mind and body impotent,
Miletus Deïonides ascent
T' his throne he fears, adorn'd with youth, and style
Of *Phœbus* son: nor durst his fears exile.
But thou, *Miletus*, of thy own accord
Forsook'st thy native home; and now aboard,
Through deep *Ægean* seas to *Asia* cam'st,
Building a Town which from thy self thou nam'st.
He, as the Nymph *Cyanee*, (excellent
For beauty) daughter to *Meander*, went
Along his winding banks, compress her there:
Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.
Byblis example lawless love reproves:
For *Byblis* her own Brother *Caunus* loves,
Nor as a Sister should a Brother do.
She at the first no lustfull Passion knew,
Nor thought it sin him eagerly to kiss,
Nor by imbracing that she did amiss.
A shadow of false piety her beguiles.
Love by degrees corrupts. Her dress and smiles
She frames t' attract; and to seem fair desires;
And envies whomsoever she admires.
Yet knowes not her disease: no wishes rise
In sighs as yet; and yet within she fries.
She calls him Lord, the due of blood disclaim'd:
And would be *Byblis*, and not Sister, nam'd.

Nor

Waking she durst not harbour in her breast
A wanton hope. But in dissolving rest
Her lover oft sh' enjoys; her senses keep
A festival: yet blushes she in sleep.
Sleep fled; long mute, her dream sh' again renews
By repetition: which she thus pursues.
Woe's me! what boad these fantasies of night?
If true, how wretched! why should such delight?
His heav'nly form by envy is approv'd:
He might, if not my Brother, be belov'd;
And merit my affections, (O too well)
If I were not his Sister: there's my hell.
While waking I endeavour no such ill,
May these bewitching dreams inchant me still:
No spy could blab that imitated joy.
O *Venus*, and withall, thou winged Boy,
What pleasure, what content had I that night!
How lay I all dissolved in delight!
With how much joy remembred! short those joyes;
And hasty Night our happiness envies.
Would I could change this wretched name of mine:
Or be the interest in his bloud resign.
How well, O *Caunus*, might our Father be
A Father-in-law, or to thy self, or me?
O would to *Jove* we all in common held,
Except our birth; though mine his birth excell'd.
Whom then (O fairest) wilt thou make a mother?
How ill hath Nature linkt us to each other?
Still must thou be my Brother. What I hate,
I onely have. What then prognosticate
These flattering visions? what, in these extreams,
Can dreams avail? or is there weight in dreams?
The Gods forbid. Yet Gods their Sisters wed.
Saturn and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.
So *Tethis* with *Oceanus*, so *Jove*
Combines with *Juno* in eternal love.
Gods have peculiar laws: how dare I draw
From them examples, bound t' another law?
Die, die, forbidden flames; or let me die.
Then may my Brother kiss me when I lie
On sable herse. Besides, the joint consent
This craves of two. Say, it should me content:
He may abhor it. Yet th' *Æolides*
Imbraced theirs. Whence sprung such proofs as these?

O whe-

O, whither wrapt? You wicked flames, remove.
A Brother, as befits a Sister, love.
Yet should he first affect, perhaps I then
His love might cherish, and affect agen.
Then shall I, who would not his sute reject,
Sue first? What, canst thou speak? thy thoughts detect?
I can: Love prompts. If shame my speech suppress,
Yet Letters may my hidden flames confess.
This pleas'd her, and a little satisfy'd
Her doubtfull mind. When, rais'd on her left side,
And leaning on her elbow, Hap what may;
We will (said she) our frantick love display.
O, whither slide I? O what flames excite
These thoughts? Then firs she trembling hands to write;
(One holds the wax, the style the other guides)
Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides;
Notes, razes, changes oft, dislikes, approves;
Throws all aside, resumes what she removes.
Her will she knows not, no composure brooks.
Soft shame and impudence strive in her looks.
She had writ Sister: that, as most unfit,
Defac'd, she took the tables, and thus writ.
Health to her onely Love that Lover sends,
Whose health alone upon your love depends.
To tell you who I am, alas! I shame.
If you would know my sute; without a name
O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* known,
Untill my hopes be to assurance grown.
Pale colour, leanness; ruthfull looks, wet eyes,
Long sighs, which from concealed passion rise,
Frequent imbracements, and (if you so much
Observed) kisses of too hot a touch
To sute a Sister's coldness; these expresst
The deep distemper of my wounded breast.
And yet, although my soul the wound sustain'd,
Although in me a fiery fury reign'd,
Heav'ns witness, that I might at length be well,
I try'd the utmost, striving to repell
The violent darts of *Cupid*; and far more
Then you would think a Woman could, I bore.
Against my will, I now become your slave;
And with afflicted language pity crave.
You may preserve, you onely can undo:
Chuse which you will. Nor sues a foe to you.

Bu

But one who, near alli'd, would nearer join,
And in a ſtricter league of love combine.
Let old men know what's lawfull, good, or ill;
And to their froſty rules ſubject their will.
Raſh *Venus* fits our years. Yet know not we
Intangling Laws: let us think all things free,
And imitate the Gods. Paternal awe,
Reſpect of fame, nor fear can us withdraw,
If once the cauſe of fear be laid aſide,
Our eaſie ſtealths a Brother's name will hide.
We may in private talk; converſe and kiſs,
Whoever by. What wants to crown our bliſs?
O pity me, who have my love confeſt;
(But would not, had not utmoſt ardour preſt)
Leſt thy remorſeleſs crueltie be read
Upon my monument, when I am dead.
The wax thus fill'd with her ſucceſsleſs wit,
She verſes in the utmoſt margent writ;
Then ſeals her ſhame: her parched tongue deni'd
To wet her gem; which weeping eyes ſuppli'd.
Then, bluſhing, calls a ſervant of known truſt,
And flattering him awhile, ſaid, Friend thou muſt
See theſe with care and ſecrecie convey'd
To my——there paus'd, and after, Brother, ſaid.
In their deliverie the tables fell:
She at that Omen ſtarts, yet bids farewel.
The wary meſſenger attends his time,
And gives to *Caunus* her infolded crime.
Amaz'd *Meandrius* high in choler grew,
And on the ground the half-read tables threw.
About to ſtrike, Thou wicked inſtrument
Of horrid luſt, ſaid he, by flight prevent
My ſword's revenge: but that our infamy
Thy death would publiſh, villain, thou ſhould'ſt die.
He, frighted, flies; and to his miſtreſs bears
The wrath of *Caunus*. *Byblis* quaking hears
Her ſad repulſe: a death-reſembling cold
Beſieg'd her heart, and viral heat controll'd.
Yet, with her ſoul, her frantick love returns;
Who, with ſcarce-moving lips, thus ſoftly mourns.
And worthily. Why, O too raſh! have I
Diſcloſ'd this wound? affection's ſecrecie,
Who would ſo ſoon to heady lines commit?
Firſt, with ambiguous words it had been fit

T'have

T' have felt his thoughts, and train'd him to purſue.
I ſhould have noted how the weather grew;
And choſen a ſafe ſea: but now my ſails
Swell deſperately with rough untried gales.
Now born on cruſhing Rocks, the flouds o're-bear
My ſinking Bark; nor can I backward ſteer.
Could not that Omen check the cheriſht ſcope
Of my deſires, when, with my blaſted hope,
The tables fell? ſhould I not have aſſign'd
Another day, or wholly chang'd my mind?
O no, the day. Heav'n warned me by ſad,
By ſure preſages; had I not been mad.
My ſelf, before my letters, ſhould have ſu'd,
And lively love expreſt: he ſhould have view'd
My moving tears, a Lover's pleading eies.
More could I've ſpoke then letters can compriſe.
About his neck my arms I might have wound;
And, had he caſt me off, appear'd to ſownd;
Clung to his feet, and, groveling, life implore.
This paſſion might I've acted and much more:
Whereof though each particular had fail'd;
Yet all together joyn'd might have prevail'd.
Perhaps the blame-deſerving meſſenger
In choice of time, or circumſtance, did err;
Took him not when his mind was pleas'd and free.
This wrackt my hopes. For of no Tigreſs he,
Nor Lionneſs was born: his gentle breaſt
Rough flint, hard ſteel, nor adamant inveſt.
He muſt be won; no ſour repulſe ſhall make
My ſute ſurceaſe, till life my breaſt forſake.
The beſt, if what is done were to begin,
Is not t' attempt; next, what w' attempt, to win.
For never would he, though I ſhould o'reſway
My ſtrong deſires, forget this leud aſſay.
Deſiſting, would condemn my love for light;
Or that I tri'd t' intrap him by this ſleight.
It may be thought, that bruti'ſh luſt did move
Theſe ecſtaſies; and not the God of love.
Nor can I but have had a wicked mind;
I made a motion, which my hand hath ſign'd.
No giving back can make me innocent;
Nought can I adde to ſin, much to content.
This ſaid; one thought another doth controul:
So great a diſcord wracks her wavering ſoul.

Diſ-

What she dislikes, she acts: unsatisfi'd,
She oft attempteth, to be oft deni'd.
This seen, he flies his country for her crime;
And builds a City in a forrein clime.
When wofull *Byblis*, raving through despair,
Her garments from her bruised bosom tare,
Striking her arms through fury, and proclaims
In high distraction her incestuous flames.
Hopeless, her hated mansion she eschues,
And frantickly her brothers flight pursues.
And as *Ismarian Bacchanals*, great son
Of *Semele*, struck with thy Thyrsus, run
In thy Triennials: so *Bubasian* Dames
Saw howling *Byblis* hurrying or'e their plains.
From these she wander'd through the *Carian* bounds,
The warlike *Leleges*, and *Lycian* grounds;
Cragus, *Lymira*'s streams, the silver waves
Of *Xanthus* past; and where *Chimera* raves
On craggy Rocks, with Lion's face and main,
A Goats rough body, and a Serpent's train.
The Woods were past; when thou, O *Byblis*, faint
With long pursuit, and passion's strong constraint,
Sunk'st down, thy ruffled hair on earth displaid,
Thy face upon the wither'd leaves low laid.
The kind *Lelegean* Nymphs oft in their arms
Attempt to raise her, and with powerfull charms
Of counsel strive to cure her love-sick mind,
Which at her deafned heart no entrance find.
She, grasping the green rushes, silent lies,
And bathes them in the rivers of her eyes.
The *Naiades* thrust under these a Spring:
Their bounty could not give a greater thing.
As pitch distilleth from the bark's black wound;
As stiff Bitumen issues from the ground;
As flouds, which frosts in Icy fetters bind,
Thaw with th' approaching Sun, and Southern wind:
Even so *Phœbeian Byblis*, spent in tears,
Becomes a living fountain, which yet bears
Her name; and under a black Holm, that grows
In those rank valleys, plentifully flows.
The fame of this so wonderfull a fate
Had fill'd *Crete*'s hundred Cities; if of late
The change of *Iphis*, generally known,
Had not produc'd a wonder of their own.

For

For *Phæstus*, near to *Gnossus*, fostered
One *Lycus*, of un-noted parents bred;
However free. Nor did his wealth exceed
His parentage: yet both in word and deed
Sincere he was, and of a blameless life.
Who thus bespake his now down-lying Wife:
Two things I wish: that you your belly lay
With little pain; and that it prove a boy.
A daughter is too chargeable, and we
Too poor to match her. If a girl it be,
I charge, what I abhor, (O Piety
Forgive me) that, as soon as born, it die.
This having utter'd, the Commanded wept
And the Commander; tears no measure kept.
Yet *Telethusa* still, with fruitless pray'r,
Desires he would not in the Gods despair.
But he was constant. Now her time was come,
And the ripe burthen stretcht her heavy womb:
When *Inachis*, with all her sacred band,
In dead of night, or stood, or seem'd to stand
Besides her bed. Her brows a crown adorns,
With ears of shining corn, and *Cynthian* horns.
Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubastis* bright,
Black *Apis* spotted variously with white,
He whose mouth-sealing finger silence taught,
Timbrels, *Osiris* never enough sought,
And forreign Serpents, whose dire touch constrain
A deadly slumber, consummate her train.
Then (as if seen awake) the Goddess said:
My *Telethusa*, be not thus dismaid;
Reject these cares, thy husband disobey,
And when *Lucina* shall thy belly lay,
Foster what-e're it be. A Deity
Auxiliary to Distress am I,
Ready to help, and easily implor'd:
Nor shall it grieve thee that thou hast ador'd
Ungratefull *Isis*. This admonished,
She leaves the room. When, rising in her bed,
Her hands to heaven glad *Telethusa* threw;
And humbly prays her vision may prove true.
Increasing throes at length a girl disclos'd,
Both by the father and the world suppos'd
To be a boy, so closely hid; and known
But to the mother, and the nurse alone.

He

He pales his vows, and by his Father's name
It *Iphis* calls. This name rejoic'd the dame,
To each sex common, now deceiv'd thereby,
She still with pious fraud conceals her lie.
A boy it was in show; whose looks assign
To boy or girl, love would in either shine.
At thirteen years her father her affy'd
To yellow-tresst *Ianthe*: she the pride
Of *Phæstian* virgins for unequal'd fair,
Theleſtes daughter, and his onely heir.
Like young they were, like fair, together bred,
Inform'd alike, alike accomplished.
Love's darts at once their simple bosoms strike;
Alike their wounds: their hopes, O! far unlike.
The day th' expect. *Ianthe* thought time ran
Too slow, and takes her *Iphis* for a man.
Poor *Iphis* loves, despairs; despair ejects
Far fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.
What will become of me, (she weeping said)
Whom new, unknown, prodigious loves invade?
If pitifull, the Gods should me have 'stroy'd:
Or else have giv'n what might have been injoy'd.
No Cow a Cow, no Mare a mare pursues;
But Harts their gentle Hinds, and Rams their Ewes:
So Birds together pair. Of all that move,
No female suffers for a female love.
O would I had no being! Yet, that all
Abhorr'd by Nature might in *Creet* befall;
Sol's lust-incensed daughter lov'd a Bull,
But male and female they: my love more full
Of uncouth fury. For she pleas'd her bloud;
And stood his errour in a Cow of wood:
She, for her craft, had an adulterer.
Should all the world their subtle wits confer;
Should *Dædalus* his waxen wings renew,
And hither flie, what could his cunning do?
Can Art convert a Virgin to a Boy?
Or fit *Ianthe* for a maiden's joy?
No, fix thy mind; compose thy fond desires:
O quench these ill-advis'd and foolish fires.
Think of thy sex; do not thy self abuse:
What may be, seek; and love as females use.
Hope wings desire, hope *Cupia*'s flight sustains:
Thy Sex thee hope denies. No watch restrains

Our

Our dear imbrace, no husband's jealouſies,
No rigorous Sires; nor ſhe her ſelf denies:
Yet not to be enjoy'd. Nor canſt thou be
Happy in her, though men and Gods agree.
Now alſo all to my deſires accord.
What they can give, the eaſie Gods afford.
What I deſire, my father and hers doth pleaſe.
But nature croſſeth, ſtronger then all theſe.
She, ſhe forbids. That day begins to ſhine,
(Long wiſht) wherein *Ianthe* muſt be mine:
And yet not mine. Of mortals moſt accurſt!
I ſtarve at feaſts, and in the River thirſt.
Juno, and *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?
We both are Brides; but where is the Bride-groom?
Here ends ſhe. Nor leſs burns the other Maid;
Who, *Hymen*, for thy ſwift appearance pray'd.
Yet *Telethuſa* fears what ſhe affects,
Protracting time; oft want of health objects;
Ill-boading dreams and auguries oft feigns.
But now no colour for excuſe remains:
Their nuptial rites, put off with ſuch delay,
Were to be ſolemniz'd the following day.
When ſhe unbinds hers and her daughter's hair;
And, holding by the Altar, form'd this pray'r;
Iſis, who *Parætonium*, *Pharos* Iſle,
Smooth *Mareotis*, and ſeven-chanell'd *Nile*,
Chear'ſt with thy preſence, thy poor ſuppliants hear:
O help in theſe extreams, and cure our fear.
Thee Goddeſs, thee of old, theſe enſigns, I
Have ſeen, and know; thy lamps, attendancy,
And ſounding Timbrels; and have thee obey'd.
To me impunitie, life to this Maid,
Thy ſaving counſel gave: to both renew
Thy timely pity. Tears her words purſue.
The Goddeſs ſhakes her Altar; when the gate
Shook on the hindges: horns, that imitate
The waxing Moon's, through all the Temple flung
A ſacred ſplendour: noiſefull Timbrels rung.
The mother, glad of this ſucceſsfull ſign,
Though not ſecure, returns from *Iſis* ſhrine.
Her *Iphis* follows, with a larger pace
Then uſual; nor had ſo white a face.
Her ſtrength augments; her look more bold appears;
Her ſhortned curls ſcarce hang beneath her ears.

She's

She's far more full of courage, rapt with joy:
For though of late a Wench, the's now a Boy.
Gifts to the Temple born, they *Io* sing:
With joy their gifts they to the Temple bring;
And add a title, in one verse display'd:
What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pay'd.
The Morning Night dismasks with welcome flame;
When *Juno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came
To grace their marriage; who, with gifts divine,
Iphis the Boy to his *Ianthe* joyn.

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE TENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fear turns a Man to Flint. Lethæas *blame*
Olenus *bears, now Stones, their ſhapes the ſame.*
Vext Cybele, *to Pine her* Atys *turns.*
Sweet Cyparissus *in a Cypreſs mourns.*
Enamour'd Jove *an Eagles wings diſplays;*
And lovely Ganymede *to Heaven conveys.*
Slain Hyacinthus *ſighs in his new Flower.*
The cruel Sacrificers by the power
Of Venus *turn'd to Bulls. The Proſtitute*
To Stones. Pygmalion *weds the living fruit*
Of his rare Art. Erigone *doth ſhine*
In Heaven, converted to the Virgin Sign.
Myrrha, *a weeping tree.* Hippomenes
And Atalanta, *Lions.* Cyprides
(*Inform'd by* Mentha's *change*) *her Paramour*
Turns to a fair, but quickly fading Flower.

HEnce to the *Cicones*, through boundleſs skies,
In Saffron mantle, *Hymenæus* flies,
By *Orpheus* call'd; but neither uſual words,
Nor chearfull looks, nor happy ſigns affords.
The Torch his hand ſuſtain'd, ſtill ſputtering rais'd
A ſullen ſmoke; though ſhaken, never blaz'd.
Th' event worſe then the Omen. As this Bride
Troops with the *Naiades* by *Hebrus* ſide,

A Ser-

A Serpent bit her by the heel; which forc'd
Life from her body, and nuptial ties divorc'd.
Which when the *Thracian* Poet had above
Enough bewail'd, that his complaints might move
The Shades below, by *Tenarus* he deſcends
To *Stygian* flouds; and his bold ſteps extends
By airy Ghoſts, departed Souls, that found
A ſepulture, through that unpleaſant Ground,
To *Pluto*'s Court. When, having tun'd his ſtrings,
Thus to his harp the God-like Poet ſings
You Powers that ſway the World beneath the Earth,
The laſt abode of all our humane birth;
If we the truth without offence may tell;
I come not hither to diſcover Hell,
Nor bind that ſcolding Curr, who barking ſhakes
About his triple brows *Meduſa*'s ſnakes.
My Wife this journey urg'd. Who, by the tooth
Of trod-on Viper, periſht in her youth.
I would, and ſtrove t' have born her loſs: but LOVE
Wone in that ſtrife, a God well known above;
Nor here, perhaps, unknown. If truly Fame
Report old Rapes, you alſo felt his flame.
By theſe obſcure Abodes ſo full of dread,
By this huge *Chaos*, and deep Silence ſpred
Through your vaſt Empire, by theſe prayers of mine,
Eurydice's too-haſty fate untwine.
We are all yours: and after a ſhort ſtay,
Early or late, we all muſt run this way.
Hither we throng, 'tis our laſt home aſſign'd;
Th' eternal habitation of mankind.
She, when her time by nature ſhall expire,
Again is yours: I but her uſe deſire.
If fate deny me this, my ſecond choice
Is, here t' abide: in both our deaths rejoyce.
While thus he ſung, and ſtruck the quavering ſtrings,
The bloudleſs Shadows wept; no cheating Springs
Tempt *Tantalus*; *Ixion*'s Wheel ſtood ſtill;
Their Urn the *Belides* no longer fill;
The Vulturs feed not *Tytius* Liver on;
And *Siſyphus* ſate liſtning on his Stone.
The Furies, vanquiſht by his verſe, were ſeen
To weep, that never wept before. Hell's Queen,
The King of Darkneſs, yield t' his powerfull plea.
Among the late-come Souls, *Eurydice*

They

They call: she came, yet halting of her wound.
Orpheus receives her thus: Till thou the bound
Of pale *Avernus* pass, if back thou cast
Thy carefull eyes, thou losest what thou hast.
A steep ascent, dark, thick with fogs, they climb,
Through everlasting Silence; by this time
Approach the confines of illustrious Light.
Fearing to lose her, and longing for a sight,
His eies th' impatient Lover backward threw:
When she, back-sliding, presently withdrew.
He catches at her, in his wits distraught;
And yielding air for her (unhappy!) caught.
Nor did she, dying again, her spouse reprove:
For what could she complain of, but his love?
But takes her last farewell: her parting breath
Scarce reacht his ears, when she revolves to death.
Her double loss sad *Orpheus* stupifi'd;
With equal terrour unto his, who spi'd
Three-headed *Cerberus*; whom fear alone,
Oppressing nature, turn'd into a stone.
Or like *Olenus*, who, t' excuse his Wife,
Accus'd himself, and taxt his guiltless life:
With thee, *Lethea*, whose proud beauty late
Drew on thy self and him a cursed fate:
United bodies once; but for thy pride
Now Marble statues on fount-fruitfull *Ide*.
He kindly (pressing to return) intreats
The Ferry-man; who answers him with threats.
Upon the banks seven daies he sate, forlorn
And comfortless, all sorts of food forborn;
Care, grief of mind, and tears, his onely chear:
Calling the Gods of *Erebus* severe.
At length to snowy *Rhodope* he hasts,
And *Hæmus*, beaten with the northern blasts.
Now *Titan* thrice had finished his years
In watry *Pisces*. *Orpheus* still forbears
The love of Women; or through bad success,
Or former vowes. Yet many ne'r the less
Th' affected Poet seek; none him enjoies:
He beauty first admir'd in hopefull boies.
A Hill there was, a Plain upon that hill,
Which in a flowrie mantle flourisht still;
Yet wanted shade. Hither this God-born went,
Sate down, and toucht his well-tun'd instrument.

A ſhade ſtraight roſe. Nor trees of *Chaony*,
The Poplar, various Oaks that pierce the ſky,
Soft Linden, ſmooth-rinde Beech, unmarried Bayes,
The brittle Haſel, Aſh, whoſe ſpears we praiſe,
Unknotty Firr, the ſolace ſhading Planes,
Rough Cheſnuts, Maple fleck with different granes,
Stream-bordering Willow, Lotus loving Lakes,
Tough Box, whom never ſappy ſpring forſakes,
The ſlender Tamarisk, with trees that bear
A purple fig, nor Myrtles abſent were.
The wanton Ivy wreath'd in amorous twines,
Vines bearing grapes, and Elms ſupporting Vines,
Straight Service trees dropping Pitch, fruit red
Arbutus; theſe the reſt accompan'ed.
With limber Palms, of Victory the prize:
And upright Pine, whoſe leaves like briſtles riſe:
Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods: for ſhe
Her luſt-ſtain'd *Atys* turn'd into that tree.
The ſpire-like Cypreſs in this throng appears,
Of late a Boy: Iov'd by that God who bears
The ſilver bow, and ſtrikes the quavering ſtrings.
Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthæan* Springs
A Stag there was; whoſe horns on high diſplay'd
With ſpreading palms, afford his head a ſhade.
His antlers ſhone with gold; a carquenet
His neck imbrac't with ſparkling Diamonds ſet.
A ſiver bell upon his forehead hung
By ſilken ſtrings, which every motion rung.
Round pearl, of equal ſize, from either ear
Hung on his cheeks: who, void of native fear,
Frequented houſes: and well pleas'd, would ſtand
The gentle ſtrokings of a ſtrangers hand.
This, *Cyparissus*, was thy onely joy,
(Of all that *Cæa* bred, the faireſt boy)
By thee full oft, to change of Paſture led:
To purling ſtreams that part the ranker mead.
With various flowers now wouldſt thou trick his horns,
Now on his back (who no ſuch burthen ſcorns)
About the ſpacious fields in pleaſure ride;
And with a purple reine the willing guide.
'Twas Summer, and high noon: Daies burning eye
Made *Cancers* crooked claws with fervour fry.
Upon the ground the panting Hart was laid,
Cool air receiving from the ſpreading ſhade.

Whom

Whom silly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance:
And seeing life pursue his tug'd-out lance,
Resolves to die. What did not *Phœbus* say,
That might a grief so slightly caus'd allay?
He answers him in sighs: this last good-turn
Implores; That he might never cease to mourn.
His bloud now shed in tears, a greenish hew
His body dims: the locks that dangling grew
Upon his ivory fore-head, bristling rise
And pointing upward, seem to threat the skies.
When *Phœbus*, sighing: I for thee will mourn:
Mourn thou for others: Heroes still adorn.
Such trees attracting; and environ'd round
With birds and beasts, upon the rising ground
The Poet sits: who, having tun'd his strings
Though dissonant, yet musical, thus sings.
From *Jove*, O Muse, my Mother, draw my verse;
All bow to *Jove*: *Jove*'s power we oft rehearse.
And late of Giants sung, in lofty strains,
Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegræan* plains.
Now, in a lower tune, to lovely boyes
Belov'd of Gods, turn we our softer laies:
And Women well deserving punishment,
On interdicted lust, with fury bent.
Heavens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with love:
There was what *Jove* would rather be then *Jove*:
Yet daigns no other shape then hers that bears
His awfull lightning in her golden spears.
Who forthwith stooping with deceitfull wings,
Trust up *Iliades* by *Ida*'s springs.
Who now for *Jove* (though jealous *Juno* scoules)
Delicious Nectar fills in flowing bowls.
And *Amyclides*, thee in azure skies
Had *Phœbus* fixt; if cruel Destinies
Had not prevented: yet in some sort made
Eternal. For, as oft as Springs invade
Sharp Winters, and to *Aries Pisces* yields:
So oft renu'd, thy Flower adorns the fields.
My fathers love to thee did mans excell,
Their president the *Delphians* miss, who dwell
On round Earths navel: while the God of Beams,
Haunts wall-less *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* streams.
Now, neither for his Harp, nor quiver, cares:
Himself debasing, berres the corded snares;

Or leads the Dogs; or clambers Mountains; led
By Lordly *Love*, and flames by cuſtom fed.
Now *Titan* bore his equal-diſtant Light,
Between fore-running and enſuing night:
When lightned of their garments, either ſhone
With ſuppling oil; in ſtrife to throw the ſtone.
This ſwinging through the air firſt *Phœbus* threw:
The obvious clouds diſperſing as it flew;
On ſolid earth, though flying long, at length
Deſcends; and ſhews his art-inabling ſtrength.
Th' imprudent Boy attempts with fatal haſt
To take it up; when Earth, by boundings, caſt
The ſtone, O *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.
The Boy look't pale; ſo lookt the God, who bled
Even in his bleeding. Raiſed from the ground;
He ſought t'aſſuage, and dry the bitter wound.
And would with herbs his flying ſoul have ſtaid:
That wound was cureleſs; art affords no aid.
As Violets, or Lilies loving ſtreams,
Or Poppy, bruiſed in their yellow ſtems,
Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads,
Nor raiſe themſelves, but bow to their firſt beds:
So hung his dying looks; ſo over-ſwai'd,
His limber neck upon his ſhoulder laid.
Sweet flower ſaid *Phœbus*, blaſted in the prime
Of thy fair youth: thy wound preſents my crime.
Thou art my grief and ſhame. This hand thy breath
Hath cruſht to air: I, authour of thy death,
Yet what my fault? unleſs t' have plaid with thee,
Or lov'd thee (O too well!) offences be.
I would, ſweet Boy, that I for thee might die!
Or die with thee! but ſince the Fates deny
So dear a wiſh; thou ſhalt with me abide:
And ever in my memory reſide.
Our Harp, and Verſe thy praiſes ſhall reſound:
And in thy Flower my ſorrow ſhall be found.
A valiant Heroe ſhall in time, to it
Another add; and in the ſame be writ.
While thus *Apollo* truly propheſi'd:
Behold the bloud which late the graſs had di'd,
Was now no bloud: from whence a flower full blown:
Far brighter then the *Tyrian* ſcarlet ſhone:
Which ſeem'd the ſame, or did reſemble right
A Lily: changing but the red to white.

Nor

Nor ſo contented ; (for the youth receiv'd
That grace from *Phœbus*) in the flower he weav'd
The ſad impreſſion of his ſighs which bears
Ai ! *Ai* ! diſplai'd in funeral Characters.
Nor ſhame to *Sparta Hyacinth* procures ;
Whoſe adoration to this day endures :
For now as then, they yearly celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* Feaſt in ſolemn State.
Perhaps if *Amathus* you ask (whoſe earth
Abounds with metals) if ſhe like the birth
Of her *Propœtides* ; ſhe would reply :
As well as theirs, for their impiety,
In former time, with monſtrous horns defam'd :
Whereof they fitly were *Ceraſta* nam'd.
Before their doors the tragick Altar ſtood
Of *Jove* the Hoſpitable ; ſtain'd with bloud
Of ſtranger gueſts. Who had this ſhambles ſeen,
Would think that bloud the bloud of Calves had been.
A Gueſt new ſacrific'd ; fair *Cyprides*
Offended with ſuch cruel Rites as theſe,
Her towns and *Ophiuſa*'s fields prepares
T' abandon. Yet ſaid ſhe, what guilt of theirs
In me ſo great a deteſtation breeds ?
Rather with death reward ſuch bloudy deeds ;
Or exile : if from theſe extreams they ſcape,
What middle courſe, but to transform their ſhape ?
When muſing to what form, ſhe caſt her look
Upon the horned Herd ; who from them took
A reſolution ſo to arm their skulls :
And turns their mighty limbs to monſtrous Bulls.
Yet durſt th' obſcene *Propœtides* deny,
O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deitie.
The firſt that ever gave themſelves for hire
To proſtitution ; urged by thy ire
Their looks emboldned, modeſty now gone,
Convert at length to little-differing Stone.
Pygmalion ſeeing theſe to ſpend their times
So beaſt-like ; frighted with the many crimes
That rule in Women ; choſe a ſingle life :
And long forbore the pleaſure of a Wife.
Meanwhile, in Ivory with happy art
A Statue carves, ſo gracefull in each part,
As Women never equal'd it : and ſtands
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.

It ſeem'd a virgin, full of living flame;
That would have mov'd if not with-held by ſhame.
Such Art his art conceal'd: which he admires:
And from it draws imaginary fires:
Then often feels it with his hands, to try
If 'twere a body, or cold Ivory.
Nor could reſolve. Who kiſſing, thought it kiſt:
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wriſt;
The fleſh impreſſing (his conceit was ſuch)
And fears to hurt it with too rude a touch.
Now flatters her; now ſparkling ſtones preſents,
And Orient pearl (loves witching inſtruments)
Soft-ſinging birds, each ſeveral-colour'd flower,
Firſt Lilies, painted balls, and tears that pour
From weeping trees. Rich Robes, her perſon deck;
Her fingers, rings; reflecting gems her neck;
Pendants, her ears; a glittering zone her breſt.
In all ſhew'd well; but ſhew'd when naked, beſt.
Now laies he her upon a gorgeous bed:
With carpets of *Sidonian* purple ſpred.
Now calls her Wife. Her head a pillow preſt
Of plumy down, as if with ſenſe poſſeſt.
Now came the day of *Venus* Feſtival:
Through wealthy *Cyprus* ſolemniz'd by all.
White heifers, deckt with golden horns, by ſtrokes
Of axes fall; aſcending incenſe ſmokes.
He, with his gift before the Altar ſtands;
You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,
Give me the Wife I wiſh: one like, he ſaid,
But durſt not ſay, give me my ivory Maid.
The golden *Venus*, preſent at her feaſt,
Conceives his wiſh; and friendly ſigns expreſt.
The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aſpires.
To his admired Image he retires:
Lies down beſides her, rais'd her with hisarm;
Then kiſt her tempting lips and found them warm.
That leſſon oft repeats; her boſom oft
With amorous touches feels, and felt it ſoft.
The ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks
Accuſtom'd hardneſs: as *Hymettia* Wax
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
To pliant forms, by handling fram'd for uſe.
Amaz'd with doubtfull joy, and hope that reels;
Again the Lover, what he wiſhes, feels.

The

The veins beneath his thumbs impreſſion beat:
A perfect Virgin full of juice and heat.
The *Cyprian* Prince with joy-expreſſing words,
To pleaſure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.
His lips to her he joins, which ſeems to melt:
The bluſhing Virgin now his kiſſes felt;
And fearfully erecting her fair eyes,
Together with the light, her Lover ſpies.
Venus the marriage bleſt which ſhe had made.
And when nine Creſcents had at full diſplaid
Their joyning horns, repleat with borrowed flame,
She *Paphus* bore: who gave that Iſle a name.
He *Cinyras* begot: who might be ſtil'd
Of mẽ moſt happy, if without a child.
I ſing of horrour! Daughters, far, O far
From hence remove! and you, who fathers are!
Or if my winning verſe your minds allure:
Let them no credit in this part procure.
Or if you will believe the ſame for true:
Believe withal the judgements that enſue.
If nature could permit ſo foul a Crime:
I joy for you *Iſmarians*; for this Clime;
This World of ours; ſo diſtant from that earth,
That gave to ſuch a curſed Monſter birth.
In Coſtus, Cinnamon; and Amomum,
Rich let *Panchaia* be: let precious Gum
Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth;
So't *Myrrha* bear. No new tree of that worth.
Cupid denies t' have us'd his darts therein:
And vindicates his flames from ſuch a ſin.
Alecto, with ſwoln ſnakes, and *Stygian* fire
That fury rais'd. 'Tis ſin to hate thy Sire:
This love, a greater. Princes their abodes
Leave all in parts; and for thee fall at odds:
Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one;
So one of all be in that number none.
She knew't: and ſtriving, to her ſelf thus ſpake:
Ah whither rapt! what is't I undertake!
O Gods: O piety! divine reſpect
Of Parents guard me: and this ſin eject:
If ſo a ſin it be. No piety
Condemns ſuch *Venus*; Nature's common tie.
Horſes their fillies back, ſires Heifers bear;
Goats kids beget on thoſe whoſe kids they were;

Birds of that ſeed conceive, whereof but late
Conceiv'd themſelves: nor they degenerate.
Happy in this are thoſe! But humane care
Hath fram'd malignant laws: and we who are
By nature free; malicious cuſtoms bind.
There is a Nation to their bloud more kind;
Where ſons their mothers, fathers daughters wed;
Affection doubled by their birth and bed.
Woe's me, that there I was not born! the place (baſe,
Makes this a crime. What thoughts are theſe! hence
Hence wicked hopes. Though he all-worthy be:
Yet, as a father, muſt be lov'd by thee.
Were I not daughter to great *Cyniras*;
All I conceive in my deſires might paſs.
Now, in that mine, not mine: proximity
Diſ-joins us; nearer, were we not ſo nigh.
Hence would I flie by un-returning waies
To ſhun this ſin: dire Love my journey ſtaies;
To feaſt my hungry eies with his dear ſight,
Talk, touch and kiſs; or more, if more I might:
O wicked Virgin, canſt thou more propound!
Know'ſt thou what laws and names thy luſts confound.
Thy Father's Whore! a Rival to thy Mother!
Thy own Son's Siſter! Mother to thy Brother!
Nor fear'ſt the *Furies* with their kilſing hair,
Who on the faces of the guilty ſtare,
With dreadfull Torches! From thy ſoul exile
This miſchief, ere it actually defile.
Nor with thy horrid luſt infringe the law
Of powerfull Nature: but in time with-draw.
Would I, he would not: too too well inclin'd.
O that like fury would inflame his mind!
Thus ſhe. But *Cyniras*, preſt with the ſtore
Of worthy ſuters who his voice implore;
In his own choice irreſolute, demands
(Their names rehearſing) how her fancy ſtands.
She, thoughtfull ſilent; gazing on his face,
Fluſht with inboſom'd flames and wept apace.
He, taking this for maiden fear; Deſiſt
From weeping, ſaid: then dri'd her cheeks, and kiſt.
This too much pleas'd her. Once more asked, who
She beſt could like: repli'd One, like to you,
Be ſtill, ſaid he, ſo pious. At that name
She hung the head, as conſcious of her blame.

'Twas

'Twas now the mid of night: when Sleep beſtows
On men, and on their cares, a ſweet repoſe.
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with raging fires;
Retracting her implacable deſires.
Deſpairs, hopes; will not, will; now ſhames, again
Deſires; nor knows what courſe to take. As when
A mighty Oak (now almoſt fell'd) his fall
On each ſide threatens; and is fear'd on all:
Even ſo her mind, impair'd with various wounds,
Waves to and fro; and changes ſtill propounds.
No mean, no cure, was left for love but death.
Death pleas'd. Reſolv'd to choak her hated breath.
Up-ſtarting, to a beam her girdle ties.
Dear *Cinyras* farewell (ſhe ſoftly cries)
And of my ruine underſtand the cauſe.
That ſaid, the nooſe about her neck ſhe draws.
Her wakefull Nurſes faithfull ears, they ſay,
A whiſpering heard: who in the Lobby lay.
Straight roſe; unlockt the doors; the inſtrument
Of death beholding, ſcreecht: together rent
Her hair and boſom: and, with trembling haſte,
The girdle from her pallid neck diſplac't.
Now had ſhe time to weep, t' imbrace her Care:
And ask the cauſe of ſuch accurſt deſpair.
She, ſilent, fixes on the earth her eies:
And grieves at deaths prevented enterpriſe.
Baring her hoary hairs and empty breſt,
The Nurſe, by her firſt food, and cradle, preſt
Her griefs diſcloſure. *Myrrha* turns aſide,
And ſighes. The Nurſe won'd not be ſo deni'd.
Nor onely promis'd ſecrecy, but ſaid,
Tell me, my child, and entertain my aid.
My old age is not fruitleſs: charms have we,
And powerfull med'cines, if it fury be:
If witchcraft, magick ſhall thy torments eaſe:
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appeaſe
With ſacrifice. What can be elſe ſurmis'd,
Thy fortunes by incurſions unſurpris'd;
Thy mother, and thy father, well; that name
Drew from her ſoul a ſigh, that ſcorcht like flame:
Nor in the Nurſe did this ſuſpicion move
Of ſuch a Crime: and yet ſhe ſaw 'twas Love.
Importunate to know what leaſt ſhe fears,
Laid in her lap now watred with her tears.

Sh' infolds her in her feeble arms, and ſaid;
I know thou lov'ſt: wherein (nor be afraid)
Thou maiſt on my ſedulity rely:
Nor ſhall thy father ever this deſcry.
At that, in fury from her lap ſhe ſprung;
Then on the bed her proſtrate body flung:
Muffling her guilty looks: Be gone, ſhe ſaid,
And ſpare the bluſhes of a wretched Maid.
Still urg'd: Be gone, repli'd; or elſe forbear
T' inquire of that which is a ſin to hear.
The Nurſe loſt in a maze: her hands with years
And terrour trembling (kneeling to her) rears:
Now ſpeaks her fair, now threatens to diſcloſe
(Unleſs ſhe made her privy to her woes)
Her purpos'd violence: and vowes to prove
Both ſecret, and aſſiſtant to her love.
At that, her head ſhe rais'd; her Nurſes breſt
With weeping bathes: oft ſtrove to have confeſt;
As oft with-held: at length ſhe hid her head;
And ſaid, O Mother, happy in thy bed!
There ends: then groans. The Nurſe cold horrour ſhook;
Now too much knowing: with a ghaſtly look,
Her hoary hair ſtar'd on her head: Who ſaid,
What not, that might ſo foul a luſt diſſwade.
The Virgin could not ſuch a truth deny:
But ſtands reſolv'd, or to poſſeſs or die.
Live, ſaid ſhe, and poſſeſs (there ſtopt, as loth
To ſay; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.
Now Matrons celebrate the yearly Feaſt
Of *Ceres*; whom long linnen ſtoles inveſt:
And offer garlands of their firſt ripe corn;
Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborn,
And touch of man. In ſpotleſs ornaments,
With theſe, the Queen her ſecret Rites frequents,
Lying alone the lewdly diligent
Doth *Cinyras*, o're-charg'd with Wine, preſent
With proffer of true love, though falſely maskt:
And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt?
Of equal age with *Myrrha*, ſhe replies.
When bid to bring her home in haſt ſhe highes;
Reioyce, ſaid ſhe, I bring the victory.
Th' unhappy Virgin felt but little joy;
Such ill ſucceſs her troubled Soul divin'd:
And yet ſhe joy'd: ſuch diſcord rackt her mind.

Now

Now ſilence over all the world did reign:
And ſlow *Bootes* had declin'd his Wain.
(To ſin addreſt) from heaven bright *Cynthia* flies;
Stars ſhroud their heads in clouds: Night loſt her eyes.
Erigone, *Icarus*, firſt remove:
She plac'd in Heaven for her paternal love.
Thrice ſtumbled ſhe; the funeral Owl thrice rent
The air with ominous ſhreeks: yet on ſhe went:
By pitchy night, of modeſty bereft,
Her Nurſes right hand holding with her left,
And groping with the other hand, explores
Her blind acceſs. Now came ſhe to the doors
Of that dire chamber; now the way to ſin
She boldly opens; and now enters in.
Yet bloud and courage her at once forſook;
Her knees, unknitting, one another ſtrook;
The nearneſs to her crime removes deſire:
Who now repents and would unknown retire.
Protracting, by the hand the Nurſe her led;
And, having rendred her unto his bed:
Here *Cinyras*, ſaid ſhe, receive thine own,
And joins their curſed boſoms. He unknown,
His bowels to his bed aſſumes: and chears
With comfortable words her maiden fears:
By chance he call'd her daughter, (being old)
And ſhe him father: that their names might hold.
Now his inceſtuous bed his daughter leaves,
With wicked ſeed her curſed womb conceives:
Who bears about the burthen of her ſhame:
Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the ſame.
When *Cinyras* who longs to ſee his Lover,
So oft imbrac'd; did with a light diſcover
His ſin, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
Could utter: he unſheaths his ſhining ſword.
She ſwiftly flies: whom nights black ſhelter ſhields
From threatned death; and ſtrayes through ſpacious fields.
Palm-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchæa* paſt;
Now having wandred by nine Noons, at laſt
Reſt to her weary limbs *Sabæa* gave.
Charg'd with her womb; not knowing what to crave;
Between the hate of life, and fear of death,
Theſe thoughts ſhe utters with her fainting breath.
You Powers! If Penitency pierce your ear;
I have deſerved, nor refuſe to hear,

Your

Your just inflictions: yet lest I prophane
Or those who live, or who in death remain,
O banish me from either Monarchy,
That, chang'd by you, I may nor live, nor die.
Confession some cœlestial pity found,
Those wishes had their Gods. Even then the ground
Cover'd her legs: a downward-spreading root
Burst from her toes; whose ever-fixed foot
Sustain'd the lengthfull bole. Bones turn to wood,
To pith her marrow, into sap her bloud:
Her arms great branches grow, her fingers spine
To little twigs; her skin converts to rine.
Now her big womb the rising tree possest,
Her bosom folds, and now her neck oppress:
When she, delay ill-brooking, downward shrunk
And vales her visage in the closing trunk.
Though sense, with shape, she lost; still weeping, she
Sheds bitter tears, which trickle from her tree:
Tears of high honour; these their Mistress name
As yet preserve, and still shall bear the same.
This ill-got Infant, now at perfect growth
Within the tree; endeavours to get forth.
The strict imbracing bark, her belly wrung,
With torment stretcht: nor had that grief a tongue:
Nor could she call *Lucina* to her throws:
And yet the tree like one in labour shows;
Bows down with pains, and groans, and weeps a flood.
Lucina by her trembling branches stood;
Her hand impos'd, and uttered powerfull words.
The yawning tree the crying Babe affords
A passage; Whom those Nymphs receive with joy.
And in his mothers tears anoint the Boy.
Nor envy could but praise his beauty: so
The naked *Cupids*, lively-painted, show.
But, lest their habits some distinction make,
A quiver give, or his from *Cupid* take.
Time glides away with undiscovered hast,
And mocks our hopes: no wings can fly so fast.
He, whom his sister bore, his Grandsires son,
Late trees-inclos'd, who lately life begun,
But now a most sweet Infant, now as rare
A Boy, now Man, now then himself more fair,
And now on *Troy* for his mothers fires
Revenge inflicts; who dotingly admires,

Por

For kist by quiver-bearing *Love*, his dart
By fortune raz'd her tender breast; with smart
Incenst, she thrust him from her, nor then found
The wounds deceitfull death, yet deep the wound.
Not now *Cythera* could the Lover please;
Nor *Paphos*, grasped with resulting Seas.
High *Cnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for brass,
Nor heaven frequents; her heaven *Adonis* was.
Him wooes, accompanies, besides him lies
In gratefull shades, and strives to please his eyes.
Now like *Diana* she her self attires; (Briers:
And trips o're Hills and Rocks, through Brakes and
Hollows the Hound; pursuing beasts of chase,
Bucks, high-horn'd Harts, and Harts who fly apace:
But rapefull Wolves, rough Bears, fell Boars eschews;
And Lions, whom the bloud of Beeves imbrues.
And thee *Adonis*, her misdoubts disswade
From such encounters; had they been obey'd.
Who flie, said she, be bold in following those:
Valour unsafely copes with valiant foes.
Sweet Boy! subject not me to fortunes stroke,
Nor cruel beasts by nature arm'd provoke,
For fear such glory but too costly prove.
Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* move.
Nor bristled Swine, nor shaggy Lion touch:
Pity ne'r pierc'd the eyes nor hearts of such.
Boars, in their crooked tushes lightning have:
And Lions with impetuous fury rave.
I hate them. Asked why? We will relate
Old crimes, said she, and wonder-striking fate.
But now unusual toil my strength invades:
And lo, yon' Poplar courts us with her shades,
The grass affords a bed: There let us rest.
When, lying down, the grass and him she prest.
Her head now in her Lovers bosom laid:
Thus (words with kisses intermixing) said:
Perhaps you of a Maid have heard, who wan
The Prize in running from the swiftest Man.
'Tis true, She won indeed: nor could you tell
Whether her speed or beauty did excell.
Enquiring of an husband, this reply
Apollo gave. The use of husband flie
O *Atalant*': yet thou shalt vainly strive
Against thy fate, and lose thy self alive.

Frighted

Frighted herewith in shady woods she lives:
And troops of pressing Sutors from her drives
With this reply: Except out-run I be,
I am a Wife for no man; Run with me.
My bed and I, are both the winners meed:
The tardy dies. Upon this law proceed.
She, cruel: yet so powerfull was her look,
That many a youth the peril undertook.
Hippomenes beheld this tragick strife.
Will any through such danger seek a Wife?
(Said he) and taxt their follies that pursu'd.
But when her face and naked form he view'd:
Such as is mine; or thine, wert thou a Maid:
Amaz'd! with hands up-heav'd, Forgive (he said)
O you whom late I blam'd! not then I knew
The prizes worth. Love still by praising grew:
Who wishes now that none might run so fast:
Envies and fears: Why linger I, nor hast
(Said he) to try my fortune? Gods still aid
Th' adventurous. While this in thought he said;
The Virgin with a winged pace past by;
Though seeming to th' *Aonian* Youth to fly
As swift as *Scythian* shafts; her form he more
Admires; by motion lovelier then before.
The wind reverberates her ancles wings,
And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple strings,
Tolling her hair, on Ivory shoulders spred.
Her pure white body so receives the red,
As when carnation curtains are displai'd
On pure white walls, and die them with their shade.
While this the stranger view'd, the race was run:
And *Atalanta*'s brows the Garland won.
The vanquisht sigh, and pay their forfeiture.
Nor could so sad success his fear procure:
Who rose; and fixing on the Maid his eyes;
Why seek you praise by easie victories?
Contend with us: if we obtain the Bays,
Our victory will not eclipse your praise.
Megareus me begot, *Onchestius* bloud;
He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the sacred floud:
Nor we degenerate. My foil, your name
Will honour; and immortalize your fame.
This while, a well-pleas'd eye she on him threw:
Nor knows her wish; to lose, or to subdue.

What

What God, a Foe to beauty, would deſtroy
This Youth, ſaid ſhe, who ſeeks my bed t' enjoy
With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
The Judge, there is not ſo much worth in me.
Nor is't this beauty moves, though it might move,
But that a Boy. We pity, and not love.
Beſides, his courage, and contempt of death!
Who from great *Neptunes* ſon derives his birth!
And then, his love; content to part with life,
If harder fate deny me for his Wife!
Be gone O ſtranger; ſhun my bloudy bed,
While yet thou mai'ſt: this match will loſe thy head.
No Virgin is there who would not be thine:
And ſuch would ſeek, whoſe luſtres darken mine.
Yet why regard I him, ſo many ſlain?
Look to thy ſelf, or periſh, ſince in vain
Admoniſht by ſuch numbers, whom this ſtrife
Hath ſent to death, Th' art weary of thy life.
And muſt he die, becauſe he'd live with me?
Muſt death, adventurous love, thy wages be?
This murther will our victory defame
And purchaſe hate; yet am not I in blame.
O would thou wouldſt deſiſt, and danger ſhun!
Or ſince ſo mad, would thou couldſt faſter run!
How Boy and Virgin glory in his face!
O poor *Hippomenes*! O would this place
Th' hadſt never ſeen! thou well deſerv'ſt to live.
Were I more happy, and hard fate would give
Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,
To whom my bed, and beauties ſhould be known.
Thus ſhe, who raw, and pierc'd with loves firſt touch,
Errs in her thoughts; and loves; nor knew ſo much.
Now King and People call upon the Race;
When *Neptune*'s Iſſue thus implor'd thy grace.
O *Venus*, favour my attempts, he ſaid,
And thoſe affections, which you gave me, aid!
This friendly winds convey'd unto my ear:
I pity, and no longer help forbear.
A field there is, ſo fertile none, through all
Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damaſcenus* call.
Antiquity this to my honour vow'd;
And therewithall my Temples had indow'd.
A Tree there flouriſht on that pregnant mold,
Whoſe glittering leaves, and branches, ſhone with gold;

Three

Three golden Apples, gathered from that tree,
By chance I brought: and, ſo us none could ſee,
Himſelf excepted, to *Hippomenes*,
Together with their uſe, deliver'd theſe.
The trumpets ſound. Both from the Barrier ſtart,
Whoſe nimble ſteps ſcarce touch earths upper-part.
Their feet, unwet, the ſea might well have born:
Or unſuppreſſed ſtalks of ſtanding corn.
Favour and Clamour, joining in remorſe,
The youth thus hearten: now thy ſpeed enforce,
Make haſt *Hippomenes*, delay decline,
Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.
'Tis doubtfull whether, what the people ſaid,
More joy'd the Heros or *Schæneian* Maid.
How often lag'd ſhe, when ſhe might o're-go;
And gazing on him, ſigh'd t' out-ſtrip him ſo!
Short breath from panting boſoms ſcorching flew,
The Goal far off: when *Neptune*'s Nephew threw
One Apple of the three: the Maid admires;
And greedy of the ſhining fruit, retires
To catch the rolling gold: the Youth paſt by,
And all the field reſounded ſhouts of joy.
This hindrance ſhe repairs with winged haſt:
Again *Hippomenes* behind her caſt
The ſecond fruit, thrown farther then before,
Declin'd her ſteps, yet him out-ſtrips once more:
The Race now near an end, he ſaid, O ſave!
Great Goddeſs, give ſucceſs to what you gave!
And threw the ſhining gold another way
With all his vigour, to prolong her ſtay.
When I compel'd her, doubtfull what to do,
To take it up, and added weight thereto,
With-held, both by diverting her purſuit,
And with the burthen of that pondrous fruit.
But leſt my words the race in length exceed:
She was out-run, and he receiv'd his Meed.
Deſerv'd not I both thanks and frankincenſe,
Think you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence?
He neither gave. Provokt with ſudden rage
At this contempt, and leſt the future age
By ſuch examples ſhould my God-head ſlight,
Againſt them both I due revenge excite.
The Fane, erected by *Eckion*'s vow
Unto the Mother of the Gods, they now

Had

Had paſt, obſcur'd by dark and ſecret ſhades:
When their long journey them to reſt perſwades.
Hippomenes, incenſed by my fires;
Here luſteth with unſeas'nable deſires.
A gloomy grot, much like unto a Cave,
Stood near this Fane; to which light pumice gave
A natural cover, by devotion grac'd:
Within this Cell the reverent Prieſt had plac'd
The wooden Images of ancient Gods:
This entring; he pollutes their chaſt abodes.
The Statues wry their looks. The Mother, crown'd
With Towers, had ſtruck them to the *Stygian* ſound:
But that ſhe thought that puniſhment too ſmall.
When yellow mains on their ſmooth ſhoulders fall;
Their arms to legs; their fingers turn to nails;
Their breaſts of wondrous ſtrength: their tufted tails
Whisk up the duſt; their looks are full of dread:
For ſpeech they roar: the woods become their bed.
Theſe Lions, fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks
With curbing bits; and yokes their ſtubborn necks.
Theſe O my Dear, and all ſuch kinds of beaſts
As will not turn their backs, but bend their breaſts
T' encounter with the raſh Aſſailant, ſhun:
Leſt by thy courage We be both undone.
This ſaid: thence flew ſhe, rais'd by yoked Swans.
But Valour ſuch admoniſhments with-ſtands.
By chance the dogs, purſuing long before,
His ſcented footings, had diſlodg'd a Boar.
Whom, ruſhing from his covert, the bold Youth
Obliquely wounds. The Boar with crooked tooth
Writhes out the javelins with his blood imbru'd.
Who now his ſafety-ſeeking Foe purſu'd;
Sheathing his tuſhes in his groin: and threw
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idalia's weightleſs chariot through the air,
Yet reacht not *Cyprus*: when the heavenly Fair
Thence heard his dying groans; and wheeling round,
Her ſilver birds directs to that ſad ſound:
But when ſhe ſaw him weltring in his Gore;
Down jumping from the skies, at once ſhe tore
Her hair and boſom: then her breaſt invades
With bitter blows; and Deſtiny upbraids.
Not all, ſaid ſhe, is ſubject to your waſt:
Our ſorrows monument ſhall ever laſt.

Sweet

Sweet Boy! thy deaths ſad image, every year
Shall in our ſolemniz'd complaints appear.
But be thy bloud a Flower. Had *Proſerpine*
The power to change a Nymph to Mint? is mine
Inferiour? or will any envy me
For ſuch a change? This having utter'd, ſhe
Pour'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant ſmell,
Sprinkled therewith; the bloud began to ſwell;
Like ſhining bubbles, which from drops aſcend.
And e're an hour was fully at an end,
From thence a Flower, alike in colour, roſe:
Such as thoſe trees produce, whoſe fruits incloſe
Within the limber rind their purple grains,
And yet their beauty but a while remains;
For thoſe light-hanging leaves infirmly plac'd,
The winds that blow on all things, quickly blaſt.

OVID'S

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent chang'd to Stone: Rough barks infold
The cruel Bacchanals. *To Starving Gold*
All turns at Midas *touch: His body laves*
In clear Pactolus, *whose enriched waves*
Wash off his gold and gilt; and Asses ears
His folly shame: the whisp'red Secret bears
Like sounding Reeds. Apollo, *and the Guide*
Of sacred Seas, in humane shapes reside.
Forc'd Thetis *varies forms.* Dædalion
To a Falcon turn'd. A Wolf congeal'd to Stone,
Morpheus *to mortals,* Phobetor *to Brutes,*
And Phantasus *to shapes inanimate Sutes.*
Transform'd Halcyone *and* Ceyx *fly.*
So Æsacus, *who vainly strives to die.*

THus while the *Thracian* Poet with his songs
Beasts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following throngs:
Behold, *Ciconian* Dames (their furious breasts
Clad with the spotted skins of salvage beasts)
The sacred Singer from an hill espy'd,
As he his ditty to his Harp apply'd;
Of these, one cry'd, and toss'd her staring hair;
Lo he who hates our Sex! then threw her spear
At his melodious mouth; which Ivy-bound,
Hit his affected lips without a wound.

Another

Another hurls a ſtone; this, as it flew,
His voice and Harps according tunes ſubdue:
Which ſelf-accus'd for ſuch a rude aſſay,
Before his feet, as in ſubmiſſion lay:
Raſh violence, the mean exil'd, increaſt:
And mad *Erynnis* reign'd in every breaſt.
His ſongs had all their weapons charm'd, if noiſe
Of *Berecynthian* ſhalms, clapt hands, loud cries,
Drums, howling *Bacchanals*, with frantick ſound
Had not his all-appeaſing muſick drown'd.
The ſtones then bluſh with ſilenc'd *Orpheus* bloud.
But firſt on raviſht beaſts that liſtning ſtood,
On Fowl, and Serpents, they their ſpite infer;
And raze the glory of his Theater.
Then all with cruel hands about him fly:
And flock like birds, when they by day eſpy
The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,
In th' Amphitheater now made a prey
To eager hounds: ſo they together flung
Their leavy ſpears, not fram'd for ſuch a wrong;
Some clods, ſome arms of trees, ſome ſtones let fly,
And leſt wild Rage ſhould weapons want, hard by,
By chance ſlow Oxen drew the furrowing ploughs;
And Swains, providing food with ſweating brows,
Dig'd with their brawny arms: who fear-inclin'd,
Before them fled, and left their tools behind.
Their mattocks, Rakes, and Spades diſperſed lay
About the empty fields: theſe ſnatcht away,
(The ploughs from threatning Oxen torn) their hate
Hurries them back unto the Poets fate.
Him, holding up his hands, who then in vain
Firſt ſpent his breath, nor pity could obtain,
That Rout of ſacrilegious Furies ſlew!
Even through that mouth (O *Jupiter!*) which drew
From ſtones attention, which affection bred
In Salvage beaſts, his forced ſpirits fled!
Sad birds, wild herds, hard flints, and woods, of late
Led by thy verſe, then wept: at thy ſad fate
Trees ſhed their leaves; ſtreams with their tears increaſt.
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* inveſt
Themſelves in ſullen ſable, and diſplay
Their ſcattered hair. Thy limbs diſperſed lay.
His head and harp they into *Hebrus* flung,
The harp ſounds ſomething ſadly; the dead tongue
Sighs

Sighs out ſad ditties: the banks ſympathize
(That bound the River) in their ſad replies.
Now then to Sea their native current bore;
Both caſt upon *Methymnian Lesbos* ſhoar.
A Dragon on the foreign ſand prepares
To ſeize his head, and lick his dropping hairs.
When gaping to devour the Hymniſts face,
Phœbus deſcends; and in that very ſpace,
Into a ſtone converts him by his power,
With jaws extended ready to devour.
His Ghoſt retires to under-ſhades: once more
He ſees, and knows, what he had ſeen before.
Then through th' *Elyſian* fields among the bleſt
Seeks his *Euridice*. Now re-poſſeſt
With ſtrict imbraces, guided by one mind,
They walk together: oft he comes behind,
Oft goes before: now *Orpheus* ſafely may
His following *Euridice* ſurvey.
Yet *Bacchus* renders vengeance for their hate.
Who vexed at his Prophets cruel fate,
Fixt all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by
With ſpreading roots; and who more eagerly
Purſu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew
Within the ſolid earth, which downward grew.
And even as fowl, whoſe feet intangled are
Within the ſubtil fowlers ſecret ſnare,
Become by fearfull fluttering faſter bound,
So, each of theſe, now cleaving to the ground,
With terrour ſtruggle to eſcape in vain;
For faſter-binding roots their flight reſtrain.
One, looking for her nails, her toes, her feet:
Behold, her twining legs in timber meet:
In paſſion, thinking to have ſtruck her thighs,
She ſtrikes her breaſts, hard Oak her breaſts ſupplies;
Her ſhoulders ſuch: her arms appear to grow
In natural branches; and indeed did ſo.
Nor thus content, their fields *Lyæus* leaves:
Whom *Tmolus*, with a better troop receives,
And ſwift *Pactolus*, who did then infold
No precious ſands nor grains of envi'd gold.
Satyres and *Bacchanals* to him repair,
His uſual train: *Silenus* then not there,
Him erſt the *Phrygian* Rurals reeling found
With age and wine; and now, with Ivy crown'd,

To

To *Midas* bring, whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
When known to be his partner in those Rites;
Full twice five daies, with their succeeding nights,
He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.
Eleven times *Lucifer* the stars suppreſt:
When, with mild mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;
And to the God his foster-father yields.
He in his safe return doth much rejoice:
Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choice.
For, will'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch
Convert to gold. His ignorance was such.
Forthwith to him his wish *Lyæus* gives:
And at his folly not a little grieves.
But in his curse the *Berecynthian* joys:
And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tries.
Scarce trusting his own sense, a tree bereaves
Of slender boughs; they shone with golden leaves.
Takes up a stone; that stone pale gold became:
Takes up a clod; the clod presents the same:
Crops stalks of corn; these yield a sheaf of gold:
An Apple pulls; therein you might behold
Th' *Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone
The marble pillars with rich metal shone.
And when he washt; that water, showr'd in rain,
Might simple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.
His breast scarce holds his hopes; whose fancy wrought
On golden wonders: when his servants brought
Meat to the table. Sooner had not he
Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prov'd to be
A shining mass: the carved viands straight
Between his greedy teeth convert to plate.
About to drink mixt wine; you might behold
His thirsty jaws o're-flow with liquid gold.
Struck with so strange a plague: (both rich and poor;)
He hates, and shuns the wealth he wisht before.
His plenty feeds him not; he burns with thirst:
By loathed gold deservedly accurst.
Then lifting up his shining arms, thus pray'd:
Father *Lenæus*, O, afford thy aid!
I have offended; pity thou, and me
From this so glorious a mischief free:
The gentle power the penitent restor'd:
And for his faith, affords what he implor'd.

Left

Left ill-wiſht gold about him ſtill abide;
Go, ſaid he, to thoſe Cryſtal ſtreams that glide
By potent *Sardis*: keep the banks that lead
Along th'encountring Current to his head.
There, where the guſhing fountain foams, dive in:
And, with thy body, waſh away thy ſin.
The King obeys: who in the fountain leaves
That golden virtue, which the Spring receives.
And ſtill thoſe ancient ſeeds theſe waters hold:
Who gild their ſhoars with glittering grains of gold.
He, hating wealth, in woods and fields beſtows
His time with *Pan*; whom mountain Caves incloſe.
Yet his croſs wit remains: his ſhallow brain,
And ſottiſh ſenſes puniſh him again.
High *Tmolus* with a ſteep aſcent diſplays
His rigid brows, and under-ſeas ſurveys:
Whoſe ſtretcht-out baſes here to *Sardis* join;
There to *Hypæpis*, girt in ſmall confine.
Where boaſting *Pan*, while he his verſe doth praiſe
To tender Nymphs, and pipes to rural lays,
Before *Apollo*'s durſt his ſongs prefer.
They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.
Th'old Judge on his own Mountains ſits; and clears
His ears from trees: alone a garland wears
Of Oak, with Acorns dangling on his brow.
Who thus beſpake the God of Shepherds, Now
Your Judge attends. He blows his wax-bound reeds,
And *Midas* fancy with rude numbers feeds.
Then ſacred *Tmolus* to divine *Apollo*,
Converts his looks: his words his motion follow.
He, his long yellow hair with Laurel bound,
Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that ſwept the ground,
A Viol holds, with ſparkling gems inchas'd,
And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right hand grac'd.
A perfect Artiſt ſhew'd. Then ſweetly play'd,
When *Tmolus*, raviſht with his muſick, ſaid,
Pan to the Viol yield thy ruder reed.
All like of what the Mountain had decreed,
But *Midas* onely; whoſe exclaims traduce
The Cenſure. *Phœbus* for this groſs abuſe
Transforms his ears, his folly to declare:
Stretcht out in length, and cover'd with gray hair:
Inſtable, and now apt to move. The reſt
The former figure of a man poſſeſt.

Puniſht

Punisht in that offending part; who bears
Upon his skull a slow-pac'd Asses ears.
He strives to cover such a foul defame:
And with a red *Tiara* hides his shame.
But this his servant saw that cut his hair:
Who big with secrets, neither durst declare
His Soveraigns seen deformity, nor yet
Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit;
And therein softly whispers his disgrace:
Then turning in the earth forsook the place.
A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there grows;
Which coming to maturity, discloses
The husbandman: and by soft South-winds blown
Repeat his words, and his Lords ears make known.
Reveng'd *Apollo*, leaving *Tmolus*, flies
Through liquid air; and on the Land which lies
On that side *Helles* straightned surges stands:
Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.
Between *Rhœteum* and *Sygeum* stood
An ancient Altar, high above the floud,
Vow'd to the *Panomphæan* Thunderer:
From whence he saw the King begin to rear
New *Troy*'s scarce-founded walls; with what adoe,
And with how great a charge they slowly grew.
Who, with the father of the swelling Main,
Indues a Mortal shape: both entertain
Themselves for unregarded gold to build
The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That work fulfill'd;
The king their promised reward denies:
And falsehood by forswearing multiplies.
Revengefull *Neptune* his wild waves unbound;
Which all the shoars of greedy *Ilium* drown'd,
And make the Land a Lake: the Country Swain
His labour lost beneath that liquid Plain.
Besides, the daughter of the King demands:
Who chained to a Rock, exposed stands
To feed a Monster of the Sea; set free
By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He
The horses of *Laomedon* enjoy;
His valours hire: who sacks twice perjur'd *Troy*;
And gives his fellow-Souldier *Telamon*
Hesione: for *Peleus* now had won
A Deity; nor in his Grandfather
Took greater pride, then in his Sire by her.

For

For *Jupiter* had nephews more then one:
But he a Goddeſs had eſpous'd alone.
For aged *Proteus* had fore-told the truth
To wave-wet *Thetis*: thou ſhalt bear a Youth,
Greater then him, from whom he took his birth,
In arms and fame. Leſt any thing on earth
Should be more great then *Jove*, *Jove* ſhuns the bed
Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
His ſtrong deſires: who bids *Æacides*
Succeed his love, and wed the Queen of Seas.
A Bay within *Æmonia* lies, that bends
Much like an arch, and far-ſtretcht arms extends:
Which were, if deep, an harbour lockt by land;
Where ſhallow Seas o're-ſpred the yellow ſand.
The ſolid ſhoar (whereon no Sea-weed grows)
Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing ſhows.
Hard by, a Myrtle grove affords a ſhade:
In this, a Cave; rather, though doubtfull, made
By Art then Nature: hither *Thetis* ſwims
On Dolphins back, here laid her naked limbs.
In this the ſleeping Goddeſs *Peleus* caught:
Who, when ſhe could not by his words be wrought,
Attempts to force, and claſpt her in his arms.
And, had ſhe not aſſum'd her uſual charms
In varying ſhapes, he had his will obtain'd;
Now turns t' a fowl, yet he her flight reſtrain'd:
Now ſeems a maſſie tree adorn'd with leaves;
Cloſe to the bole th' enamour'd *Peleus* cleaves.
A ſpotted Tygreſs ſhe preſents at laſt:
When he, with terrour ſtruck, his arms unclaſpt:
Who pouring wine on Seas, thoſe Gods implores;
And with perfumes and ſacrifice adores:
Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,
And ſaid; *Æacides*, enjoy her bed.
Do thou but bind her in her next ſurprize,
When in her cold moiſt cave ſhe ſleeping lies:
And though ſhe take a thouſand ſhapes, let none
Diſmay; but hold, till ſhe reſume her own.
This *Proteus* ſaid, and div'd to the Profound:
His latter word in his own waters drown'd.
Now haſty *Titan* to *Heſperian* Seas
Deſcends; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to eaſe,
Forſook the floud, and to her Cave repair'd.
No ſooner ſhe by *Peleus* was inſnar'd;

But forthwith varies forms; until she found
Her virgin-limbs within his fetters bound.
Then, spreading forth her arms, She sighing said,
Thou hast subdu'd by some immortal aid:
Appears her self; nor his embrace repel'd;
Whose pregnant womb with great *Achilles* swel'd.
Happy was *Pelew* in his son and wife:
And had not *Phocus* murther soil'd his life,
All fortunate. With brothers bloud defil'd,
Thee *Thracia* harbours, from thy home exil'd.
Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigour, reign'd;
The son of *Lucifer*; whose looks retain'd
His fathers lustre: then disconsolate,
Nor like himself for his lost brothers fate.
Hither, with travel tir'd, and clog'd with cares,
The banisht with a slender train repairs:
His flocks and herds, with men for their defence,
Left in a shady vale not far from thence.
Conducted to his royal presence, He
With Olive brancht, down bending to his knee,
His name and birth declares: the murther masks
With forged cause of flight: a dwelling asks
In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies;
Our hospitable bounty open lies
To men of vulgar rank: what owes it then
To your high spirit, so renown'd by men
Of monumental praise? whose bloud extracts
His source from *Jove*, improved by your acts?
To sue, is times abuse: your worth assures
Your full desires; of all, the choice is yours:
I wish it better. And then wept. The cause
Jove's Nephew asks: when, after a short pause;
Perhaps you think this Bird which lives by rape,
To all a terrour, ever had that shape.
He was a man; as constant in his mind
As fierce in war, to great attempts inclin'd.
Dædalion nam'd; sprung from that Star which wakes
The dewy Morn; the last that heaven forsakes.
Affected peace I foster'd, with the rites
Of nuptial joys: he joy'd in bloudy fights.
His valour Kingdoms with their Kings subdu'd;
By whom the *Thisbian* Doves are now pursu'd.
His daughter *Chione*, whose beauty drew
A thousand sutors, ripe for marriage grew.

By fortune *Phœbus* and the ſon of *Maia*
From *Delphos*, and *Cyllene*, came this way:
Here meeting, look, and like. The God of Light
Defers his joy-imbracing hopes till night.
Hermes ill-brooks delay: who on her laid
His drowzy rod, and forc'd the ſleepy Maid.
Night ſpangs the skies with ſtars. An old-wives ſhape
Apollo took, and ſeconds *Hermes* rape.
Now when the fulneſs of her time drew nigh,
Autolichus was born to *Mercury*.
Nor from the Sire the Son degenerates,
Cunning in theft, and wily in all ſleights:
Who could with ſubtilty deceive the ſight;
Converting white to black, and black to white.
To *Phœbus* (for ſhe bears two ſons) belongs
Philammon, famous for his harp, and ſongs.
What is't t' have had two ſons? two Gods t' inflame
A valiant father? *Jupiter* the ſame?
Is glory fatal? ſure 'twas ſo to her:
Who to *Diana*'s durſt her face confer,
And blame her beauty. With a cruel look,
She ſaid; Our deeds ſhall right us. Forthwith to o
Her bow, and bent it; which ſhe ſtrongly drew;
And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.
It bleeds; of ſpeech and ſound at once bereft:
And life, with bloud, her falling body left.
What grief (O piety!) oppreſt my heart!
What ſaid I not, t' aſſwage my brothers ſmart!
Who hears me ſo, as rocks the roaring waves
That beat their brows; and for his Daughter raves.
But when he ſaw her burn, four times aſſail'd
To ſack the flamy Pile: as often fail'd.
Then turns his heels to flight (much like a Bull
By Hornets ſtung) whom ſcratching brambles pull;
Yet ſeem'd to run far faſter then a man,
As if his feet had wings; and all out-ran.
Who ſwift in chaſe of wiſhed death, aſcends
Parnaſſus top. As he his body bends
To jump from down-right cliffs, compaſſionate
Apollo, with light wings, prevents his fate:
With beak and tallons arm'd; with ſtrength repleat
Above his ſize: his courage ſtill as great.
This Falcon, friend to none, all fowl purſu'th:
And grieving, is the cauſe of common ruth.

As *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates:
Phocean Anetor ruſheth through the gates;
(Who kept the Herd) and cri'd (half out of breath)
Pelem, I bring thee news of loſs and death.
Report, ſaid *Pelem*, we are bent to bear
The worſt of fortunes. While the King with fear
Hangs on his tongue. He panting, ſtill afeard:
To winding ſhoars we drave the weary Herd.
When *Phœbus* from the height of all the skie,
The Eaſt and Weſt beheld with equal eye.
A part on yellow ſands their limbs diſplay,
And from their reſt the wavy fields ſurvey:
While other ſlowly wander here and there:
Some ſwim in Seas, and lofty fore-heads rear.
A Fane, undeckt with gold, or *Parean* ſtone,
Of blocks adjoins; within a grove o're-grown.
This the *Nereides* and *Nerem* hold:
By Sea-men, who there dri'd their nets, ſo told.
Near it, a Mariſh, thick with Sallow, ſtood;
Made plaſhy by the interchanging floud.
A Wolf, a monſtrous beaſt; with hideous noiſe
That frights the confines from thoſe thickets flies.
His lightning jaws with bloud and foam beſmear'd:
In whoſe red eyes two darting flames appear'd.
Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
More greedy far: nor hunger ſeeks t' aſſwage
With bloud of Beeves, and ſo ſurceaſe; but all
He meets with, wounds; inſulting in their fall.
Nor few of us, while we his force withſtood,
Fell by his cruel phangs. The ſhoar with bloud,
With bloud the Sea-brim bluſht, and bellowing Lakes.
Delay is loſs; who doubts; himſelf forſakes.
Arm, arm, while ſomething yet is left to loſe:
And joining force, this mortal plague oppoſe.
The Herdſman ends. Nor did this loſs incenſe
Æacides; remembring his offence:
Born, as the juſtice of ſad *Pſamathe*,
To celebrate her *Phocus* Obſequie.
The King commands his men to arm: provides
To goin perſon. Buſie rumour guides
This to *Alcyone*: her paſſion bare
Her ſwiftly thither; running with her hair
Half uncompos'd; and, that diſordering, clung
About her neck: then weeps; and with a tongue

That

That ſcarce could ſpeak, intreats, that they alone
Might go; nor hazard both their lives in one.
To whom *Æacides* : Fair Queen forbear
(Too much your bounty flows) your vertuous fear.
No force avails in ſuch extreams as theſe :
'Tis pray'r that muſt the Sea-thron'd Power appeaſe.
A lofty Tower within a fortreſs ſtood ;
A friend to wandring ſhips that plow the floud ;
They this aſcend ; and ſighing, ſee the ſhoar
With cattel ſtrew'd ; the Spoiler drencht in gore.
Here *Pelem* fixt on Seas, with knees that bend,
Blue *Pſamathe* implores, at length to end.
The juſtice of her wrath. She from his ſpeech
Diverts her ears : till *Thetis* did beſeech,
And got her husband's pardon : nor yet could
The ſalvage Wolf from thirſt of bloud withhold ;
Till ſhe the beaſt, as he an Heifer ſlew,
Tranſform'd to Marble ; differing but in hue :
All elſe intire. The colour of the ſtone
Shews him no Wolf : now terrible to none.
Yet fate would not permit *Æacides*
To harbour here ; nor found in exile eaſe ;
Till at *Magneſia*, in an happy time
Acaſtus purg'd him from his bloudy crime.
Mean-while perplext with former prodigies,
Both of his niece and brother ; to adviſe
With ſacred Oracles, the joys of men,
Ceyx prepares for *Claros*. *Phorbas* then,
With his *Phlegian* hoſt, alike prophane,
The paſſage ſtopt to *Delphian Phœbus* Fane.
Yet firſt to thee his ſecret purpoſe told,
Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold
Shot through her bones : her changing face appears
As pale as box, bedewed with her tears.
Thrice ſtrove to ſpeak, thrice weeps through dear con-
Sobs interrupting her divine complaint. (ſtraint ;
What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind :
Where is that love that late ſo clearly ſhin'd ?
Canſt thou thy ſelf enjoy, from me remov'd ?
Do long waies pleaſe ? is now my abſence lov'd ?
Yet didſt thou go by land, I ſhould alone
Grieve without fear : now both combine in one.
Seas fright me with their tragical aſpect :
Of late I ſaw them on the ſhoar eject

There ſcattered wracks: and often have I read
Sad names on ſepulchres that want their dead.
Nor let falſe hopes thy confidency pleaſe;
In that my father, great *Hippotades*,
The ſtrugling winds in rocky caverns keeps,
And at his pleaſure calms the raging Deeps.
They, once broke looſe, ſubmit to no command;
But rage through all the Sea, on all the Land;
Perplex the clouds, with ſtern encounters roar,
And ſtrike forth flames. I fear, by knowledge, more.
Theſe knew I, and oft ſaw their rude comport;
While yet a Girl, within my fathers Court:
But if my prayer no favour can procure;
And that, alas, thy going be too ſure;
Take me along: let both one fortune bear;
Then ſhall I onely what I ſuffer fear.
Together ſail we on the toiling Main:
And equally whatever hap ſuſtain.
Thus ſpake *Alcyone*: whoſe ſorrows melt
Her ſtar-like Spouſe; nor he leſs paſſion felt.
Yet neither would his firſt intent forſake,
Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
Much ſaid he to aſſwage her troubled breſt:
As much in vain. This adds unto the reſt,
(Which anſwer onely could her paſſion tame)
All ſtay is irkſom; by my father's Flame,
I ſwear, if fate permit, return I will
E're twice the Moon her ſhining Creſcents fill.
Reviv'd with promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay:
He bids them launch the ſhip without delay,
And fit her tacklings. This renews her fears;
Preſaging ill ſucceſs: abortive tears
Flow from their Springs; then kiſt; a ſad farewel,
Long firſt, at length ſhe takes; and ſwooning, fell.
The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks
Reduce their oars, up-riſing from their Banks
With equal ſtrokes. She rears her humid eyes,
And firſt her husband on the poop eſpies
Shaking his hand: that, anſwers. Now from ſhoar
The veſſel drives, and thence her object bore.
Her following eyes the flying ſhip purſue:
That loſt, the ſails her eager gazes drew.
When all had left her, to her chamber goes;
And on the empty bed her body throws:

The bed and place, with tears to mind recal
That abſent part, which gave eſteem to all.
Now far from Port; the winds began to blow
On quivering ſhrouds; their Oars the Sailers ſtow:
Then hoiſe their Yards a trip, and all their ſails
At once let fall to catch th' approaching gales.
The ſhip ſcarce half her courſe, or ſure no more,
By this had run; far off from either ſhoar;
When, deep in night; fierce *Eurus* ſtiffly blew,
And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamy grew.
Strike, ſtrike the Top-ſail, let the Main-ſhear fly,
And furl your Sails, the Maſter cri'd; his cry
The bluſtring winds and roaring Seas ſuppreſs:
Yet of their own accord in this diſtreſs
They ply their tasks: ſome ſieling yards beſtride
And take in Sails; ſome ſtop on either ſide
The yawning leaks; ſome Seas on Seas eject.
While thus Diſorder toils to ſmall effect,
The bitter ſtorm augments; the wild winds wage
War from all parts, and join with *Neptune*'s rage.
The Maſter, loſt in terrour, neither knew
The ſtate of things, what to command, or do;
Confeſſing ignorance; ſo huge a maſs
Of ills oppreſs! which ſlighted Art ſurpaſs.
Loud cries of men reſound; with ratling ſhrouds,
Flouds juſtling flouds, and thunder-craſhing clouds.
Now toſſing Seas appear to touch the ſky,
And wrap their curls in clouds, froth with their ſpry:
The ſand now from the bottom lave, and take
Their ſwarter die; now black, as *Stygian* lake;
Sometimes depreſt, with hiſſing foam all white,
The *Trachin* ſhip ſuch horrid changes fright.
Which now, as from a mountain rockt with flaws,
Views under-vales, and *Acheron*'s dark jaws:
Now head-long with the tumbling billows fell;
And Heaven ſurveys from that low depth of Hell.
Her wave-beat ſides an hideous noiſe report:
As when a battering Ram beats down a Fort.
As chafed Lions, whom no terrours fright,
Ruſh on extended ſteel with horrid might:
So Seas invade with ſtorm-imbatled power
The ſhips defence; and o're her hatches tower.
Her yielding planks now ſpring: ſtern *Neptune* raves,
Charging her breaches with his deadly waves,

The prodigal clouds in ſhowers their ſubſtance ſpend.
Ambitious Seas to gloomy heaven aſcend:
All heaven deſcending to the lofty Main:
At leaſt ſo ſeem. Sails ſuck the falling rain;
Show'rs join with floods. No friendly ſtar now ſhone
Blind Night in darkneſs, tempeſts, and her own
Dread terrours loſt: theſe horrid lightning turns
To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burns.
Now vaulting floods her upper deck oppreſt.
And as a Souldier, braver then the reſt,
Tempting to ſcale the walls with loſs aſſaies,
At length enjoys his hopes; and ſpur'd with praiſe,
Among a thouſand onely ſtands the ſhock:
So, while aſſailing waves the veſſel rock,
The tenth bold billow ruſheth in, nor ſinks
Until the ſhip beneath his fury ſhrinks.
Th'ſe Seas, without, the labouring bark aſſail:
Theſe ſack her hold. All tremble and look pale;
As at a ſiege, when foes enforce a wall;
While ſome within to execution fall.
Art fails, hearts ſink: on every riſing wave
Death ſits in triumph: and preſents a grave.
He weeps; he ſtands amaz'd; he calls them bleſt,
Whom funerals grace: he vows to heaven addreſt,
Looking at what he ſees not, and beſought
The Gods in vain: he on his parents thought,
His children, houſe, and what he left behind.
Alcyone poſſeſt all *Ceyx* mind;
Her onely names; now in her abſence joy'd,
Whoſe preſence was in heaven: and had employ'd
His eyes laſt duty, to deſcry the way
To her abode, but knew not where it lay.
The giddy Seas ſo whirl, ſuch pitchy clouds
Obſcure the ſky, Night two-fold darkneſs ſhrouds.
Loud-howling whirlwinds over-board now bore
The ſhivered Maſt; and now the Rudder tore.
A bill'w, with theſe ſpoils encourag'd, raves;
Who Victor-like contemns the under-waves:
Nor lighter falls, then if ſome God had torn
Pindus and *Athos* from their roots, up-born
As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Main.
Nor could the ſhip ſuch force and weight ſuſtain:
But to the bottom ſinks. Moſt of her men
The Seas infold; who never ſeen again,

Acco

Accomplished their fates: while others swim
On scattered planks, a plank upholding him
Who late a Scepter held. His father-in-law,
And father, now invokes: but could not draw
(Alas!) from either succour. Still his Wife
Runs in his thoughts, in that short span of life
He wisht the waves would cast him on the sands
Of *Trachin*, to be buried by her hands.
Who swimming, sighs *Alcyone* her name
His last of speech; in Seas conceives the same.
Behold, an arch of waters, black as hell,
Asunder breaks: the breaking surges quell
Their sinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night
Became obscure; nor could you see his light,
And since he might not render up his place,
With pitchy clouds immur'd his darkned face.
Mean-while *Alcyone* (his fate unknown)
Computes the tedious nights; by day wrought on
A garment for her Lord; another makes
To wear her self: whose flattering hope mistakes
In his return. Who holy fumes presents
To all the Gods; but most of all frequents
The Fane of *Juno*: at her altars pray'd
For him that was not. Grant success! (she said)
A quick return! Give he our right to none!
Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.
The melting Goddess could no longer brook
Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar shook
Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* spake:
Haste faithfull Messenger, thy journey take
To drowzy *Sleep*'s dim palace: bid him send
A dream, that may present the wofull end
Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This said;
She, in a thousand-coloured robe array'd,
Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends:
And in a cloud to his abode descends.
Near the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in steep
And hollow hills; the Mansion of dull *Sleep*:
Not seen by *Phœbus* when he mounts the skies,
At height, nor stooping: gloomy mists arise
From humid earth, which still a twilight make:
No crested fowls shrill crowings here awake
The chearfull Morn: no barking Sentinel
Here guards; nor geese, who wakefull dogs excel.

Beasts tame, nor salvage; no wind-shaken boughs,
Nor strife of jarring tongues, with noises rouze
Secured Ease. Yet from the Rock a Spring,
With streams of *Lethe* softly murmuring,
Purls on the Pebbles, and invites Repose.
Before the Entry pregnant Poppy grows,
With numerous Simples; from whose juicy birth
Night gathers sleep, and sheds it on the Earth.
No doors here on their creeking hinges jar'd:
Throughout this Court there was no door, nor guard.
Amid the *Heben* Cave a downy bed
High-mounted stands, with sable coverings spred.
Here lay the lazy God, dissolv'd in rest.
Fantastick dreams, who various forms expresst,
About him lay: then Autumn's ears far more;
Or leaves of trees, or sands on *Neptune*'s shoar.
The Virgin entring, parts the obvious Dreams:
And fills the sacred Concave with the beams
Of her bright robe. The God with strife disjoins
His sieled lids; again his head declines,
And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon
Sleep casts off sleep; and softly leaning on
His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
She thither came? when *Iris* made reply;
Thou Rest of things, most meek of all the Gods;
O Sleep, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes
Care ever flies; restoring the decay
Of toil-tir'd limbs to labour-burd'ning Day:
Send thou a Dream, resembling truth, in post
T' *Herculean Trachis*; that like *Ceyx* Ghost,
May to *Alcyone* his wrack unfold,
Saturnia this commands. Her message told,
Iris withdrew; who could the power of Sleep
Resist no longer. When she found it creep
Upon her yielding senses, thence she flies:
And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
The Sire among a thousand sons, excites
Shape-feigning *Morpheus*: of whose brother Sprights
None (bid t' assume) with subtler cunning can
Usurp the gesture, visage, voice of man,
His habit, and known phrase. He onely takes
An humane form: Another shews a Snakes,
A Birds, a Beasts. This *Icelos* they call,
Whom heaven imbow'r; though *Phobetor* by all

Of mortal birth. Next *Phantaſus*; but he,
Of different faculty indues a tree.
Earth, water, ſtone, the ſeveral ſhapes of things
That life enjoy not. Theſe appear to Kings,
And Princes in deep night: the reſt among
The vulgar ſtray. Of all the airy throng
Their aged father onely *Morpheus* choſe
To act *Thaumantia*'s charge. His eyes then cloſe
Their drowzy lids, and hanging down his head,
Oppreſt with ſlumber, ſhrinks into his bed.
His noiſleſs wings by night ſly *Morpheus* ſtrains;
And with the ſwiftneſs of a thought, attains
Th' *Æmonian* towers; then laid them by, and took
The form of *Ceyx*. With a pallid look
He naked ſtood, like one depriv'd of life,
Before the bed of his unhappy Wife:
His beard all wet, the hair upon his head
With water dropt; who leaning on her bed,
Thus ſpake; while tears from ſeeming paſſion flow.
Doſt thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
Or am I chang'd in death? look on the Loſt;
And for thy husband thou ſhalt ſee his Ghoſt.
Thy pious prayers no favour could obtain:
Lo, I am drown'd, no longer hope in vain.
Cloud-cruthing South-winds in *Ægæum* caught
Our raviſht ſhip, and wrackt her with her fraught.
My voice the flouds oppreſt, while on thy name
I vainly call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
Nor doubtfull authour tells: this I relate,
I, that there periſht by untimely fate.
Ariſe, weep, put on black: not undeplor'd
For pity ſend me to the *Stygian* Ford.
To this he adds a voice, ſuch as ſhe knew
Expreſt her Lord's; with tears appearing true,
And geſture of his hand. She ſigh'd and wept;
Stretcht out her arms t' imbrace him as ſhe ſlept,
But claſpt the empty air. Then cri'd, O ſtay!
Ah, whither wilt thou! Let us go one way.
Wak'd with his voice, and husband's ghoſt; with fear
She looks about for that which was not there.
For now the maids, rais'd with her ſhrieks, had brought
A taper in. Not finding what ſhe ſought,
She ſtrikes her cheeks, her nightly linnen tare,
Invades her breaſt; nor ſtays t' unbind her hair,

But

But tugs it off. Her nurſe the cauſe demands
Of ſuch a violence. She wrings her hands,
And in the paſſion of her grief repli'd;
There's no *Alcyone*; none, none! ſhe di'd
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
All ſounds of comfort. Theſe, theſe eyes did ſee
My ſhipwrackt Lord: I knew him; and my hands
Thruſt forth t'have held him, but no mortal bands
Could force his ſtay. A Ghoſt: yet manifeſt:
My husband's Ghoſt: which, O but ill expreſt
His form and beauty, late divinely rare!
Now pale, and naked, with yet-dropping hair.
Here ſtood the miſerable; in this place:
Here, here (and ſought his airy ſteps to trace.)
O this my ſad miſ-giving ſoul divin'd;
When thou forſook'ſt me to purſue the wind.
But ſince imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
Had put to Sea: an happy fate for me!
Then both together all the time aſſign'd
For life had liv'd; nor in our death disjoin'd.
Now here, I periſht there: on that Profound
Poor I was wrackt: yet thou without me drown'd.
O I, then flouds more cruel; ſhould I ſtrive
To lengthen life, and ſuch a grief ſurvive!
Nor will I, nor forſake thee, nor defer.
Though one Urn hold not both, one ſepulcher
Shall join our titles: though thy bones from mine
The Seas diſſever, yet our names ſhall join.
Grief chok'd the reſt. Sobs every accent part:
And ſighs aſcend from her aſtoniſht heart.
Day ſprings: She to the ſhoar addreſt her haſt,
Even to that place from whence ſhe ſaw him laſt.
And while ſhe ſadly utters, Here he ſtai'd;
Here parting kiſt me; from thence anchour weigh'd;
While ſhe ſuch ſighs recalls; her ſteady eyes
Fixt on a Sea, far off ſhe ſomething ſpies;
But knows not what: yet like a corſe. Firſt ſhe
Doth doubt: driven nearer (though not near) might ſee
A body plainly. Though unknown, yet much
The Omen mov'd her, ſince his fate was ſuch.
Poor wretch, who e're thou art; and ſuch (ſhe ſaid)
Thy Wife (if wed) by thee a widow made!
By flouds driven nearer; the more near, the more
Her ſpirits faint: now nigh th' adjoining ſhoar.

She

She ſees now what ſhe knows; her husband's Corſe.
Woe's me! 'tis He, ſhe cries! at once by force
Her face, hair, habit: trembling hands extends
To ſoul-leſs *Ceyx*, and then ſaid: Here ends
My laſt of hopes: thus, O then life more dear;
O Husband, thus return'ſt thou! Art a Peer
Had ſtretcht into the ſurges; which with-ſtood,
Which brake the firſt incurſion of the floud:
Thither forthwith (O wonderfull!) ſhe ſprings;
Beating the paſſive air with new-grown wings,
Who, now a bird, the waters ſummit rakes:
About ſhe flies, and full of ſorrow, makes
A mournfull noiſe; lamenting her divorce:
Anon ſhe toucht his dumb and bloudleſs Corſe;
With ſtretching wings imbrac't her periſht bliſs;
And gave his colder lips a heatleſs kiſs.
Whether he felt it, or the flouds his look
Up-rais'd, the vulgar doubt: yet ſure he took
Senſe from her touch. The Gods commiſerate:
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As late, they love: their nuptial faiths they ſhew,
Now little birds; engender, parents grew.
Seven Winter daies with peacefull calms poſſeſt,
Alcyon ſits upon her floating neſt.
Then ſafely ſail; then *Æolis* incaves
For his, the winds, and ſmoothes the ſtooping waves.
Some old man ſeeing theſe their pinions move
O're broad-ſpread Seas, extolls their endleſs love.
By theirs, a neighbour, or himſelf, revives
Another's fate. Yon' ſable fowl that dives;
(And therewith ſhews the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
Of royal parentage may alſo vant.
Whoſe anceſtors from *Tros* their branches ſpred;
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, *Joves Ganymed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the laſt
That reign'd in *Troy*: to *Hector* (who ſurpaſt
In fortitude) a brother. If by power
Of Fate unchanged in his youths firſt flower,
He might perhaps as great a name have won,
Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughter's ſon.
For *Alixothoe*, a countrey Maid,
Bare *Æſacus* by ſtealth in *Idas* ſhade.
He, hating Cities, and the diſcontents
Of glittering Courts; the lonely Woods frequents.

And

And unambitious fields; but made repair
To *Ilium* rarely: yet, he debonair,
Not unexpugnable to love. Who 'spi'd
Eperia, oft desir'd, by *Cebren*'s side
(Her fathers river) drying in the Sun
Her flowing hair. Away the Nymph did run,
Swift as a frighted Hind the Wolf at hand;
Or like a fearfull fowl thrust over-land
Beneath a Falcon. He pursues the chace:
Fear wings her feet, and love enforc't his pace.
Behold; a lurking Viper in this strife,
Seiz'd on her heel; suppressing flight with life.
Frantick, his trembling arms the dead include:
Who cri'd, Alas that ever I pursu'd!
I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
Worth such a loss. Ah me! two, one destroy.
They wound the Serpent. I th' occasion gave:
I, O more wicked; yet thy death shall have
My life for satisfaction. Therewith flung
His body from a cliff which over-hung
The undermining Seas. His falling limbs
Upheld by *Tethys* pity; as he swims
With feathers cloth'd, nor power of dying gives.
To be compell'd, to live the Lover grieves:
Disdaining that his soul, so well apaid
To leave her wretched seat, should thus be staid.
And mounting on new wings, again on Seas
His body throws: the fall his feathers ease.
With that, enrag'd, into the deep he dives:
And still to drown himself as vainly strives.
Love makes him lean. A long neck doth sustain
His sable head; long-jointed legs remain.
Nor ever the affected Seas forsakes;
And now a suted name from diving takes.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Snake-like Stone. Cycnus *a Swan;*
Cænus *the Maid, now* Cænus *and a Man*
Becomes a Fowl. Neleius *varies ſhapes:*
At leſt an Eagle, nor Alcides *ſcapes.*

OLD *Priam* mourns for *Æſacus*, nor knew
That he ſurviv'd, and with light feathers flew.
While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with tears,
Pay to the tomb which his inſcription bears.
But *Paris*, abſent from that obſequy,
Straight with his Rape, brought ten years war to *Troy*.
A thouſand ſhips, in one confederate,
Purſue his ſtealth, with all the *Achaian* State.
Nor vow'd revenge ſo long had been delaid,
If wrathfull ſeas had not their paſſage ſtaid:
At fiſhy *Aulis*, in *Bœotia*,
Their wind-bound Navy in expectance lay.
Here (as of old) to *Jove* they ſacrifice.
While from the antique altar flames ariſe,
A blew ſcal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
Aſcends a tree, which near the Altar grew.
A Neſt there was upon an upper bough,
With twice four Birds: theſe, & their Dam (which now
Flutter'd about her young) the greedy Snake
At length devour'd: This all with wonder ſtrake.

When

When *Chalchas* cri'd (who could the truth divine)
Rejoice, *Pelasgans*, 'tis a happy sign!
Proud *Troy* shall fall; though with long toil and care,
These thrice three birds, thrice three years war declare.
She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape,
Became a stone, that held a Serpent's shape.
Still *Nereus* in *Aonian* surges raves,
Nor war transfers. Some think the God of waves
Would *Troy* preserve, and save the walls he made.
Thestorides dissents, who knew and said,
A virgins bloud must *Dian* reconcile.
Now did the publick cause the private foil.
A King a father, *Iphigenia* stood
Before the Altar to resign her bloud.
The Priest then wept, so pity did subdue
The Goddess, who a cloud about her threw.
And while they prosecute her Rites, and pray'd,
Produc't a Hinde to represent a Maid.
When fitter sacrifice had dull'd her rage,
Her fury and the Seas, at once asswage.
A forewind then their thousand Vessels bore;
Who, suffering much, attain the *Phrygian* shore.
Amid the world, between Air, Earth, and Seas,
A place there is, the confines to all these.
Where all that's done, though far remov'd, appear,
And every whisper penetrates the ear.
The house of *Fame*, who in the highest tower
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bower
Innumerable waies conduct, no way
Barr'd up, the doors stand open night and day.
All built of ringing brass, throughout resounds,
Things heard reports, and every word rebounds.
No rest within, no silence, yet the noise
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice,
Such as from far by rowling billows sent,
Or as *Jove*'s fainting thunder almost spent.
Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,
Millions of Rumours wander to and fro,
Lies mixt with truths, in words that vary still.
Of these, with news unknowing ears some fill;
Some carry tales, all in the telling grows,
And every Author adds to what he knows.
Here dwells rash Errour, light Credulity,
Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy,

New rais'd Sedition, ſecret Whiſperings
Of unknown Authours, and of doubtfull things.
All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame ſurviews:
And through the ample world inquires of news.
She notice gave, how with a dreadfull hoaſt
The *Grecian* Navy ſteered for their coaſt.
Nor unexpected came: the *Trojans* bend
Their powers t'encounter, and their ſhores defend.
Firſt thou thy life, *Protesilaus*, loſt
By *Hector*'s fatal Lance; the battel coſt
The *Greeks* much noble bloud: ſo clearly ſhone
Their fortitudes: great *Hector* yet unknown.
Nor no ſmall ſtreams of bloud their valours drew
From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could do.
And now their mingled gores *Sigæum* ſtain:
Now *Neptunes Cyenus* had a thouſand ſlain,
Now on the Foe the fierce *Achilles* flew;
And with his Lance whole ſquadrons overthrew:
Seeking for *Cyenus*, or for *Hector*, round
About the field; at length brave *Cyenus* found
(For *Jove* nine years great *Hector*'s life ſuſtains.)
Cheering his horſes with the flaxen mains,
His thundring chariot drives againſt his foe,
And ſhakes his trembling Lance: about to throw;
O youth, he ſaid, what e're thou art, rejoice:
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
His ſpear purſues: the ſteel no wound impreſt, (breaſt,
Though ſtrongly thrown. When, bounding from his
He ſaid, Thou Goddeſs-born. Fame bruits thee ſuch,
Why wondreſt thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)
This helm with horſe-hair deckt, this ſhield I bear,
Defend not me: for faſhion theſe I wear.
So *Mars* his perſon arms. Should I diſplay
My naked breaſt, thy force could find no way.
The grace to be *Nereis* ſon is ſmall.
This, who *Nereis*, who his Nymphs, who all
The Ocean guides: Then at *Achilles* threw
His Lance, that pierc't his plated ſhield, and through
Nine Ox-hides ruſht: the tenth did it reſtrain.
The Heroe caught it, and retorts again
The ſinging ſteel; again it gave no wound.
The third aſſay no better entrance found,
Though *Cyenus* bar'd his boſom to the blow.
He rages like a Bull in Circian ſhow;

Whoſe

Whose dreadfull horns the scarlet, which provokes
His fury, tosses with still deluded strokes.
Then searches if the head were off; that on:
What, is my hand, said he, so feeble grown?
On one is all my vigour spent? my power
Was more, when first I raz'd *Lyrnessus* tower:
When *Tenedos*, *Eetian Thebes*, were fill'd
With bloud of theirs, by my encounters spill'd.
The red *Caycus* slaughtered natives di'd:
Twice *Telephus* my javelin powerfull tri'd.
Behold these heaps of bodies! these I slew:
Much could my hand have done! as much can do.
This said, his former deeds almost suspects,
And at *Menetes* breast his aim directs.
(A *Lycian* of mean rank) the thrilling dart
Quite through his faithless curass pierc't his heart:
Whose dying body struck the groaning ground.
Snatching the weapon from the reeking wound;
This hand, he said, this now victorious Launce
Shall urge thy fate: assist me equal chance!
With that, th' unerring dart at *Cycnus* flung,
Th' unevitated on his shoulders rung;
Which like a Rock the Launce repel'd again:
Yet where it hit, it left a purple stain;
By vainly glad *Æacides* descri'd:
He woundless: this *Menetes* bloud had di'd.
Then roaring, from his chariot leaps; and made
A horrid on-set with his flaming blade:
Who breaches in his Helm and shield beheld;
Yet he secure: his skin the steel repell'd.
Now all impatient, with the Hilt his Foe's
Hard front invades with thick redoubled blows:
Prest on as he gave back, pursues, insists;
Nor lets the astonisht breathe. He faints; blue mists
Swim over his dim eies: whose backward steps
A Stone withstood, on whom *Achilles* leaps
With all his strength, and *Cycnus* up-ward cast
On sounding earth: there held the Hero fast.
Then sets his shield and knees upon his brest;
And, drawing hard his Helmet strings, oppresst
His grasping jaws: the breathing path and way
Of life shuts up! About t' unarm his prey,
The body mist. To a Fowl as white as snow
By *Neptune* chang'd; whom by that name we know.

This

This toil, this fight gave many daies of reſt;
And either part from deeds of arms ſurceaſt.
While on their walls the watchfull *Phrygians* ward,
And while the watchfull *Greeks* their trenches guard,
A feaſt was kept: wherein *Æacides*,
For *Cycnus* death with Heifers bloud did pleaſe
Propitious *Pallas*. When the entrails laid
On burning Altars, to the Gods conveigh'd
An acceptable ſmell: a part addreſt
To ſacred uſe; the board receiv'd the reſt.
Down lay the Heroes, fed on roaſted fleſh,
And generous wines their cares and thirſt refreſh:
Nor muſick now, nor ſongs their ears delight;
But in diſcourſe conſume the ſhortned night.
The ſubject, Valour: of the valour ſhown
By their couragious foes, and of their own.
Promiſcuouſly of paſſed dangers tell,
And former enterprizes. What ſo well
Could great *Achilles* ſpeak of? or what were
A fitter theam for great *Achilles* ear?
Then ſpake he of his Conqueſt, in the fall
Of noble *Cycnus*: wondred at by all,
That weapons had no power to penetrate
His wounded leſs body, which could ſteel rebate.
This the *Pelaſgans*, this *Æacides*
Himſelf admires. When *Neſtor* ſaid to theſe:
Cycnus is he, who in your age alone
Contemned ſteel, and could be hurt by none.
I ſaw *Perrhæbian Cæneus* once indure
A thouſand ſtrokes; yet he from wounds ſecure.
Perrhæbian Cæneus, excellent in deeds,
On *Othrys* dwelt: and what belief exceeds,
A Woman born. This prodigy begets
Their greater wonder. Every one entreats
Achilles thus: Divinely eloquent;
O thou the wiſedom of our age; conſent
To our deſires; for all deſire the ſame:
Of *Cæneus* tell; how he a man became;
In what contention, or what battel known;
By whom, if ſo by any, overthrown.
Then He: Though age impair my memory,
And much beheld in youth my knowledge flie,
I much remember: yet, of all that are
Among ſo many acts of peace and war,

None

None deeper is imprinted in my brain.
And if the length of time not spent in vain
Can many accidents to knowledge give;
Two Ages finisht, in the third I live.
Not all the Virgins that *Thessalia* bare,
With *Elatean Cænis* could compare,
For beauty. From the Cities bordering,
And those, *Æacides*, which call thee King
(For she her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)
A world of Lovers her affection sought.
And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
But that already to thy mother wed,
Or else assured. *Cænis* still forbore
All nuptial ties. As on the secret shore
She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent
Enforc'r to Rape: for so the rumour went.
Rapt with the joy of loves first tasted fruit;
All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sute;
Wish what thou wilt. So Fame the story told.
My wrong, said *Cænis*, makes my wishes bold:
That never like enforcement may befall;
Be I no woman; and thou giv'st me all.
Her latter words a deeper voice express,
Much like a mans: for now it prov'd no less.
The Sea-god had assented to her will:
And further adds, that steel should neither kill
Nor wound his person. Young *Atracides*
Departs; rejoicing in such gifts as these:
Who great in every manly vertue grows;
And haunts the fields through which *Penæus* flows.
The son of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: the salvage Centaures, bred
Of clasped Clouds, his invitation grac't;
In shady bowers at sundry tables plac't.
There were th' *Æmonian* Princes; there was I:
The Palace rung with our confused joy.
They *Hymen* sing; the Altars fume with flames:
Forth came th' admired Bride with troops of Dames.
We call *Perithous* happy in his choice:
But scarce maintain the Omen of that voice.
For *Eurytus*, more heady then the rest,
Foul rapine harbours in his salvage breast;
Incenst by beauty, and the heat of wine:
Lust and Ebriety in out-rage join.

Straight

Straight, turn'd up boords the feasts prophane: the fair
And tender spouse now haled by the hair.
Fierce *Eurytus Hippodame*; all took,
Their choice, or whom they could: sackt Cities look
With such a face. The women shriek: we rise:
When *Theseus* first; O *Eurytus*, unwise!
Dar'st thou offend *Perithous* as long
As *Theseus* lives? in one to suffer wrong
The great-soul'd *Heroe*, not to boast in vain,
Breaks through the throng, and from his fierce disdain
The Rape repriz'd. He no reply affords;
Such facts could not be justifi'd by words:
But with his fists the brave redeemer prest;
Assails his face, and strikes his generous breast.
Not far off stood an antique Goblet, wrought
With high-rais'd figures: this *Ægides* caught;
Hurl'd at the face of *Eurytus*: a flood
Of reeking wine, of brains, and clotted blood,
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound,
And falling backward, kicks the stained ground.
The Centaures, frantick for their brother's death,
Arm, arm, resound, with one exalted breath.
Wine courage gives: At first an uncouth flight
Of Flagons, Pots, and Boles, began to fight:
Late fit for banquets, now for bloud and broils,
First *Amycus*, *Ophion*'s issue, spoils
The sacred places of their gifts; who ramps
Tears down a brazen Cressel stuck with Lamps:
This swings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull
The Sacrificer strikes; which crusht the skull
Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left
His face unknown; confusion form bereft.
Out start his eyes; his batter'd nose betwixt
His shiver'd bones flat to his pallat fixt.
Pellæan Pelades, a tressel tore
That propt the boord, and fell'd him to the floor.
He knocks his chin against his breast, and spu'd
Bloud mixt with teeth. A vexed blow pursu'd
The first; and sent his second soul to hell.
Next *Grynens* stood; his looks with vengeance swell:
Serves this, said he, for nothing? wherewith rais'd
Aloft a mighty altar: as it blaz'd,
Among the *Lapithites* his burthen threw;
Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* slew.

Orion's

Orion's mother *Mycale*, with fear
Could pale the Moon, and hale her from her ſphear.
Exadius cri'd: Nor ſhalt thou ſo depart,
Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart
The Antlers from a Pine he pulls; they fix
Their forks in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: one ſticks
Upon the horn, the other in thick gore
Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhœtus* bore,
Snatcht from the Altar; and *Charaxus* head
Crackt through the skull, with yellow treſſes ſpred.
The rapid flame his blazing curls ſurround,
Like corn on fire; bloud broiling in his wound
Horribly hiſſes: as red Steel that gloes
With fervent blaſts, which pliant tonges diſpoſe
To quenching cool-troughs, ſputters, ſtrives, conſumes,
And hiſſing under heated water, fumes.
The wounded from his ſinged treſſes ſhakes
The greedy flame; and on his ſhoulders takes
A ſtone torn from the threſhold, which alone
Would load a Wain, at diſtant *Rhœtus* thrown.
This, falling ſhort, *Cometes* life invades:
And ſent his friend to everlaſting ſhades.
When *Rhœtus*, laughing, May you all abound
In ſtrength ſo tri'd; and aggravates his wound
By blows redoubled, with his burning brand.
Cruſht bones now ſink in brains. Then turns his hand;
On *Coritus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas* flew:
Who *Coritus*, a youth, too timely flew:
What glory can the ſlaughter of a Boy
Afford, *Evagrus* ſaid? nor more could ſay,
For *Rhœtus* e're his jaws together came;
Hid in his throat and breſt the choking flame.
Then whisks the brand about his brows: aſſails
The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevails:
For through his ſhoulder, who hath triumpht long
In daily ſlaughter, *Dryas* fixt his Prong.
Who groaning, tugs it out with all his might:
And ſoil'd with bloud, now ſaves himſelf by flight.
So *Lycidas Arnæus*, *Medon* (red
With his own bloud) *Priſenor*, *Caumus*, fled:
Wound-tardy *Mermerus*, late ſwift of pace;
Meneleus, *Pholus*, *Abas*, us'd to chace
The Bore; and *Aſtylos*, who fates fore-knew:
Who vainly bad his friends, that war eſchue;

And ſaid to frighted *Neſſus*, Flie not ſo;
Thou art reſerv'd for great *Alcides* bow.
But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycedas*,
Arens, nor *Imbrens*, unſlaughtred paſs:
All ſlain by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Canens* too,
Though turn'd about to flie, a fore-wound ſlue:
For looking back; the point between his ſights,
There, where the noſe joins with the forehead, lights.
Unwakened with the tumult of this fray,
Diſſolv'd in death-like ſleep, *Aphidus* lay
Upon a Bears rough hide on *Oſſa* kil'd:
Whoſe lazy hand a mixed goblet held.
Phorbas far off the vainly hurtleſs ſpi'd:
And to the thong his fingers fitting, cri'd,
Thy wine henceforth with *Stygian* water brew.
This ſaid, at ſlumber-bound *Aphidus* threw
His trembling dart: the ſteeled aſh made way
Through's naked neck, as he ſupinely lay.
Death was unfelt: his full throat voids a floud:
The hide and goblet, drown'd and fil'd with bloud.
I ſaw *Petræus* tearing from the ground
A well-grown Oak: while he imbrac't it round
With his ſtrong arms, now, this, now that way hal'd,
Perithous to the bole his boſom nail'd.
Stout *Lycus* by *Perithous* valour fell:
Perithous valour *Chromis* ſunk to hell.
Theſe leſs the glory of his acts relate
Then *Aelop*'s death and *Dictys* ſtranger fate.
His eager Javelin *Helops* temples cleft:
Which at the right ear ruſhed through the left.
But *Dictys* from a broken mountain ſlides,
As he *Ixion*'s furious ſon avoids,
And headlong fell: his weight aſunder brake
A mighty Aſh, the ſtumps his entrals ſtake.
In ruſht revengefull *Pherem* with a ſtone
Torn from a rock: his mighty elbow-bone
(About to hurl) in ſhivers *Theſeus* crackt:
Nor leiſure had, or further care t' exact
His uſeleſs life, then nimbly vaults upon
Byanor's back, before beſtir'd by none.
His knees clap to his ſides, his ſhaggy hair
His left hand hales: his eies, that grimly ſtare
And threaten, cruſhes with his knotty Oak.
Dart fam'd *Lyceſpes*, and *Medimnus* ſtroke

To

To humble earth: ſo *Hippaſus*, whoſe beard
Reacht to his breaſt; and *Riphaus*, who appear'd
More tall then trees, with *Thereus* who caught
Wild bears on *Othris* heretofore, and brought
Th' enraged purchaſe to his home alive.
Demoleon frets to ſee *Ægides* thrive
With ſuch ſucceſs; and from the center ſtrives
To tear a Pine; which when he could not, rives
The yielding bole, and darts it at his foe.
Theſeus far off eſpi'd the deadly throw;
Who by *Minerva*'s counſel (for ſo he
Would have us think) with-drew: and yet the tree
Not idle fell; but *Crantor*'s ſhoulder, breaſt,
And throat divides; which tortur'd life releaſt.
He was (*Æacides*) thy father's Squire;
Given by ſubdu'd *Amyntor* to thy ſire
(*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopian*'s Guide)
In hoſtage for their peace, and faith affi'd.
When *Peleus* ſaw that ſpectacle of ruth;
Receive, O *Crantor*, O beloved youth,
This ſacrifice, he ſaid: and ſent a dart,
With all the vigour of his hand and heart,
At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that join
His ribs transfixt; and quaver'd in the chine.
His hands from thence the headleſs Javelin pluck,
And hardly that: the head behind it ſtuck.
Anguiſh it ſelf the heat of wrath improves:
He rears afore, and paws him with his hooves.
Who with his ſhield and burganet defends
The ſounding ſtrokes: yet ſtill his ſword extends,
And 'twixt his ſhoulders at one thruſt doth gore
His double breaſts. Yet had he ſlain before
Phlegræus, *Hyles*, with his Lances flight,
Hiphinous and *Danis*, in cloſe fight,
Adds *Dorylas* to theſe, who wore a skull
Of Wolf-skin tan'd, the ſharp horns of a Bull,
Inſtead of other weapon, fixt before,
And di'd in crimſon with Lapian gore.
To whom, with courage fir'd I ſaid in ſcorn,
Behold how much our ſteel excels thy horn.
And threw my Lance: not to be ſhun'd, he now
Claps his right hand upon his threatned brow,
Which both together nail'd. They rore: and while
Th' engaged with his bitter wound doth toil,

Thy

Thy father, who was neareſt, neareſt preſt:
And thruſt his ſword deep in, below his breaſt.
He Bounds aloft, on th' earth his bowels trails;
The trailed kicks, the kickt in pieces hales;
Which winding, fetter both his legs and thighs:
So falls; and with a gutleſs belly dies.
Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could ſave:
If ſuch a two-form'd figure beauty have.
His chin began to bud with down of gold;
And golden curls his ivory back infold:
His looks a pleaſing vigour grac'd; his breaſt,
Hands, ſhoulders, neck, and all that man expreſt,
Surpaſſing arts admired images.
Nor were his beſtial parts a ſhame to theſe;
Add but a horſes head and creſt, he were
For *Caſtor*'s uſe; his back ſo ſtrong to bear,
So largely cheſted; blacker then the crow:
His tail and feet-lock's, white as falling ſnow.
A number of that nation ſought his love;
Whom none but fair *Hylonome* could move:
None for attracting favour ſo excel,
Of all the half-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.
She, by ſweet words, by loving, by confeſt
Affection, onely *Cyllarus* poſſeſt.
With combs ſhe ſmooths her hair; her perſon trims
With all that could be grace full to ſuch limbs.
Of roſes, roſemary, and violets,
And oft of Lilies curious dreſſings pleats.
Twice daily waſht her face in ſprings that fall
From *Pegaſean* Hills; twice daily all
Her body bathes in cleanſing ſtreams, and ware
The skins of beaſts, ſuch as were choice and rare,
Which flowing from her ſhoulder croſs her breaſt,
Vail her left ſide. Both equal love poſſeſt:
Together on the ſhady mountains ſtray,
In woods and hollow caves together lay:
Then to the palace of the *Lapithite*
Together came; and now together fight:
A javelin from the left hand flung, thy breaſt,
O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck impreſt.
Her heart though ſlightly hurt (the dart out-hal'd)
Grew forthwith cold; and all his body pal'd.
Hylonome his dying limbs receives;
Foments his wound, cloſe to his lips ſhe cleaves,

To stay his flying soul. But when she found
Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drown'd,
Even on that steel, which through his bosom past,
She threw her own: and him in death imbrac't.
Me thinks I see grim *Phœocomes* yet:
Who with two Lions skins, together knit,
Protects his double form. A log he took,
Which scarce two teems could draw, this darted, strook
The crown of *Phonolenides*; his brains
It through his battered skulls deep crannies strains;
Which from his mouth, eyes, ears, and nostrils gusht,
Like curds through wicker squeas'd; or juices crusht
Through draining colendars. As he the dead
Prepares t'unarm, my sword his bowels shred.
Your father saw his downfall. *Chthonius* too,
And stout *Teleboan* our sawchion slew.
The first a forked branch, the other bore
A launce; the launce this wound had given before;
Whereof you see the ancient scar. Then I,
Then should I have been sent t'have ruin'd *Troy*,
Then might I have restrain'd, if not o'erthrown
Great *Hector*. But, be either then was none,
Or else a child. Now spent with age, I wain.
What speak I of two-shap't *Pyretus* slain
By *Periphas*? Thy dart without a head,
Brave *Ampycus*, four-hoov'd *Oicles* sped.
Macareus born by *Pelethronian* rocks,
Huge *Erigdupas* with a leaver knocks
To echoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* sheath'd
Deep in *Nessus* groin, and life bereav'd.
Nor would you think *Ampycides* alone
Could fate fore-tell; a launce by *Mopsus* thrown
Odites slew: this, as the Centaure rail'd,
His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his bosom nail'd.
Five *Cæneus* slew; *Bromius*, *Antimachus*,
Ax-arm'd *Pyracmus*, *Helius*, *Stiphelus*.
Although forgetfull by what wounds they fell;
Their names, and number, I remember well,
Giant-like *Latreus* lighteth to these broils;
Arm'd with *Emathian Alesus* spoils:
His years 'twixt youth and age; nor age impairs
The strength of youth though sprinkled with gray hairs
A *Macedonian* spear, a sword, and shield,
Confirm his pride: o're-views the well-fought field,

Clash

Clashes his arms; and trotting in a round,
Enforc'd the air with this disdainfull sound.
Shall I indure thee *Caenis*? still to me
Thou art a woman, and shalt *Caenis* be.
Thou hast forgot thy births original,
And for what fact rewarded; by what fall
Advanc'd to this man-counterfeiting shape.
Think of thy birth; think of thy easie rape.
Go, take a Spindle and a Distaff; twine
The carded wool; and arms to Men resign.
While thus he scoffs; and circularly ran;
Caeneus his sides gores with his launce, where Man
And Horse unite. He, mad with anguish, flings
His spear at the *Phyllian* youth, which rings
On his unwounded face; and back recoils,
As Pebbles dropt on Drums, or Hail on Tiles.
Then rushing on, with thrusts assays to wound
His hardned sides, the sword no entrance found.
Nor shalt thou scape; the edge shall lance thy throat,
Although the point be dull. This said, and smote
At once, the blow, as if on marble, sounds,
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.
When he his charmed limbs had open laid
Enough to wounds and wonder, *Caeneus* said:
Now will we try, if thou our sword canst feel.
Then 'twixt his shoulders thrust the fatal steel
Up to the hilts; which to and fro he waves
Deep in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.
The frighted Centaurs with a horrid cry,
On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.
Their Darts rebated, fall, but draw no bloud:
For *Caeneus* still invulnerable stood.
This more amaz'd. Ah, *Monychus* exclaims,
One foils us all, to all our endless shames!
He scarce a man! nay he the man, and we
Are what he was: so poor our actions be.
What boots our mighty limbs? our double force?
The strongest of all creatures, Man and Horse,
In us by Nature join'd? sure we are not
A Goddess birth; nor by *Ixion* got,
Who durst the Queen of Deities imbrace?
This half-man conquers his degenerate race.
Stones, massie Logs, whole Mountains on him roul;
And with a pile of Trees crush out his soul.

Let woods oppreſs his jaws : o're-whelm with weight
In ſtead of idle wounds. Thus he : and ſtraight
An Oak up-rooted by the furious blaſts
Of frantick winds, on valiant *Cæneus* caſts.
Th' example quickly *Othrys* diſ-array'd
Of all his trees ; and *Pelion* wanted ſhade.
Preſt with ſo huge a burthen, *Cæneus* ſweats :
And to th' o're-whelming Oaks his ſhoulders ſets.
But now the load above his ſtature climbs,
And chokes the paſſage of his breath. Sometimes
He faints ; then ſtruggles to advance his crown
Above the Pile, and throw the timber down :
Sometimes the burthen with his motion quakes ;
As when an Earth-quake high-brow'd *Ida* ſhakes.
His end was doubtfull ; ſome there be, who tell
How with that weight his body ſunk to Hell ;
Mopſus diſſents ; who ſaw a fowl ariſe
From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies ;
(The firſt I ever ſaw) which flying round
About our tents, ſent forth a mournfull ſound.
This he purſuing with his ſoul and ſight,
Cry'd, Hail thou glory of the *Lapithite* :
O *Cæneus*, late a man at arms ; but now
An un-matcht fowl ! his witneſs all allow.
Grief whets our fury ; brooking ill, that one
By ſuch a multitude ſhould be o're-thrown :
And ſorrow ſo long executes the fight,
Till half were ſlain : half ſav'd by ſpeed, and night.
Tlepolemus could not his tongue debar :
Since in the repetition of that war,
Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.
Old man, how can you ſo forget (he ſaid)
Alcides praiſe ? my father oft would tell,
How by his hand the Cloud-born Centaurs fell.
To this ſad *Neſtor* anſwer'd : Why ſhould you
Compell me to remember, and renew
My ſorrow loſt in time ? or iterate
Your father's guilt ; together with my hate ?
His acts tranſcend belief, his high repute
Fills all the world : which would I could refute.
But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,
Nor valiant *Hector*, are extoll'd by me.
For who commends his foe ? *Meſſene's* walls
He rais'd : Fair *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls

Deteſ

Deteſt his fury: Cities which his hate
Had not deſerv'd; with them did ruinate
Our Houſe with ſword and fire. Not now to tell
Of others, who by his ſtern out-rage fell;
Twice ſix fair-fam'd *Neleidæ* were we;
Twice ſix *Alcides* ſlew, excepting me.
Others have been ſubdu'd: but more then ſtrange
Was *Periclymen*'s ſlaughter! who could change
And re-change to all figures. Such a grace
Great *Neptune* gave; the root of *Nelem* race.
He, forc'd to vary forms, at length appears
Like *Jove*'s lov'd Fowl, who in her talons bears
Impetuous thunder; and in his deſcent
His face with his ſtrong beak and pounces rent.
At him his Bow, too ſure, *Alcides* drew,
As tow'ring in the lofty clouds he flew,
And ſtruck his ſide-join'd wing. The wound was ſlight;
But ſunder'd nerves could not ſuſtain his flight.
When tumbling down, his weight the arrow ſmote
In at his ſide, and thruſt it through his throat.
Now brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleet;
Think'ſt thou *Alcides* praiſe a ſubject meet
For my diſcourſe? Alone with ſilence we
Revenge our ſlaughtred brothers; and love thee.
When *Neſtor* with melliſluous eloquence
Had thus much utter'd; they with ſpeech diſpenſe,
And liberal *Bacchus* quaff: then all aroſe,
And give the reſt of night to ſoft repoſe.
The God, whoſe Trident calms the Ocean,
For ſtrangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,
Grieves with paternal grief. *Achilles* fate
He proſecutes with more then civil hate.
Ten years now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
This unſhorn *Sminthem* his ſtern rage excites.
Of all our brothers ſons to us moſt dear;
Whoſe hands, with ours, *Troy*'s walls in vain did rear:
O ſigh'ſt thou not to ſee the *Aſian* towers
So near their fall? their own, and aiding powers
By millions ſlain? the laſt of all their joy
Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?
Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour gives
To utter ſpoil, then War more cruel, lives.
Came he within my reach, he then ſhould try,
The vengeance of my Trident: but ſince I

Cannot approach t' encounter with my foe;
Let him thy close and mortal arrows know.
Delius assents: his Uncles wrath intends;
With it, his own; and in a cloud descends
To th' *Ilian* host: amid the battel seeks
For *Paris*, shooting at un-noted *Greeks*.
Then shew'd a God, and said: why dost thou lose
Thy shaft so basely? nobler objects choose;
If thou of thine at least hast any care:
Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Pelew* heir.
Then shew'd him stern *Achilles*; as he slew
The *Trojan* troops: and while his bow he drew,
Directs the deadly shaft. This onely might
Old *Priam*, after *Hector*'s death, delight.
Him, who with conquest clov'd the jaws of death,
A faint Adulterer deprives of breath.
If by th' effeminate to be o're-thrown,
Then should the *Pollux* of the *Amazon*
Have forc'd thy fate. The *Phrygian* fears the fame,
And strong protection of the *Grecian* Name.
Invincible *Æacides* now burns:
The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turns.
And of that great *Achilles* scarce remains
So much, as now a little Urn contains.
Yet still he lives; his glory lightens forth,
And fills the world: this answers his full worth.
This, O divine *Pelides*, soars as high
As thy great spirit, and shall never die.
And even his arms, to instance whose they were;
Procure a war, Arms for his Arms they bear,
Ajax, *Oileus*, *Diomedes*, nor
The less *Atrides*; not in age and war
The Greater: no not any; but the Son
Of old *Laertes* and bold *Telamon*,
Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,
To shun the burthen and the hate of these,
The Princes bids to sit before his tent:
And puts the strife on their arbitrement.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Thirteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thoſe purple flowers which Ajax *name diſplay,*
His blood produce. Enraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnon's *cinders riſe*
Self ſlaughtring Fowl: a yearly ſacrifice.
What ever Anius *daughters handle, proves*
Corn, Wine, or Oil: themſelves transform'd to Doves.
From honour'd Virgins aſhes Sons aſcend.
Th' Ambracian *Judge a Stone. Light wings defend*
Moloſſus *royal iſſue.* Scilla *grows*
A horrid Monſter. Murther'd Acys *flows*
With ſpeedy ſtreams. The kind Nereides
For Glaucus *ſue: inthron'd in ſacred Seas.*

THE Princes ſat; the ſouldier crowns the field;
Up roſe the Maſter of the ſeven-fold Shield.
With wrath impatient, his ſtern eyes ſurvay
Sygæum, and the Navy which there lay.
Then throwing up his hands, O *Jove*, he ſaid;
Before the Fleet muſt we our title plead?
And am I rival'd by *Ulyſſes* claim?
Who made no doubt to fly from *Hector*'s flame.
This I ſuſtain'd; from this that Navy freed.
'Tis ſafer to contend in word then deed.
I cannot talk, nor can he fight: as far
His tongue excels, as I exceed in war.

Nor need I to rehearse what you have seen
In act, renowned *Greeks*: what his hath been
Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by sight,
Without a witness, onely known to Night.
Great is th' affected prize, I must confess:
But such a Rival makes the value less.
For me, 'tis no ambition to obtain,
(Though great) whatever he could hope to gain.
Who now in this is honour'd, that can boast
He strove with me, when he the palm hath lost.
But were my valour question'd, I might on
My birth insist; begot by *Telamon*,
Who under *Hercules Troy*'s bulwarks scal'd:
In *Pegasæan* keel to *Colchis* sail'd.
His father, *Æacus*, the Judge of Souls,
Where *Sisyphus* his restless torment rouls.
High *Jupiter* upon a mortal Love
Got *Æacus*: I *Ajax*, third from *Jove*.
Nor let this pedigree assist my claim,
If great *Achilles* join'd not in the same.
He was my brother, his I ask. Why thus
Should'st thou, thou son of damned *Sisyphus*,
Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to
Achilles race, the right of this pursue?
Because I first assumed arms, descry'd
By no detector, are these arms deni'd?
Or rather for the last in field design'd?
Who with feign'd lunacy the war declin'd:
Till *Palamed* more politick, though more
Unhappy, did his coward-guile explore,
And drew him to avoided arms? Must he
Now wear the best, who all eschew'd? and we
Un-honour'd, robbed of a Kinsman's right,
Because we at the first appear'd in sight?
And would to *Jove* he had been truely mad;
Or still so thought: nor this companion had,
This tempter to foul actions, ever seen
The *Phrygian* tow'rs. Then should'st not thou have been
O *Pean*'s son, exposed by our crime
To *Lemnian* Rocks: where thou consum'st thy time
In lonely Caves obscur'd with woods, the stones
Provok'd to pity with thy daily groans,
And wishest him, what he deserves, thy pain,
If Gods there be, thou wishest not in vain.

Now

Now our Confederate (a Prince of brave
Command) to whom his ſhafts *Alcides* gave;
Broken with pain and famine, doth employ
Thoſe arrows, that import the fate of *Troy*,
For food and clothing: yet he lives the while,
In that removed from *Ulyſſes* guile.
And *Palamed* might wiſh t' have been ſo left:
Then had he liv'd, or been of life bereft
Not by our crime. He helliſhly inclin'd,
Bears his convicted madneſs in his mind;
And falſly him accus'd to have betrai'd
Th' *Achaian* hoſt; confirming what he ſaid
By ſhewing ſums of gold, which in his tent
Himſelf had hid. Thus he by baniſhment
Or death, our ſtrength impairs; for this preferr'd:
So fights, ſo is *Ulyſſes* to be fear'd.
Though faithfull *Neſtor*, he in eloquence,
Surpaſs; his leaving *Neſtor*, no defence
Of words can ſalve: who ſlow, through his hurt horſe;
And clog'd with age, implor'd *Ulyſſes* force
To fetch him off; who left to odds of foes
His old acquaintance. This *Tydides* knows
For no forg'd crime; who vainly call'd, to ſtay
His trembling friend, reviling his diſmay.
The Gods with juſtice view our humane deeds.
Who would not late aſſiſt, aſſiſtance needs:
And now to be forſaken by the Law
Himſelf preſcrib'd. He cri'd, I came, and ſaw
The coward quaking, pale, about to yield
His ghoſt for fear. I interpos'd my ſhield;
Beſtrid him as he lay; and from that ſtrife
Redeem'd (my leaſt of praiſe) his coward life.
But if thou wilt contend, rejoin we there;
Revoke the foe, thy wounds, and uſual fear;
Behind my target skulk: then plead. This man,
Who reel'd with wounds; freed, as un-wounded ran.
Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;
Ruſht on all parts: not thou alone, the ſtrong
And beſt reſolved ſhrink: ſo great a dread
He drew on all. Him, as he conqueſt led
Through bloud and ſlaughter, with a mighty ſtone
I ſtruck to earth; him I ſuſtain'd alone,
When he to all ſo bold a challenge made;
When for my lot you all devoutly pray'd.

Nor pray'd in vain: if you enquire the sum
Of this our fight, I was not overcome.
With bloudy weapons, flames, and *Jove*, the men
Of *Troy* invade our navy: where was then
Your eloquent *Ulysses*? I, even I
A thousand ships preserv'd; whereon relie
The hopes of your return. These arms for all
Your Fleet afford, The meed more honour shall
Receive then give: our glories justly please;
These arms do *Ajax* seek, not *Ajax* these.
Rhesus surprise, with ours let him compare,
That poor spy *Dolon*'s, *Helenus* despair;
The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;
He of no worth, take *Diomed* away.
If to such mean deserts these arms accrue;
Divide them: to *Tydides* most is due.
Why would he these? who still unarmed goes,
Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
This radiant Cask that shines with burnisht gold,
Will his descrie, and lurking steps unfold.
His neck can scarce *Achilles* helmet bear;
Nor can his feeble arms employ this spear:
His shield, whose orb the figured world adorns;
A cowards arm, inur'd to thieving, scorns.
O fool, that thus thy own undoing seeks!
If given thee by th' errour of the *Greeks*,
It will not make thee dreadfull to thy foe;
But give occasion of thy overthrow.
And flight, wherein thou onely dost exceed,
Clog'd with so huge a weight, will fail thy need.
Besides, thy shield in battle rarely born,
Is yet entire: but mine, all hackt and torn
With storms of blows, a new successour needs.
What boots so many words? behold our deeds.
These arms deliver to the foes defence:
And let him keep, that takes the prize from thence.
Here *Ajax* ends. The Souldiers in the close
A murmur rais'd, till *Ithacus* arose:
Who having fixed on the earth a space
His eyes, unto the Princes rais'd his face;
And now expected, spake unto this sense;
With all the grace of winning eloquence.
Grecians; if heavens with yours, had heard my prayer;
What now we seek had found no doubtfull Heir;

Th' hadst

Th' hadſt kept thy arms, *Achilles*, and we thee.
But ſince ſtern Fate, averſe to you and me,
So coveted an happineſs denies,
(With that appears to weep, and wipes his eyes).
Who great *Achilles* with more right ſucceeds,
Then he, who gave you great *Achilles* deeds?
Favour not him becauſe he ſeems to be,
And is a ſot: nor blame this wit in me,
So bleſt in your affairs: or take offence
That for my ſelf I arm my eloquence,
(If I have any) oft for you imploi'd,
Let none the glory of his own avoid.
For Anceſtors, divine original,
And deeds by us not done, we ours miſ-call.
Yet in that *Ajax* vaunts himſelf to be
Great-Granchild unto *Jove*; no leſs are we.
Laertes was my Sire, *Arceſius* his;
His, *Jupiter*: in this deſcent none is
Condemn'd, nor baniſht. By the mother I
From *Hermes* ſpring: in both a Deity.
Not that more noble by the Mothers ſide,
Nor that my Father had his hands undi'd
In brothers bloud, do I inforce this claim:
Weigh but our worths: and cenſure by the ſame.
That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the near
In birth, but Great in act, deſerve this grace:
Or if proximity in bloud have place,
Peleus his father, *Pyrrhus* is his ſon:
What right remains for *Ajax Telamon*?
To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carry theſe.
Teucer is Coſen to *Æacides*
As well as he; yet ſtirs not he herein:
Or if he ſhould, ſhould he the honour win?
Then ſince our actions muſt our ſuit advance;
Although my deeds ſurmount my utterance,
Their abſtract yet in order to relate:
Thetis, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,
Diſguis'd her ſon: ſo like a Virgin dreſt,
That all miſtook, and *Ajax* with the reſt.
When arms, with womens trifles, that might blind
Suſpect, I brought to tempt a manly mind.
Yet was the Hero Virgin-like arrai'd,
Who taking up the ſpear and ſhield, I ſaid:

O God-

O Goddess-born, for thee the fate of *Troy*
Her fall reserves: why doubtst thou to destroy
Great *Pergamus*? then made him leave those weeds:
And sent the Mighty unto mighty deeds.
His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*
Foil'd by our Lance; the suppliant cur'd by us.
Strong *Thebes* we sackt: sackt *Lesbos* us renowns.
Clrysa and *Tenedos* (*Apollo*'s towns)
Cilla, and Sea-girt *Cyros*, in their falls
Our fame advance: we ras'd *Lernessus* walls.
To pass the rest; I gave, who could subdue
The brave *Priamides*: I *Hector* slew.
For th'arms that sound *Achilles* these I crave:
He dead, I ask but what, alive, I gave.
The grief of one, with all the *Greeks* prevails:
Eubœan Aulis held a thousand sails.
The long-expected winds opposed stand,
Or sleep in calms. When cruel Fates command.
Afflicted *Agamemnon* to assuage
With *Iphigenia*'s death, *Diana*'s rage.
But he dissents; the Gods themselves reproves;
And in a King a fathers passion moves.
His noble disposition ne'rtheless
I to the publick won: and must confess
(*Atrides* pardon;) we did prosecute
Before a partial Judge, an batefull suit.
Yet him his brother, Scepter, p.blick good.
Perswade to purchase endless praise with bloud.
Then went I to the mother f. r her child:
Now not to be exhorted, but beguil'd.
Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sails
Not yet had swell'd with still-expected gales.
Then on a bold embassage I was sent
To haughty *Troy*: to th' *Ilian* Court I went
Yet full of men: and fearless, urg'd at large
The common cause committed to my charge.
False *Paris* I accuse: rap'd *Helena*
I re-demand, with all they bore away.
Old *Priam* and *Antenor* just appear,
But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
His followers in that stealth, from wicked blows
Could scarce refrain. This *Menelaus* knows
The first of dangers, wherein you and I
Together join'd. But what my policy

And

And force perform'd behooffull to this State,
In that long war, too long is to relate.
The firſt great battel fought, our wary foes
Long live immur'd: nor durſt their powers expoſe.
Nine years expir'd, wars all the fields affright.
Meanwhile what didſt thou, onely fit to fight?
What uſe of thee? inquire my actions; I
The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie,
Encouraging the weary Souldier
To brook the tediouſneſs of lingring war
With fair expectance: teach them waies to feed,
The uſe of arms: imploi'd at every need.
The King deluded in his ſleep by *Jove*,
Bids us the care of future war remove.
The author was his ſtrong agology.
Ajax ſhould have withſtood; the ſack of *Troy*
He ſhould have urg'd; done what he could, have fought.
Why was the nobler ſiege by him unſought?
Why arm'd he not? a ſpeech he might have made,
That would the wavering multitude have ſtai'd:
To him not difficult, who looks ſo high,
And ſpeaks ſo big. What if himſelf did flie?
I ſaw, and ſham'd to ſee thee turn thy back,
To hoiſe thy ſails unto thy honours wrack.
What do you? O what madneſs, mates, ſaid I,
Provokes you to abandon yielding *Troy*?
Ten years nigh ſpent, what will you bear away
But infamy? I this and more did ſay;
Wherein my ſorrow made me eloquent:
They thus perſwaded, alter'd their intent.
The King a Council calls; diſtruſts afford
No ſound advice: durſt *Ajax* ſpeak a word?
When baſe *Therſytes* durſt the King provoke
With bitter words: who felt my ſcepters ſtroke.
Their doubts with hope of conqueſt I inſpire:
And ſet their fainting courages on fire:
Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
To me belongs, that thus reſtrain'd his flight.
Beſides, what one of all the wiſer *Greeks*
Makes choice of thee; or thine aſſiſtance ſeeks?
Tydides us approves, builds on our will;
Is confident in his *Ulyſſes* ſtill.
Among ſo many, 'tis a grace for me
To be his conſort; and the choice too free.

The

The danger of the foe, and night despis'd;
I *Dolon*, then a counter-scout, surpriz'd:
Nor him, till I had searcht his bosom, slew;
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would do.
All known, and nothing left to be enquir'd;
I now with praise enough might have retir'd.
Yet not so satisfi'd, I forward went;
And *Rhesus* slew, with his, in his own tent;
When, like a Victor, on his Chariot I
Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny
Achilles arms, whose horses were assign'd
For one nights hazard? *Ajax* is more kind.
What should I of *Sarpedon*'s forces tell,
O're-thrown by us: by us *Cæranos* fell,
Iphitides, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noemonus*,
Halus, stout *Thoon*, bold *Pheridamas*,
With *Charopes Eunamus* fatal Pass
Sign'd by my Launce: and many more in view
Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner rank, I slew.
And I, O Countreymen, have honour'd wounds,
Fair in their scars; nor trust to empty sounds:
Behold, (said he, with that his bosom bares)
This breast, still exercis'd in your affairs.
No bloud for *Greece* in all these lengthfull wars
Hath *Ajax* shed: let him produce his scars.
What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve;
That for our Fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Jove*?
I grant, he did so: nor will we detract
With hated envy from a noble act.
So he ingross not to himself alone
A common praise, but render us our own.
Actorides (for great *Achilles* held)
Troy's flames and Pautor from our ships repell'd.
He vainly glories that himself alone
Could answer *Hector*'s opposition:
The King, his brother, and my self forgot:
Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.
But what event, O great in valour, crown'd
Your famous combat? *Hector* had no wound.
Wo's me! with what a tide of grief I call
That time to mind; wherein the *Grecian* Wall,
Achilles fell! tears, fears, nor sorrow stai'd
My forward zeal; his raised corps I laid

Upon

Upon these shoulders: these, even these did bear
Him, and his arms; which now I hope to wear.
Our strength can such a weight with ease sustain:
Our knowledge can your honour'd gift explain.
Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her son,
That such a brainless Souldier should put on
This heavenly gift, of so divine a frame?
Whose figur'd shield his ignorance would shame.
Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with Cities crown'd;
Skies deckt with Stars; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,
Sword-girt *Orion*, sad *Pleiades*,
The rainy *Kids*. He seeks, yet knows not these.
Upbraids he me, that I this war did shun,
And time defer'd till others had begun?
Nor can consider, how he wounds in me
Achilles honour. If a crime it be
To counterfeit; we join in that defame:
If, in that tardy; I before him came.
Me, my kind wife, his mother him withdrew:
Our flow'r to them we gave, the fruit to you.
Nor fear I, should I quit my own defence,
To suffer with so clear an excellence.
Nor was it *Ajax* found out me: and yet
Achilles was discover'd by my wit.
Lest I should wonder why his foolish tongue
Should slander me, he you upbraids with wrong.
If *Palamedes* was accus'd by me
Without just cause, must not his judgement be
To you reproachfull? neither *Nauplius* Seed
Could justifie so evident a deed:
Nor heard you onely of his treacheries,
The hire of treason laid before your eyes.
Pæantius in *Lemnos* left, was none
Of my offence, do you defend your own:
You to his stay consented. Yet again
I must confess, I advis'd him to abstain
From travel, toils of war: and to appease
The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.
He did; he lives. Th' advice was good: success
As fortunate approves it for no less.
Since Fate designs him for the fall of *Troy*:
Spare me, and *Ajax* industry employ.
His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will
Appease: he'l fetch him with some reach of skill.

First

First *Simois* shall retire, *Ide* want a shade,
Achaia promise to the *Trojans* aid;
E're my endeavours in your service fail,
And sottish *Ajax* with his wit prevail.
And *Philoctetes*, though obdure, thou be
Incenst against the King, these Lords, and me;
Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still
Thou covet my access, my bloud to spill;
Yet I'll attempt thee; and will bring thee back;
That neither may, what we so wish for, lack.
Thy shafts I must possess (so favour Fate)
As I possest the *Dardan* prophet late;
As I unknit the *Trojan* destiny,
And doubtfull answer of the Gods; as I,
Amid a world of foes, the fatal Sign
Of *Pterygian Pallas* ravisht from her shrine.
Compare with me will *Ajax*? this unta'ne,
Troy's hop'd-for expugnation had been vain.
Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast
Of that great Souldier? why in terrour lost?
How durst *Ulysses* trust himself to night,
Pass through the watch, their threat'ning weapons slight?
The walls not onely, but the highest tower
Of *Ilium* scale: and from her Fane the Power
That bears their fate inforce: and with this prey,
Repass the dangers of that horrid way?
Which, had not I atchieved, yet in field
Had *Ajax* vainly born his seven-fold shield.
That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* son:
Won, when I made it that it might be won.
Why dost thou sneer on my *Tydides* so:
And nod'st at me? our praises jointly grow.
Not for our Navy didst thou fight alone:
Thou by an host assisted, I by one.
Who knew that wisedom valour should command;
That these belong'd not to a strenuous hand:
Else he himself had join'd in this debate;
Or th' other *Ajax*, far more moderate;
Brave *Thoas*, fierce *Euriphylus*; with these
Idoneneus and *Meriones*
Of *Crete*; or *Menelaus*. For they are,
As strong, nor second unto thee in war:
Yet yield to our advice. Thou fit for fight,
Dost need my reason to direct thy might:

Thy

Thy valour wants forecaſt; my care is ſet
Upon the future: thou canſt fight; and yet
The time and place muſt be by us aſſign'd:
Thou onely ſtrong in body, I in mind.
As skilfull Pilots thoſe ſurpaſs, who row;
As wiſe Commanders, common Souldiers; ſo
I thee excel. Our vigour is leſs great
In bones and ſinews, yet my ſoul compleat.
Then O remunerate my vigilance:
And, Princes, for ſo many years expence
In anxious cares, this dignity extend
To my deſerts, Our work is at an end:
Withſtanding fates remov'd: I, in that I
Have made it feaſible, have taken *Troy*.
Now by our mutual hopes, *Troy*'s overthrow,
Thoſe Gods which late I raviſht from the foe;
If ought remain to be diſcreetly done,
That courage craves, through danger to be won;
If in the *Ilian* deſtiny there be
A knot yet to unknit; remember me:
Or if you can forget; theſe arms reſign
To this; and ſhews *Minerva*'s fatal Sign.
The Chiefs were mov'd. Here words approv'd their charms;
And Eloquence from Valour wins thoſe arms.
He who alone, *Jove*, *Hector*, Sword and Fire
So oft ſuſtain'd; yields to one ſtroke of ire.
Th' unconquer'd ſorrow conquers; Then his blade
To haſt unſheath'd: Sure thou art mine, he ſaid;
Or ſeeks *Ulyſſes* this? this ſhall conclude
All ſenſe of wrong. And thee, ſo oft imbru'd
In *Phrygian* bloud, thy Lords muſt now imbrue:
That none but *Ajax* *Ajax* may ſubdue.
This ſaid; his breaſt, till then with wounds ungor'd,
The deadly ſword, where it could enter, bor'd.
Nor could draw back the ſteel with all his ſtrength;
Expel'd by guſhing gore. The bloud at length,
A purple flower ingendred on the ground:
Created firſt by *Hyacinthus* wound.
The tender leaves indifferent letters paint:
Both of his name, and of the Gods complaint.
The Conqueror, now hoiſing ſails, doth ſtand
For mild *Hypſiphile*'s and *Thoas* Land;
(Defam'd by Womens curſed violence)
To fetch the ſhafts of *Hercules* from thence.

Theſe

These, with their owner, to the camp convey'd,
Of that so long a war an end they made.
Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.
Th' unhappy wife of *Priam* after all,
Her humane figure lost: whose raving Spright
And uncouth howling foreign fields affright.
The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire
To narrow *Hellespont*; nor there expire.
That little bloud which *Priam*'s age could shed,
Jove's altar drinks. By her anointed head
Apollo's Priest they drag, her hands in vain
To heaven upheld. The Victor *Greeks* constrain
The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:
Who imbrace their Country Gods; and while they may,
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
Astyanax threw from that tower; from whence
He had seen his father, by his mother shown,
Fight for his Kingdoms safety, and his own.
North-winds to Seas invite, and prosperous gales
Sing in their shrowds; they haste to trim their Sails,
The *Trojan* Ladies cry, Dear Soil farewel!
We are hal'd to loath'd captivity! then felt
On earth now kist: and leave with much delay,
Their Countries smoaking ruines. *Hecuba*
Her sad departure to the last defers:
Now found among her childrens sepulchres,
(A sight of ruth!) soread on their tombs; bewails,
Their cold bones kissing: whom *Ulysses* hales
From that sad comfort. Some of *Hector*'s dust,
Up-snatcht, delivers to her bosoms trust.
Upon his tomb she left her hoary hairs
(A poor Oblation!) mingled with her tears.
Oppos'd to *Ilium*'s ruines lies a Land,
Till'd by the *Bistones*; in the Command
Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to prevent,
To him his father *Polydorus* sent:
And wisely; had he not withall consign'd
A mass of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.
His foster-child, when singring *Ilium* drew
To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant slew.
Whom, as if he his murther with the slain
Could cast away, he casts into the Main.
Now rode *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shoar;
Till winds forbore to storm; and Seas to roar.

When

When from the yawning earth *Achilles* roſe;
Like mighty as in life: whoſe looks diſcloſe
As ſtern a wrath, as when his lawleſs blade
Was on *Atrides* drawn, and frowning, ſaid:
Achaians, O ingratefull! can you thus
Depart? are our deſerts intomb'd with us?
Now honour me with what I covet moſt:
Let ſlain *Polyxena* appeaſe my Ghoſt.
Then vaniſht. They th' ungentle Ghoſt obey'd;
And from her Mothers boſom drew the Maid,
(High-ſoul'd, unhappy, more then feminine,)
To his reſembled tomb; life to reſign
With Rites infernal. Of her birth ſhe thought:
And now unto the bloudy altar brought;
Seeing her ſelf the ſacrifice prepar'd:
And that *Neoptolemus* upon her ſtar'd
With Sword advanc'd, ſhe ſaid; untoucht with dread:
Our generous bloud to your intentions ſhed,
Diſpatcht; in throat or breaſt (I am prepar'd)
Your weapon ſheath. (With that her boſom bar'd)
Polyxena doth ſervitude deſpiſe:
And yet no God affects ſuch ſacrifice.
I only wiſh my death might be unknown
To my afflicted mother. She alone
Diſturbs the joys of death: though *Priam's* wife
My death ſhould leſs bewail, then her own life.
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:
That my free Soul may to the *Stygian* ſhade
Untainted paſs. If this be juſt, remove
Your hand, I ſhall more acceptable prove
Unto that God or Ghoſt, whate're he be,
To whom I am offer'd, if my bloud be free.
And if a dying tongue prevail at all;
I, late great *Priam's* daughter, now a thrall,
Sollicite that my corps may not be ſold;
But given my mother: nor exchange for gold
Sad rites of ſepulture. In former years
Sh' had gold to give, now poor, accept her tears.
This having ſaid, for her, that would not weep,
The people wept: the Prieſt could hardly keep
His eyes from tears, yet did what he abhor'd,
And in her proffered boſom thruſt his ſword.
On doubling knees ſhe ſinks, with ſilent breath,
And chearfully imbraceth ſmil'd-on Death.

Then

Then when she fell, she had a care to hide
What should be hid; and chastly decent di'd.
Her corps was carried by the *Trojan* dames:
Who in a funeral song repeat the names
Of *Priam*'s mourn'd-for Seed; what streams of gore
One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
And thee, O royal Wife, entitled late
The mother-Queen, and Glory of that State:
A Captive now, cast by a scorned lot
On conquering *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not
Forbearing *Hector*. *Hector*, so renown'd,
A master hardly for his mother found.
She hugs the corps that such a spirit kept.
Who for her countrey, children, husband, wept
So oft; now weeps for her: her lips she prest,
Her wounds fills with her tears. Then beats her breast.
Her hoary hair besmear'd with clotted gore,
And bosom torn, this spake she; and much more.
Poor daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left
For fortunes spite!) by bloudy death bereft
On thee I see my wounds. That of my seed
None may unwounded die, even thou must bleed.
In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:
But thou, O woman, suffer'd by the sword.
This bane of *Troy*, our utter ruine, who
So many of thy princely brothers slew;
Hath slain thee too. When he a corse was made
By *Paris* and *Apollo*'s shafts, I said,
Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
Now dead, to us as dreadfull as before.
Against my race his ashes rise: his tomb
Presents a foe. O my unhappy womb!
T'his fury fruitfull! Ruin'd *Troy* descends:
And sad success the publick sorrow ends:
Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone
To us remains: our sorrows freshly groan.
I, late so potent, and so fortunate
In husband, sons, and height of humane State;
To exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torn
From my own sepulchers, from *Phrygia* born
To serve *Penelope*, that while I sew
Or spin at her commandment, she may shew
Her slave to *Ithacensian* dames, and say,
Lo, *Hector*'s mother, *Priam*'s *Hecuba*.

My

My ſorrows ſole relief, ſo many loſt,
Is offer'd to appeaſe an hoſtile Ghoſt.
Infernal ſacrifices to the dead,
Even to my foe, my curſed womb hath bred.
Hard heart, why breakſt thou not? What hopes ingage
Thine expectation? Miſchievous Old-age,
For what reſerv'ſt thou me? You cruel Powers,
Why lengthen you a poor old womans hours
To ſee new funerals? O *Priam*, I
May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy*,
Happy in death. Thou ſeeſt not this ſad fate:
Thou loſt thy life together with thy ſtate.
Rich funerals attend thee, royal Maid:
And by thine Anceſtors thou ſhalt be laid.
O no! thy mothers tears, an heap of ſand,
Muſt now content thee in a foreign Land.
All, all is loſt! Yet lives a little Boy
My laſt and youngeſt joy, when I could joy;
For whom I condeſcend to live a ſpace.
Here foſter'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.
Meanwhile why ſtay we with the cleanſing floud
To waſh theſe wounds, and look beſmear'd with bloud?
Then with an aged pace, her hoary hairs
All torn and ſcattered, to the Sea repairs.
And while the wretched ſaid; You *Troades*,
A Pitcher bring to draw the briniſh Seas:
She ſaw the caſt-up corps of *Polydor*
Stuck full of wounds upon the beachy ſhoar.
The Ladies ſhriek; ſhe dumb with ſorrow ſtood:
Whilſt inward grief, her voice, her tears, her bloud,
At once devour'd. And now, as if intranc'd,
Stares on the earth; ſometimes to heav'n advanc'd
Her ſcouling brows: oft on his viſage gaz'd;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
Arm'd, and inſtructed, all on vengeance bent,
Still Queen-like, deſtinates his puniſhment.
And as a Lionneſs, robb'd of her young,
Purſues the unſeen hunters ſteps: ſo, ſtung
With fury, when her ſorrow with her rage
Had join'd their powers; unmindfull of her age,
But not of former greatneſs, ran with ſpeed
To *Polymneſtor*, authour of this deed,
And craving conference, the Tyrant told
How ſhe ſhould ſhew him ſums of hidden gold

To

To give her *Polydor*. This held for true;
He thirsty of his prey, with her withdrew.
And flattering her thus craftily begun:
Delay not, *Hecuba*, t'enrich thy son:
By all the Gods we justly will restore
What thou shalt give, and what thou gav'st before.
She with a truculent aspect beheld
The falsly swearing King; with anger swell'd.
Then calls the captive dames, upon him flies;
Who hides her fingers in his perjur'd eyes,
Extracts his eye-balls: more then usual strong,
With thirsty vengeance, and the sense of wrong,
Her hand drowns in his skull; the roots up-tore
Of his lost sight, imbru'd with guilty gore.
The men of *Thracia* incensed for their King,
Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.
She, snarling, bites the follow'd flints, her chaps,
For speech extended, bark. Of whose mis-haps,
That place is nam'd. She, mindfull of her old
Misfortunes, in *Sithonian* desarts howl'd.
The *Trojans*, *Grecians*, those who love or hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate,
Even spightfull *Juno* did to this descend;
That *Hecuba* deserv'd not such an end.
Aurora had no leisure to lament,
(Although those arms she favour'd) the event
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domestical
And nearer grief afflicts her, for the fall
Of *Memnon*; whose life-bloud the Launce imbru'd
Of stern *Achilles*. This when first she view'd,
The rosie dye, that deckt the Morns up-rise,
Grew forthwith pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.
Nor could indure to see his body laid
On funeral flame: but with her hair displai'd,
As in that season, to high *Jove* repairs;
And kneeling thus with tears, unfolds her cares.
To all inferiour, whom the sky sustains
(For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)
A Goddesse yet, I come: not to desire
Shrines, Festivals, nor Altars bright with fire;
Yet should you weigh what I, a woman, do,
The night confine, and sacred day renew,
I merit such: such fruit not now our state;
Nor such desires affect the desolate.

Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious arms in vain
Bare for his Uncle, by *Achilles* slain
In flower of youth (so would you Gods) come I.
O chief of Pow'rs, a mothers sorrow, by
Some honour given him, lessen: death with fame
Recomfort! *Jove* assents. When greedy flame
Devour'd the funeral Pile; and curling fumes
Day over-cast: as when bright *Sol* assumes
From streams thick vapours, nor is seen below.
The flying sparkles dying jointly grow
Into one body. Colour, form, life, spring
To it from fire, which lightness now doth wing.
First like a fowl, forthwith a fowl indeed:
Innumerable sisters of that breed:
Together whisk their feathers. Thrice their round
The funeral Pile; thrice raise a mournfull sound.
In two battalions then divide their flight;
And like two strenuous nations fiercely fight:
Their opposite with beak and talons rend;
Cuff with their wings; in sacrifice descend,
Now dying, on the ashes of the dead:
Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.
These new sprung fowl, men of their authour call
Memnonides. No sooner *Sol* through all
The Signs returns; but re-inforc'd again
In civil war they die upon the slain.
While others therefore do commiserate
Poor barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:
Aurora her own grief intends; renews
Her pious tears which fall on earth in dews.
Yet fates resist that all the hopes of *Troy*
Should perish with her towers. The Son and Joy
Of *Cytherea*, with his houshold Gods,
And aged Sire, his pious shoulders loade.
Of so great wealth he onely chose that prize,
And his *Ascanius*: from *Antandros* flies
By Seas, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* shoar,
Defil'd with bloud of murthered *Polydore*:
With prosperous winds arriving with his train
At *Phœbus* town, where *Anius* then did reign,
Apollo's holy Priest; who, with the rest,
Into the Temple leads his honour'd Guest:
The City, with the sacred places, shows,
And trees held by *Latona* in her throes.

Incense

Incenſe on flames, and wine on incenſe pour'd:
Intrails of ſlaughtred beeves by fire devour'd;
His Gueſts conducts to Court: on carpet ſpread
With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bounty fed.
When thus *Anchiſes*; O to *Phœbus* dear!
I am deceiv'd, or, when I firſt was here,
Four daughters and a ſon thy ſolace crown'd.
He ſhook his head, with ſacred fillets bound;
And ſighing ſaid, O moſt renown'd of men,
I was the father of five children then,
Whom now (ſuch is the change of things!) you ſee
Half childleſs: for my abſent ſon to me
Is of ſmall comfort; who, my Vice-roy, reigns
In Sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retains.
Him *Delius* with prophetick skill inſpir'd,
A gift paſt credit, ſtill to be admir'd,
My daughters *Bacchus* gave; above their ſuit:
That all they touch ſhould preſently tranſmute
To wine, to corn, and to *Minerva*'s oil.
Rich in the uſe. To purchaſe ſuch a ſpoil,
Great *Troy*'s Depopulator, *Atreus* Heir,
(Leſt you ſhould think we have not born a ſhare
In your miſ-haps) with armed violence
Enforc'd them from me: charged to diſpenſe
That heavenly gift unto th' *Argolian* Hoſt.
They ſcape by flight: two to *Eubœa* croſt;
Two fled to *Andros*: theſe the Souldier
Purſu'd, and threatned (if unrender'd) war.
Fear nature now ſubdu'd: his ſiſters were
By him reſign'd: forgive a brothers fear.
Not *Hector*, not *Æneas* then were by
To guard his town, who ſo long guarded *Troy*:
About to bind their captive arms in bands;
Rearing to heaven their yet unchained hands,
O father *Bacchus* help! While thus they pray'd,
The Author of that gift preſents his aid.
(If ſuch a loſs may be accounted ſo)
Yet how they loſt their ſhapes I could not know;
Nor yet can tell. It ſelf the ſequel proves;
Converted to thy Wives white-feather'd Doves.
With ſuch diſcourſe they entertain the feaſt:
That ta'ne away, diſpoſe themſelves to reſt.
With day they roſe; the Oracle exquire:
Who bids them to their ancient Nurſe retire.

And kindred shoars. Now ready to depart
The King presents rich gifts, wrought with rare art;
A Scepter to *Anchises* gives: a brave
Robe, and a quiver, to *Ascanius* gave:
A cup t' *Æneas*, which surpast the rest;
By *Theban Therses* sent him once his Guest.
Mylean Alcon made what *Therses* sent:
And carv'd thereon this ample argument.
A City with seven gates of equal grace;
These serve for names to character the place.
Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires,
Dames with spread hair, bare breasts, and torn attires,
Decipher mourning: Nymphs appear to weep
For their dry Springs: sap-searing Cankers creep
On naked trees: Goats lick the foodless ground.
In midst of *Thebes*, *Orion*'s daughters crown'd
With fillets stand: This proffers to the Sword
Her manly breast; her hands her death afford,
For common safety. All the people mourn;
And with due funerals their bodies burn.
Yet lest the world should such a lineage lose,
Two youths out of their virgin-ashes rose.
These Orphans wandring Fame *Coronæ* calls:
Who celebrate their mother's funerals.
The antick brass with burnisht figures shin'd:
Whose brim neat wreaths of gilt *Acanthus* bind.
Nor were the *Trojan* gifts of less expence:
Who gave a *Censer* for sweet Frankincense,
An ample Chalice of a curious mold;
With these a crown, that shone with gems and gold.
In that the *Teucrans* sprung from *Teucer*'s bloud,
They sail to *Creet*: but *Jove* their stay with-stood.
Leaving those hundred Cities, now they stand
For wisht *Ausonia*'s destinated strand.
Tost by rough Winter, and the wrath of Seas,
They anchor at the faithless *Strophades*.
Then frighted by *Aello*; sail away
By steep *Dulichium*, stony *Ithaca*,
Samus, high *Neritus* clasp'd by the Main:
All subject to the slie *Ulysses* reign.
Then at *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge
Of angry Gods; the image of the Judge
Behold, by them converted into stone:
Now by *Actiacan Apollo* known.

Then the *Dodonian* speaking Oak they view;
Chaonia where *Molossus* children flew
With aiding feathers from the impious flame;
Next to *Pheacia*, rich in Orchards cume;
Then to *Epirus*: at *Butrotos* stai'd,
Whose Scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet swai'd;
And see resembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all
By *Priams Helenus*, that would befall:
They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachinus* bends
To showry *Auster*; showry *Sepher* blows
On *Lilybæus* brows; *Pelorus* shows
His cliffs to *Boreas*, and the frozen *Bear*
That shuns the *Ocean*. Under this they stear
And stretch their Oars, who favoured by the tide,
That night in *Zancle*'s crooked harbour ride.
The right-side dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent
Charybdis keeps the left; on ruine bent.
She belches swallowed ships from her profound:
Her sable womb, dogs, ever rav'ning round;
Yet bears a virgins face: if all be true
That Poets sing, she was a virgin too.
By many sought, as many she despis'd:
To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea-nymphs highly priz'd,
She bears her visets; and to them discovers
The history of her deluded Lovers:
To whom thus *Galatea*, sighing, said;
While *Scylla* comb'd her hair: You, lovely Maid,
Are lov'd of generous minded men, whom you
With safety may refuse, as now you do.
But I, great *Nereus*, and blue *Doris* Seed,
Great in so many sisters of that breed;
By shunning of the *Cyclops* love, provok'd
A sad revenge. Here tears her utterance chok'd.
These cleansed by the marble-finger'd maid;
Who, having comforted the Goddess, said:
Relate, O most ador'd, nor from me keep
The wretched cause that makes a Goddess weep;
For I am faithfull. *Nereis* consents
And thus her grief to *Cratis* daughter vents.
The Nymph *Simethis* bore a lovely Boy
To *Faunus*, *Acis* call'd; to them a joy;
To us a greater. For the sweetly-Fair
To me an innocent affection bare.

His

His blooming youth twice-told eight birthdaies crown,
And cloath his cheeks with ſcarce appearing down.
As I the gentle boy, ſo *Polypheme*
My love purſu'd; our loves alike extream.
Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate
To him were more, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! O *Venus*, what a power
Hath thy command! He, ſtill auſtere and ſowr,
A terrour to the woods, from whom no gueſt
With life eſcapes, accuſtomed to feaſt
On humane fleſh; who all the Gods above,
With them *Olympus* ſcorn'd; now ſtoops to love.
Forgetfull of his flocks and caves, a fire
Feeds in his breaſt, inflamed with deſire.
His feature now extends, now bends his care
To pleaſe: with rakes he combs his ſtubborn hair;
His briſtles barbs with ſcithes: and by the brooks
Unſolid mirrour calms his dreadfull looks:
His thirſt of bloud and love of ſlaughter ceaſe;
Leſs cruel now: ſhips come and go in peace.
When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* Seas,
The Augur *Telemus Eurymides*,
And ſaid to *Polypheme*, Thy brows large light
Shall by *Ulyſſes* be depriv'd of light.
O fool, he laughing ſaid, thou tell'ſt a lie;
A female hath already ſtoln that eye.
Thus flouts the Prophet's true prediction:
And with extended paces ſtalks upon
The burd'ned ſhoar; or weary, from the wave-
Beat beach retireth to his gloomy cave:
A promontory thruſts into the main;
Whoſe cliffie ſides the breaking Seas reſtrain:
The *Cyclop* this aſcends; whoſe fleecy flock
Unforced follow. Seated on a rock;
His ſtaff, a well-grown Pine, before him caſt,
Sufficient for a yard-ſupporting maſt:
He blows his hundred reeds; whoſe ſqueaking fills
The far-reſounding Seas, and echoing hills.
Hid in an hollow rock, and laid along
By *Acis* ſide, I heard him ſing this ſong.
O *Galatea* more then Lily-white,
More freſh then flowry meads, then glaſs more bright,
Higher then Alder-trees, then kids more blithe,
Smoother then ſhells whereon the ſurges drive,

More wisht then Winters Sun, or Summers air,
More sweet then Grapes, then Apples far more rare,
Clearer then Ice, more seemly then tall Planes,
Softer then tender curds, or down of Swans,
More fair, if fixt, then gardens by the fall
Of Springs inchas'd. Though thus, thou art withal
More fierce then salvage Bulls, who know no yoke,
Then waves more giddy, harder then the Oak,
Then Vines or Willow twigs more eas'ly bent,
More stiff then rocks, then streams more violent,
Prouder then Peacocks prais'd, more rash then fire,
Then Bears more cruel, sharper then the Brier,
Deafer then Seas, more fell then trod-on Snake;
And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
More speedy then the hound-pursued Hind,
Or chased clouds, or then the flying wind.
If known to thee, thou wouldst thy flight repent;
Curse thy delay, and labour my content.
For I have caves within the living stone;
To Summers heat, and Winters cold unknown:
Trees charg'd with Apples; spreading Vines that hold
A purple Grape, and Grapes resembling Gold.
For thee I these preserve, affected Maid,
Thou Strawberries shalt gather in the shade.
Autumnal Cornels, Plums with azure rind,
And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;
Nor shalt thou Chest-nuts want, if mine thou be,
Nor scalded Wildings, serv'd by every tree.
These flocks are ours; in valleys many stray,
Woods many shade, at home as many stay.
Nor can I, should you ask, their number tell:
Who numbers theirs, are poor. How these excel,
Believe not me, but credit your own eyes:
See how their udders part their straggling thighs.
I in my sheep-coats have new-weaned Lambs:
And frisking Kids late taken from their dams.
New milk, fresh curds and cream, with cheese well prest,
Are never wanting for thy pallats feast.
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of easie purchase, or what are not rare:
Deer, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,
Nests, seal'd from cliffs, and Doves produc'd by pairs.
A rugged Bear's rough twins I found upon
The Mountain late, scarce from each other known,

For

For thee to play with: finding these, I said,
My Mistriss you shall serve. Come lovely Maid;
Come *Galatea*, from the surges rise,
Bright as the morning; nor our gifts despise.
I know my self; mine image in the brook
I lately saw, and therein pleasure took.
Behold, how great! nor *Jupiter* above
(For much you talk I know not of what *Jove*)
Is larger siz'd: curls on my brows display'd,
Affright; and like a Grove my shoulders shade.
Nor let it your esteem of me impair,
That all my body bristles with thick hair.
Trees without leaves, and Horses without mains
Are sights unseemly; grass adorns the Plains,
Wool sheep, and feathers fowl. A manly face
A beard becomes: the skin rough bristles grace.
Amid my fore-head shines one onely light;
Round, like a mighty shield, and clear of sight.
The Sun all objects sees beneath the skie:
And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.
Besides your Seas obey my father's throne:
I give you him for yours. Do you alone
Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliant hear:
To you I onely bow; you onely fear.
Heaven, *Jupiter*, his lightning I despise:
More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.
And yet your scorn my patience less would move,
Were all contemn'd. Why should you *Acis* love,
And slight the *Cyclop*? why to him more free?
Although himself he please; and pleaseth thee,
(Which frets me most) could I your darling get,
He then should find my strength and me like great.
His guts I could extract, squeeze out his brains,
Throw his dissevered limbs about the plains:
And if with thee he mingle, mix thy wave
With his hot bloud; and make thy deep his grave.
For O, I fry! despis'd affection burns
With greater rage: my bulk to *Ætna* turns.
And all her flames are in my bosom pent:
Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent?
This said, he rose; (for I beheld him well:)
Nor could stand still; but terrible and fell,
Hurries about the woods and well-known coast;
Much like a Bull that hath his Heifer lost.

Who me and *Acis*, too ſecure, eſpi'd,
And with a voice that ſuits a *Cyclop*, cri'd,
This hour ſhall be the laſt of all your joys;
Affrighted *Ætna* roared with the noiſe,
I under water div'd: he flying ſaid;
Help *Galatea*! You, O parents, aid
The utterly undone; and entertain
Your iſſue in the Empire where you reign.
A torn-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw:
Whoſe corner over-whelmed *Acis* ſlew.
We did, what could be licenſed by Fate:
Reſuming *Acis* to his Grand-ſires ſtate:
The purple bloud from his cruſht body fled;
Which preſently forſook the native red:
Firſt like a rain-diſcoloured ſtream appears;
Then cryſtalline. The rock in ſunder tears:
Whoſe crannies with up-ſtarting reeds abound;
And in the breach inſulting waves reſound:
From whence a youth aroſe above the waſt;
His horned brows with quivering reeds imbrac't.
'Twas wondrous ſtrange: but that his looks appear
More blue, and he more great, if *Acis* were.
And ſo it was: although he now became
A living ſtream, which ſtill preſerves his name.
Here *Galatea* ends; th' aſſembly brake;
To ſmiling Seas the Nymphs themſelves betake.
Scylla returning, dares not truſt the Deeps:
But naked, nigh the thirſty gravel keeps;
Or weary, in the more-ſequeſtred-waves
Her comely limbs in cooling water bathes.
Lo, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately known,
Transformed near *Euboean Anthedon*,
Through yielding waves arrives: rapt with her ſight;
By gentle words attempts to ſtay her flight.
She faſter fled: who ſwift with fear aſcends
A lofty hill, which near the ſhoar extends:
Whoſe round congeſted ſummit, crown'd with wood,
Did over-peer the under-ſwelling flood.
There ſtaies, ſecured by the place; nor knew
If God, or Monſter: much admires his hue,
His ſpreading locks, which all his ſhoulders vail;
And hinder-parts, that bear a fiſhes tail.
Perceived; leaning on a rock, he ſaid:
I am no beaſt, nor prodigy, fair Maid:

Nor

Nor *Proteus*, *Triton Atlamantides*,
Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas,
Yet once a mortal; and did then frequent
Th' affected Seas. On those my labour spent.
Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land:
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
The shoar a meadow bounds; whereof one side
Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.
On this nor horned cattel ever fed,
Nor harmless sheep, nor goats on mountains bred.
No Bees from hence their thighs with honey laid;
Those flowers no marriage-garlands ever made:
That grass ne'r cut with sithes. Of mortals I
First thither came; my nets hung up to dry.
While I expos'd the fishes which I took;
By their credulity hung on my hook,
Or match't in nets; (what would a lie behove?
Yet such it seems) my prey began to move,
Display their fins, and swim as on the floud.
While I neglect their stay, and wondring stood;
They all by flight avoiding my command,
Together left their owner and the Land.
Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I sought,
If either God, or Herb, this wonder wrought.
What herb, said I, hath such a power? in hast
An herb I pull'd, and gave it to my tast.
No sooner swallowed, but my intrails shook:
When forthwith I another nature took:
Nor could refrain; but said, O Earth, my last
Farewel receive! in Seas my self I cast.
The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receit
Into their sacred fellowships, intreat
Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they
Would take, whatever mortal was, away.
Whom now they hallow, and with charms nine times
Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:
And bad me dive beneath a hundred streams.
Forthwith the rivers rusht from sundry Realms;
And Sea-rais'd Surges roll above my crown.
As soon as streams retire, and Seas were down,
Another body, and another mind,
Unlike the former, they to me assign'd.
Thus much of Wonder I remember well.
Thenceforth insensible of what befell.

Then first of all this Sea-green beard I saw,
These dangling locks, which through the deep I draw;
Broad shoulder-blades, blue arms of greater might;
And thighs which in a fishes tail unite.
What boots this form? my grace with Gods of Seas?
Or that a God? if thou affect not these?
While thishe spake, and would have uttered more,
Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
His Loves repulse: whom strong desires transport
To great *Titanian Circe's* horrid Court.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourteenth Book.

THE ARGUMENT.

Inchanted Scylla, *hem'd with horrid ſhapes,*
Becomes a Rock; Cercopeans *turn'd to Apes.*
Sibylla *wears t' a Voice.* Ulyſſes *men*
Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd agen.
Picus *a Bird: his Followers Beaſts. Deſpair*
Reſolves ſad-ſinging Canens *into Air.*
The mates of Diomed *unreconcil'd*
Idalia *turns to Fowl. An Olive wild*
Rude Apulus *deciphers.* Turnus *burns*
Æneas *ſhips: theſe* Berecynthia *turns*
To Sea-Nymphs; who Alcynous *ſhip with joy*
Behold a Rock. The Trojan *flames deſtroy*
Beſieged Ardea; *from whoſe aſhes ſprings*
A meager Hern, that bears them on her wings.
Æneas *Deify'd.* Vertumnus *tries*
All ſhapes. Rhamnuſia, *for her cruelties,*
Congeals proud Anaxarete *to Stone,*
Cold Fountains boil with heat. T' *an heav'nly throne*
Mars Romulus *aſſumes.* Herſilia
Like grace receives: who join in equal ſway.

NOW *Glaucus*, thron'd in tumid floods, had paſt
High *Ætna*, on the jaws of *Typhon* caſt;
Cyclopian fields, where never Oxen drew
The furrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;

Crookt *Zancle*: *Rhegium* on the other ſide;
The wrackfull Straights, whoſe double bounds divide
Sicilia from *Auſonia*: forward drives
Through ſpacious *Tyrrhen*, at length arrives
At herby Hills, *Phœbean Circe*'s ſeat,
With ſundry forms of monſtrous beaſts repleate.
When, mutually ſaluting, *Glaucus* ſaid:
O God, O Goddeſs, pity: on your aid
Alone relies (if my deſert might move
So dear a grace) th' aſſwagement of my Love.
For none then I, *Titania*, better knows
The power of herbs, that was transform'd by thoſe.
T'inform you better, in *Italia*,
Againſt *Maſſena*, on a ſandy Bay,
I *Scylla* ſaw: it ſhames me to recite
My ſlighted Courtſhip, anſwered by her flight.
Do thou, if charms avail, in charms untie
Thy ſacred tongue: or ſoveraign Herbs apply,
If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,
Nor end of Love: like heat let her endure.
But *Circe* (none to ſuch deſires more prone,
Or that the cauſe is in her ſelf alone;
Or ſtung by *Venus* angry influence,
In that her Father publiſht her offence)
Repli'd: The willing with more eaſe purſue;
Who with the ſame, whom equal flames ſubdue;
For thou O well deſerv'ſt to be purſu'd:
Give hope, and, credit me, thou ſhalt be woo'd.
Reſt therefore of thy beauty confident;
Lo I, a Goddeſs, radiant *Sol*'s deſcent:
In herbs ſo potent, and no leſs in charms;
Proffer my ſelf, and pleaſures to thy arms.
Scorn her that ſcorns thee; her that ſeeks, purſue:
And ſo at once be thou reveng'd of two.
Glaucus repli'd to her who ſought him ſo:
Firſt ſhady groves ſhall on the billows grow,
And Sea-weeds to the mountain tops remove;
E're I (and *Scylla* living) change my love.
The Goddeſs frets: who ſince ſhe neither could
Deſtroy a Deity, nor, loving, would;
On her, preferr'd before her, bends her ire:
And high incenſed with repulſt deſire,
Forthwith infectious drugs of dire effects
Together grinds, and *Hecat*'s charms injects:

A S

A Sea-green robe puts on, the Court forsakes
Through throngs of fawning beasts: her journey takes
To *Rhegium* opposite to *Zancle*'s shoar;
And treads the troubled waves that loudly roar.
Running with unwet feet on that Profound;
As if sh' had trod upon the solid ground.
A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
Bent like a Bow; sconst from the Seas and Skies
Distemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades
The world with hottest beams, and shortest shades;
This with portentous poisons she pollutes;
Besprinkled with the juice of wicked roots:
In words dark and perplexed nine times thrice
Inchantments mutters with her magick voice.
Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the wast,
Beheld her lips with barking dogs imbrac't.
Starts back: at first not thinking that they were
Part of her self, but rates them, and doth fear
Their threatning jaws: but those from whom she flies,
She with her hales. Then loking for her thighs,
Her legs, and feet; in stead of them she found
The mouths of *Cerberus* inviron'd round
With rav'ning Currs: the backs of salvage beasts
Support her groin; whereon her belly rests.
Kind *Glaucus* wept; and *Circe*'s bed refus'd:
Who had so cruelly her Art abus'd.
But *Scylla*, still remaining, *Circe* hates;
Who for that cause destroi'd *Ulysses* mates.
And had the *Trojan* navy drown'd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate,
Into a Rock: the stony Prodigy
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men fly.
This, and *Charybdis* past with stretched oars;
The *Trojan* fleet now near th' *Ausonian* shoars,
Cross winds, and violent, to *Libya* drave.
There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gave
Æneas harbour: with impatience bears
Her husbands flight: forthwith a Pile she rears,
Pretending sacrifice; and then doth fall
Upon his Sword: deceiv'd, deceiving all.
Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gain'd;
There where his faith full friend *Acestes* reign'd.
His fathers funerals he re-solemniz'd,
He puts to Sea, with ships well-nigh surpriz'd

By

By *Iris* flames *Hipporadei*, Command,
The Sulphur-fuming Isles, the rocky Strand
Of *Acheloian Syrens* leaving, lost
His Pilot: to *Inarime* then crost,
To *Prochyta*, and *Pithecusa*, wall'd
With barren hills: so of her people call'd.
For *Jupiter*, detesting much the Ilie
And fraudulent *Cercopians* perjury,
Into deformed beasts transform'd them then;
Although unlike, appearing like to men:
Contracts their limbs, their noses from their brows
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plows;
And, covering them with yellow hair, affords
This dwelling; first depriving them of words,
So much abus'd to perjury and wrongs:
Who jabber, and complain with stammering tongues.
Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,
Misenos on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,
So named of his Trumpeter: thence, past
By slimy Marishes, and anchor cast
At *Cuma*; entring long-lov'd *Sibyls* Caves.
A passage through obscure *Avernus* craves
T'his Father *Minos*. She erects his eyes,
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities
Reception fill'd, in sacred rage repli'd:
Great things thou seekst, O thou so magnify'd
For mighty deeds! thy piety through flame,
Thy arm through Armies consecrate thy name.
Yet fear not, *Trojan*, thy desires enjoy:
T'*Elysian* Fields, th'infernal Monarchy,
And Fathers shade, I will thy person guide:
No way to noble Vertue is deni'd.
Then to a golden bough directs his view,
Which in *Avernian Juno's* Hort-yard grew:
And bad him pull it from the sacred tree.
Æneas her obeys: and now doth see
The spoils of dreadfull Hell; his Grand-sires, lost
In death, and great *Anchises* aged Ghost:
There knows the customs of the *Latian* State;
The toil of future war, and following fate.
Ther, in retreat, his weary step appli'd:
And by discourse with his *Cumæan* Guide
His toil beguiles; as in that horrid way,
Through gloomy twy-light, he re-mounts to Day.

Whether

Whether, ſaid he, thou bee'ſt a Deity,
Or of the Gods belov'd; for ever I
Will ſerve thee as a Goddeſs: and confeſs
That by thy favour I have won acceſs
Unto th' abodes of death; that by thee I
Eſcape from his infernal Monarchy.
And therefore will, when I to day return,
A Temple build, and incenſe to thee burn.
The Propheteſs on him reverts her eye;
And ſighing, ſaid; I am no Deity:
To mortals offer no immortal Dues:
Leſt ignorance thy gratitude abuſe.
Yet had been free from deaths impetuous power,
Had I to *Phœbus* given my virgin flower.
While hopefull; tempting me with gifts, he ſaid,
Ask what thou wilt, my fair *Cumæan* Maid,
And take thy wiſh: I ſhew'd a heap of ſand;
And wiſht as many birth-daies as my hand
Contained grains: forgot to add the prime
Of youthfull years, which ſhould have crown'd my time.
Who this had granted alſo, if my bed
He could have won. His gifts deſpis'd, I led
A ſingle life, thoſe happy times are gone;
And craſie age with trembling ſteps come on.
Seven ages have I liv'd, and live I muſt
Till years have equalled thoſe grains of duſt.
Three hundred Harveſts conſummate the ſum,
Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,
When length of daies my body ſhall abate,
And little leave in quantity or weight.
None then will think that I belov'd had been,
Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is ſeen,
(Such change ſhall I endure) or will not know,
Or elſe deny, that he had lov'd me ſo.
No eye ſhall ſee me: yet a voice alone
Fate will afford, by which I ſhall be known.
Thus *Sibyl*, as they climb'd that ſteep aſcent.
Pious *Æneas* through this *Stygian* vent:
At *Cuma* roſe: and ſacrificing came
To ſhoars ſince called of his Nurſes name.
Neritian Macareus, the friend
Of *Ithacus* did here his travels end.
Who knowing *Achæmenides*, of late
On *Ætna* left, admires to ſee his mate

Long

Long given for dead. What chance, or God, said he,
O *Achæmenides*, hath set thee free?
How comes a *Grecian* souldier to be found
In *Trojan* vessel? for what Country bound?
When *Achæmenides*: (not now forlorn,
Now like himself, his rags not pin'd with thorn)
May I fell *Polyphemе* behold again,
Whose jaws o're-flow with bloud of strangers slain;
If I this home prefer not far above
Ulysses ship, or less *Æneas* love
Then my own father, could I render more
Then all my All, the recompence were poor.
That now I speak, I breath, Heaven, Sun-shine see
(Can I unmindfull or ungratefull be)
Is by his bounty; that the *Cyclops* foul
And hungry maw had not devour'd my soul:
That now I may be buried when I die;
Or at the least, not in his entrails lie.
O what a heart had I! with fear bereft
Of soul and sense! when I behind was left,
And saw your flight! I had an Out-crie made,
But that afeard to have my self betrai'd.
Yours, almost had *Ulysses* ship destroi'd:
I saw him rive out of the mountains side
A solid rock, and dart it on the Main:
I saw the furious Giant once again,
When mighty stones with monstrous strength he flung;
Like quarries by a warlike engine slung.
Lest ship should sink with waves and stones I fear:
Not then remembring, that I was not there.
He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,
O're *Ætna* paces; sighing clouds of breath:
And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,
Encounters justling rocks: mad with despight
Extends his bloudy arms to under waves,
The *Greeks* pursues with curses; and thus raves.
O would some God *Ulysses* would ingage,
Or some of his, to my infatiate rage!
I'd gnaw his heart, his living members rend,
Gulp down his bloud till it again ascend,
And crash his panting sinews. O, how light
A loss, or none, were then my loss of sight!
This spake, and more, my joints pale horrour shook,
To see his grim, and slaughter-smeared look,

His

His bloudy hands, his eyes deſerted ſeat,
Vaſt limbs, and beard with humane gore concreet.
Death ſtood before mine eyes (my leaſt diſmay:)
Now thought my ſelf ſurpriz'd; now, that I lay
Drown'd in his paunch. That time preſents my view,
When two of ours on daſhing ſtones he threw:
Then on them like a ſhagged Lion lies:
Their entrails, fleſh, yet moving arteries,
White marrow, with craſht bones, at once devours,
I, ſad, and bloudleſs ſtood: fear chil'd my powers,
Seeing him eat, and caſt the horrid food;
Raw lumps of fleſh, wine mixt with clotted bloud.
Even ſuch a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
Long lying hid, afraid of every ſound,
Abhorring death, yet coveting to die;
With maſt, and herbs repelling famine; I,
Forlorn, to death and torment left, at laſt
This ſhip eſpi'd: and waſting it, in haſt
Ran to the ſhore, nor ſafety vainly ſeek:
A *Trojan* veſſel entertain'd a *Greek*.
Now, worthy friend, your own adventures tell;
And what, ſince firſt you put to ſea, befell.
He told how *Æolus* raign'd in *Thuſcan* Seas,
Storm-fettering *Acolus Hippodites*,
Who nobly gave to their *Dulichian* Guide
A wind, incloſed in an Oxes hide.
Nine daies they ſailed with ſucceſsfull gales;
Sought ſhores deſcri'd: the tenth had blancht their ſails
When greedy Sailers, thinking to have found
A maſs of envi'd gold, the wind unbound.
This through rough ſeas the Navy backward drives,
Which at th' *Æolian* port again arrives
To *Leſtrigonian Lamus* ancient town.
From thence, ſaid he, we came. That Coutreys crown
Antiphates then wore. Three thither ſent,
Two of us ſcarce by flight our death prevent:
The third the *Leſtrigonians* teeth embru'd
With his hot gore. *Antiphates* purſu'd
Our flights; incites his troops; who rumbling down
Huge ſtones and trees, our men and veſſels drown:
One ſcap't; which us, and ſad *Ulyſſes* bore.
Jointly our loſt companions we deplore;
And grieving reach that Sea-environ'd land,
Which far from hence you ſee: Still may it ſtand

Fat

Far from my ſight! beware thou Goddeſs Son,
Juſt *Trojan* Prince, for now the wars are done,
With them for ever and our enmity,
From *Circes* Manſion, O *Æneas* flie.
There anchoring; mindfull of the *Cyclops* ſtrand,
And fell *Antiphates*, we fear to land.
But caſting lots, the lot elected us,
Faithfull *Polites*, ſage *Eurylochus*,
Elpenor prone to wine, and eighteen more
To viſit *Circe* on that unknown ſhore.
Approaching, we before the Portal ſtaid,
A thouſand Lions, Bears, and Wolves invade
Our hearts with fear, which needed not, for they
Inſtead of teeth their flattering tails diſplay,
And fawning follow; till their hand-maids came
And led us through that Marble-cover'd frame
Unto their Miſtriſs. On a throne of State,
She in a ſumptuous inward chamber ſate:
With gold her under garment richly ſhone;
And over it a purple Mantle thrown,
Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wool,
Nor following twine with buſie fingers pull:
But weeds diſpoſe in order; mingled flowers
Select in maunds, and herbs of different powers,
At her direction: who the vertue knew
Of every ſimple, of their compounds too;
And gives them their due weight. Saluted, ſhe
Salutes again; nor chearfull looks as free,
As her full bounty to ſupply our need
Who bids her ready damſels mix with ſpeed
The pulp of Barley, Honey, Curds, ſtrong wines;
And to this ſweet receit hid juices joins.
Then gave the cup with her own ſacred hand;
Which thirſtily we drunk, while with her wand
The direfull Goddeſs ſtrokes our crowns, I ſhame
To tell; yet tell; I preſently became
With briſtles rough: thinking as I was wont,
T' have ſpoke, and ſhew'd my grief in words, I grunt.
My looks hung down, my mouth extends t' a ſnout,
My ſtiffer neck with ſwelling brawn ſticks out;
And go upon thoſe hands, wherewith of late
I took the cup. With thoſe whom frightfull fate
Had thus un-man'd (ſo great a potency
In potions lurks) included in a Sty.

Alone

Alone *Eurylochus* the Shape of Swine
Avoids: alone refus'd the proffered wine.
Which had not he rejected, with the reſt
Himſelf had been a briſtle-bearing Beaſt.
Nor ſhould *Ulyſſes* our miſ-haps have known:
Or forced *Circe* to reſtore his own.
Peace-bearing *Hermes* gave him a white flower;
Call'd *Holy* by the Gods; of wonderous power,
Sprung from a Sable root: inform'd withal
By heavenly counſel, enters *Circe*'s Hall.
Proffering th' inſidious Cup, her magick wand
About to raiſe he thruſt her from her ſtand;
And with drawn ſword the trembling Goddeſs frights.
When vowed faith with her fair hands ſhe plights;
And grac'e him with her nuptial bed: who then
Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men.
Sprinkled with better juice, her wand reverſt,
Above our crowns, and charms with charms diſperſt;
The more ſhe ſings, we grow the more upright,
Our briſtles ſhed, our cloven feet unite,
Shoulders and arms poſſeſs their former grace.
With tears our weeping General we embrace
And hang about his neck: nor ſcarce a word
Breathes through our lips, but ſuch as thanks afford.
From hence our Paſs was for a year deferr'd;
In that long time much ſaw I, and much heard:
Of which, a Maid (one of the four, prepar'd
For ſacred ſervice) cloſely this declar'd.
For while my Chief with *Circe* ſports alone,
She ſhew'd a young-mans Image of white ſtone
Clos'd in a ſhrine, with crowns imbelliſhed;
Who bore a Wood-pecker upon his head.
Demanding whoſe it was, why placed there,
Why he that Bird upon his ſummit bare?
I will, repli'd ſhe, O *Macareus*, tell
In this my Miſtriſs power: obſerve me well.
Saturnian Picus in *Auſonia* raign'd,
Who generous horſes for the battle train'd.
His form, ſuch as you ſee: whom had you known,
You would have thought this feature were his own.
His mind as beautifull. Nor yet could he
Four *Græcian* wraſtlings in th' *Olympicks* ſee.
The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountains born,
His looks attract: nor Nymphs of fountains ſcorn

To

To sue for pity. Those whom *Albula*,
Numicus, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,
And heady *Nar* sustain: the shady Floud
Of *Farfarus*, the *Scythian Cynthias* woo'd.
Environ'd marishes, and neighbouring Lakes.
Yet for one onely Nymph the rest forsakes:
Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the fair
Venilia to the two fac'd *Janus* bare.
The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptial bed.
Her beauty admirable: yet more fam'd
For artfull songs; and thereof *Canens* nam'd.
Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moves;
Tames salvage beasts, the troubled Rivers smooths,
Detains their hasty course, and, when she sings,
The birds neglect the labour of their wings,
While her sweet voice cœlestial musick yields,
Young *Picus* follows in *Laurentian* Fields,
The salvage Bore, upon a fiery Steed;
Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed
With gold close-buckled. Thither also came
The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name
Retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills
Her sacred lap with dewy Simples fills.
Seeing unseen, his sight her sense amaz'd:
The gathered herbs fell from her as she gaz'd:
Whose bones a marrow-melting flame enclos'd:
But when she her distraction had compos'd,
About t' impart her wish, the following press,
And swiftness of his horse, forbid access.
Thou shalt not so escape, said she, although
The winds should wing thee; if my self I know,
If herbs retain their power, if charms at least
My trust deceive not. Then creates a Beast
Without a body, bid to run before
The King's pursuit; and made the airy Bore
To take a thicket, where no horse could force
His barr'd access. He leaves his foaming horse
On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade:
With equal hopes: and through the forest straid.
New Vows she straight conceiveth, aid implores:
And Gods unknown with unknown charms adores.
Wherewith inur'd t' eclipse the pale-fac't Moon:
And cloud her Father's splendour at high Noon,

And

And now with pitchy fogs obſcures the day,
From earth exhal'd. His Guard miſtake their way,
In that deceitfull Night, and from him ſtrai'd.
When ſhe, the time and place befitting, ſaid:
By thoſe fair eyes, which have inthralled mine;
And by that all-alluring face of thine,
Which makes a Goddeſs ſue; aſſwage the fire
By thee incenſt; and take unto thy Sire
The all-illuminating Sun: nor prove
Hard-hearted to *Titanian Circes* love.
Her, and her prayers, deſpis'd. What e're thou art,
I am not thine, ſaid he, my captive heart
Another holds; and may ſhe hold it long,
Nor with a ſtranger will I ever wrong
Our nuptial faith, ſo long as Nature gives
Life to my veins, and *Janus* daughter lives.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vain;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape my vengeance, nor again
Return to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can do,
A wronged Lover, and a Woman too,
Thou ſhalt, ſaid ſhe, by ſad experience prove:
For I a woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in love.
Twice turns ſhe to the Eaſt, twice to the Weſt:
Thrice toucht him with her wand; three charms expreſt,
He flies; at his unwonted ſpeed admir'd;
Then ſaw the feathers, which his skin attir'd:
Who ſtraitwith ſeeks the woods; and angry ſtill,
Hard Oaks aſſails, and wounds them with his bill.
His wings the purple of his cloak aſſume:
The gold that claſpt his garment turns to plume,
And now his neck with golden circle chains:
Of *Picus* nothing but his name remains.
The Courtiers *Picus* call, and ſeek him round
About the fields, that was not to be found.
Yet *Circe* find (for now the day grew fair,
The Sun and Winds ſet free to cleanſe the air)
And charge her with true crimes, their King demand
With threatning looks, and weapons in their hand.
She ſprinkles them with juice of wicked might,
From *Erebus* and *Chaos* conjures *Night*,
With a[illegible]er Gods; and *Hecate* intreats,
With te[illegible]s mumblings. Woods forſake their ſeats,
Their lea[illegible]look pale; Herbs bluſh with drops of gore,
Earth gro[illegible]dogs howl, rocks hoarſly ſeem to roar:

Upon

Upon the tainted ground black Serpents slide;
And through the air unbodi'd spirits glide.
Frighted with terrours, as they trembling stand,
She strokes their wondering faces with her wand:
Forthwith the shapes of salvage beasts inveſt
Their former forms; not one his own poſſeſt.
Phœbus now entring the *Tarteſſian* Main,
Sad *Canens* with her eyes and Soul, in vain
Expects her Spouſe. Her ſervants ſhe excites
To run about the woods with blazing lights.
Who not content to weep, to tear her hair,
And beat her breaſts (though theſe expreſs her care)
In haſt forſakes her roof; and frantick, ſtrays
Through broad-ſpred fields. Six nights, as many days,
Without or ſleep, or ſuſtenance, ſhe fled
O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.
Now tir'd with grief and travel, *Tyber* laſt
Beheld the Nymph: on his cool banks ſhe caſt
Her feeble limbs: there weeps, and weeping ſung
Her ſorrows with a ſoftly warbling tongue.
Even ſo the dying Swan with low-rais'd breath,
Sings her own exequies before her death.
At length her marrow melts with griefs deſpair:
And by degrees ſhe vaniſheth to air.
Yet ſtill the place doth memorize her fame:
Which of the Nymph the Rurals *Canens* name.
In that long year, much, and ſuch deeds as theſe
I ſaw and heard. Un-nerv'd with ſlothfull eaſe,
Again we put to Sea: by *Circe* told
Of our hard paſſage, and the manifold
Diſaſters to enſue, I grew afraid
(I muſt confeſs) and here arriving, ſtaid.
Macarem ends. *Cajeta* Urn inclos'd,
This verſe had on her marble tomb impos'd.
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurſe-child me
Cajeta burnt; from *Grecian* fires ſet free.
They looſe their cables from the graſſie ſtrand:
Avoiding *Circe*'s guilefull palace, ſtand
For thoſe tall groves, where *Tyber*, dark with ſhades,
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his ſandy ſtreams unlades.
The throne of *Faunus* ſon, the *Latian* ſtar
Lavinia gains; but not without a war.
War with a furious Nation is commenc'd:
Stern *Turnus* for his promis'd wife incens'd:

While

While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* ſwarms;
Hard victory long ſought with penſive arms,
To get Recruits from foreign States they try;
Nor *Trojans*, nor *Rutulians* want ſupply.
Nor to *Evander* town *Æneas* went
In vain: though vainly *Venulus* was ſent
To baniſht *Diomed*'s City, late immur'd:
Thoſe fields *Japygian Daunus* had aſſur'd
To him in dowry. When *Venulus* had done
His ambaſſie to *Tydeus* warlike ſon:
The Prince excus'd his aid: as loth to draw
The ſubjects of his aged father-in-law
T' unneceſſary war: that none remain
Of his to arm. Leſt you ſhould think I feign;
Though repetition Sorrow renovates;
Yet, while I ſuffer, hear the worſt of fates.
After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Grecian* flame,
A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall
Her vengeance, to *Oleus* due, on all.
Scattered on faithleſs Seas with furious ſtorms,
We, wretched *Grecians*, ſuffer'd all the forms
Of horrour: lightning, night, ſhow'rs, wrath of skies,
Of Seas, and dire *Capharean* cruelties.
T' abridge the ſtory of ſo ſad a fate;
Now *Priam* would have pitied our eſtate.
Yet *Pallas* ſnatcht me from the ſwallowing Main;
Then from my ungratefull Country chas'd again.
For *Venus*, mindfull of her ancient wound,
New woes inflicts. Much on the vaſt Profound,
Much ſuffering in terreſtrial conflicts I
Oft call'd them happy, whom the injury
Of publick tempeſt, and the harbourleſs
Capharem drown'd: envi'd in our diſtreſs
The worſt endur'd; with Seas and battels tir'd,
My men an end of their long toil deſir'd.
But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
By uſual ſlaughters: What remains (he ſaid)
O mates, which now our patience would eſchew?
Though willing, what can *Cythæa* do
More then ſh' hath done? when worſe miſ-haps affright,
Then prayers avail: but when miſ-fortunes ſpight
Her worſt inflicts, then fear is of no uſe:
And height of ills ſecurity produce.

Let

Let *Venus* hear: although she hate us all
(As all she hates that serve our General)
Yet let us all despise her empty hate;
Whose Power hath made us so unfortunate.
Pleuronion Acmon angry *Venus* stung:
Revenge reviving with his lavish tongue.
Few like his words: the most severely chid
His tongues excess. About to have repli'd,
His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,
His hair converts to plume; plumes cover all
His neck, back, bosom: larger feathers spring
From his rough arm, his arm was now a wing.
His feet divide to toes, hard horn extends
From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.
Rhetenor, Nyctem, Lycus, Abas, Ide,
Admire! and in their admiration tri'd
Like destiny. Most of my Souldiers grew
Forthwith new Fowl; and round about us flew.
If you inquire, what shape their own un-mans;
They are not, yet are like to silver Swans.
These barren fields, with this poor remnant, I,
As son-in-law to *Daunus*, scarce enjoy.
Thus far *Oenides*. *Venulus* forsakes
Tydides Kingdom; by *Puteoli* takes
His way, and through *Mesapia*: there survey'd
A Cave, inviron'd with a sylvan shade,
Distilling streams, by half-goat *Pan* possest:
Which erst the Wood-nymphs with their beauties blest.
They terrifi'd at first with sudden dread,
From home-bred *Apulus*, the shepherd, fled:
Straight, taking heart, despised his pursuit:
And danced with a measure-keeping foot.
He scoffs: their motion clown-like imitates:
Nor onely raileth, but obscenely prates;
Nor ceaseth till a tree invests his throat.
A tree whose berries his behaviour note.
An Olive wild, which bitter fruit affords,
Becomes dis-leavened with his bitter words.
Th' Embassadour returns without the sought
Aetolian succours: the *Rutulians* fought
'Gainst foes and fortune; of that hope depriv'd:
Whole streams of bloud from mutual wounds deriv'd.
Lo, fire-brands to the Navy *Turnus* bears:
And what escaped drowning, burning fears.

Pitch,

Pitch, Rozen, and like ready food for fire,
Now *Vulcan* feed: the hungry flames aſpire
Up to the Sails along the lofty maſt;
And catch the yards, with curling ſmoke imbrac't.
But when the Mother of the Gods beheld
Thoſe blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* fell'd:
Loud Shalms and Cymbals uſher'd her repair:
Who, drawn by bridled Lions through the air,
Thus ſaid: Thy wicked hands to ſmall effect,
O *Turnus*, violate what we protect.
Nor ſhall the greedy fire a part of thoſe
Tall woods devour, which ſheltred our repoſe.
With that ſhe thunders, pouring down amain
Thick ſtorms of skipping hail, and clouds of rain.
Th' *Aſtræan* Sons in ſwift concurſions join;
Toſſing the troubled air, and *Neptune*'s brine.
One ſhe imploies, whoſe ſpeed the reſt out-ſtrips;
That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,
And drave them under the high-ſwelling Floud.
The timber ſoftens, fleſh proceeds from wood,
The crooked Stern to heads and faces grows,
The Oars to ſwimming legs, fine feet, and toes;
What were their holds, to ſlender ſides are grown,
The lengthfull keel preſenting the back-bone;
The yards to arms, to hair the tackling grew:
As formerly, ſo now, their colour blue.
And they, but lately of their floods afraid;
Now in the floods, with Virgin paſtime, plai'd,
Theſe Sea-Nymphs, born on mountains, celebrate
The Seas, forgetfull of their former ſtate.
Yet weighing, what themſelves ſo oft endur'd
On high-wrought waves, oft ſinking ſhips ſecur'd;
Excepting ſuch, as *Grecians* carry: thoſe
They hate, yet mindfull of the *Trojan* woes.
Who ſaw *Ulyſſes* ſhips in ſurges quell'd
With pleaſed eyes; with pleaſed eyes beheld
Alcinous ſhip, in ſwiftneſs next to none,
Unmoveable; the wood transform'd to ſtone.
'Twas thought this wondrous prodigy would fright
The *Rutuli*, and make them ceaſe from fight.
Both parts perſiſt, both have their Gods to friend;
And Valour no leſs potent: nor contend
Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crown,
Nor dotal Kingdom; but for fair renown:

Aſham'd

Asham'd to lay their bruised arms aside,
Till death to conquest had the quarrel tri'd.
Venus her son victorious sees at length,
Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength
While *Turnus* stood, devour'd by barbarous flame,
In dying cinders buried. From the same
A Fowl, unknown to former ages, springs;
And fans the ashes with her hovering wings.
Pale colour, leanness, shrieking sounds of woe,
The image of a captive City show.
Who also still the Cities name retains:
And with self-beating wings of Fate complains.
And now *Æneas* vertues terminate
The wrath of Gods, and *Juno*'s ancient hate.
An opulent foundation having laid
For young *Iulus*, by his merit made
Now fit for Heaven: the Power, who rules in Love,
The Gods solicits; then, imbracing *Jove*:
O Father, never yet to me unkind;
Now O inlarge the bounty of thy mind:
A Deity, mean, so it a Deity be,
Æneas give; that art to him by me
A Grand-father: th' unamiable realms
Suffice it once t' have seen, and *Stygian* streams.
The Gods agree; nor *Juno*'s looks dissent,
Who with a chearfull freeness forward bent.
Then *Jove*; He well deserves a Deity:
Thy sute, fair Daughter, to thy wish enjoy.
She, joyfull, thanks returns: and through the air,
Drawn by her yoked Doves, lights on the bare
Laurentian shoars; where smooth *Numicius* creeps
Through whisp'ring reeds into the neighbour Deeps.
Who bids him from *Æneas* wash away
All unto death obnoxious, and convey
It silently to Seas. The horned Floud
Obeys; and what subsists by mortal food,
With water purg'd, and onely left behind
His better parts. His mother the refin'd
Anoints with sacred Odours, and his lips
In Nectar, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;
So deify'd: whom *Indiges Rome* calls;
Honour'd with altars, shrines, and festivals:
Two-nam'd *Ascanius Latium* then obey'd,
And *Alba*: next, the Scepter *Sylvius* sway'd.

His

His Son *Latinus* held that ancient name,
And crown. Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,
Succeeds. Then *Capis*. *Capetus*, his Son
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun
His reign; who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters, gave
Those streams his name: Who *Remulus* got, and brave
Soul'd *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slain
With thunder; Who the Thunderer durst feign.
More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne
To *Aventine*, upon the Mount whereon
He reign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retains.
Over the *Palatines* next *Procas* reigns.
Pomona flourisht in those times of ease:
Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
None fruitfull Hort-yards held in more repute;
Or took more care to propagate their fruit.
Whereof so nam'd. Nor streams, nor shady groves,
But trees producing generous burthens loves.
Her hand an hook, and not a javelin bare:
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare
Transcend their bounds: now slits the bark, the bud
Inserts; inforc'd to nurse anothers brood.
Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings
To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To loves unknown desires: yet to defend
Her self from rapefull Rurals, round about
Her Hort-yard wals; t' avoid, and keep them out.
What left the skipping *Satyres* unassay'd;
Rude *Pan*, whose horns Pine-bristled garlands shade;
Silenus, still more youthfull then his years;
Or he who theeves with hook and member fears,
To tast her sweetness; but far more then all
Vertumnus loves; yet were his hopes as small.
How often, like a painfull Reaper, came
Laden with weighty sheaves; and seem'd the same:
Oft wreaths of new-mow'd grass his brows array,
As though then exercis'd in making hay.
A goad now in his hardned hands he bears,
And newly seems to have un-yok'd his Steers.
Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hook
Corrects, and dresses; oft a Ladder took
To gather fruit: now with his sword the Cod
A Souldier seems; an Angler with his rod:

And various figures daily multiplies
To win acceſs, and pleaſe his longing eyes.
Now, with a ſtaff, an old-wife counterfeits;
On hoary hair a painted Miter ſets.
The Hort-yard entring, he admires the fair
And pleaſant fruits: So much, ſaid he, more rare
Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enjoy,
Hail ſpotleſs flower of Maiden chaſtity:
And kiſt the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,
(So innocent) that old-wives kiſt not ſo.
Then, ſitting on a bank, obſerveth how
The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow.
Hard by, an Elm with purple cluſters ſhin'd:
This praiſing, with the vine ſo cloſely join'd:
Yet, ſaith he, if this Elm ſhould grow alone,
Except for ſhade, it would be priz'd by none:
And ſo this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
If but diſ-join'd, would creep upon the ground.
Yet art not thou by ſuch examples led:
But ſhun'ſt the pleaſures of a happy bed.
I would thou wert: not *Helen* was ſo ſought,
Nor ſhe, for whom the luſtfull *Centaures* ſought,
As thou ſhouldſt be; no nor the wife of bold
Or cautelous *Ulyſſes*. Yet, behold
Though thou averſe to all, and all eſchue;
A thouſand men, Gods, Demi-gods, purſue
The conſtant Scorn, and every deathleſs Power
Which *Alba*'s high and ſhady hills imbower.
If thou art wiſe, and would'ſt well married be;
Or an old woman truſt, who, credit me,
Affects thee more then all the reſt, refuſe
Theſe common wooers, and *Vertumnus* chooſe.
Accept me for his gage; ſince ſo well none
Can know him; by himſelf not better known.
He is no wanderer; this his delight:
Nor loves, like common lovers, at firſt ſight.
Thou art the firſt, ſo thou the laſt ſhall be:
His life he onely dedicates to thee.
Beſides, his youth perpetual; excellent
His beauty; and all ſhapes can repreſent
Wiſh what you will, whatever hath a name:
Such ſhall you ſee him. Your delights, the ſame:
The firſt-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
Which joyfully he ſtill accepts from you.

But neither what these pregnant trees produce
He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant juice:
Nor ought, but onely You. O pity take:
And what I speak, suppose *Verumnus* spake.
Revengefull Gods, *Malin*, still severe
To such as slight her, and *Rhamnusia* fear,
The more to fright you from so foul a crime,
Receive (since much I know from aged Time)
A story, generally through *Cyprus* known;
To mollifie an heart more hard then stone.
Iphis, of humble birth, by chance did view
The high-born *Anaxarete*, who drew
Her bloud from *Teucer*. Seeing her, his eyes
Extracts a fire; wherein his bosom fries.
Long strugling, when no reason could reclaim
His fury, to her house the Suppliant came.
Now to her Nurse his wretched love displai'd;
And by her foster'd hopes implor'd her aid;
Now humbly sues to some of most repute
In her affection, to prefer his sute.
The pleading Wax his sad lines often bears,
Oft Myrtle garlands, sprinkled with his tears,
Hangs on the posts: on the hard threshold laid
His tender sides, his sighs the doors upbraid.
But she more cruel then the Seas, imbroil'd
With rising storms; more hard then Iron, boil'd
In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;
Disdains the lover, and his passion mocks.
Who to her froward deeds adds bitter words
Of no less scorn; nor hope to love affords.
Impatient of his torment, and her hate;
These words his last, he utters at her gate:
O *Anaxarete*, thou hast o're-come!
Nor shall my life be longer wearisome
To thy disdain. Triumph, O too unkind!
Sing *Pæans*, and thy brows with Laurel bind!
Thou hast o're-come; lo, willingly I die:
Proceed, and celebrate thy cruel joy.
Yet is there something in me, nevertheless,
That thou wilt praise; and my deserts confess.
Think how my love and life together left
My breast: at once of two clear lights bereft.
Nor rumour, but even I will death present
In such a form, as shall thy pride content;

But O you Gods, if you our actions see,
(This onely I implore) remember me!
Let after-ages celebrate my name:
And what you take from life, afford to fame.
Then heaves his meagre arms and watry eyes
To those known posts, oft crown'd with wreaths, and ties
An halter to the top. Such wreaths, he said,
Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!
Then, turning toward her, he forward sprung:
When by the neck th' unhappy Lover hung:
Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open fly
The sounding doors; and that sad deed descry.
The servants shriek; the Vainly-raised bore
T' his mothers house; his father dead before.
His breathless corps she in her bosom plac'd;
And in her arms his heatless limbs imbrac'd.
Lamenting long, as wofull parents use;
And having paid a wofull mothers due;
The mournfull Funeral through the City led:
And to prepared fires conveys the dead.
This sorrowfull Procession passing by
Her house, which bordered on the way, their cry
To th' ears of *Anaxarete* arrives:
Whom now stern *Nemesis* to ruine drives.
Wee'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:
And forthwith to the lofty window hies.
Whence, seeing *Iphis* on his fatal bed,
Her eyes grew stiff; bloud from her visage fled,
Usurpt by paleness. Striving to retire,
Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire
Divert her looks; the hardness of her heart
It self dilated into every part.
This *Salamis* yet keeps, to clear your doubt,
In *Venus* Temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.
Inform'd by this, O lovely Nymph, decline
Thy former pride, and to thy Lover join.
So may thy growing fruits survive the frost:
Nor ripening by the rapefull winds be lost.
When this the God, who can all shapes indue,
Had said in vain: again himself he grew:
Th' abilments of heatless age depos'd,
And such himself unto the Nymph disclos'd,
As when the Sun, subduing with his rays
The muffling clouds, his golden brow displays.

Who

Who force prepares: of force there was no need;
Struck with his beauty, mutually, they bleed.
Unjuſt *Amulius*, next th' *Auſonian* State
By ſtrength uſurpt. The Nephews to the late
Depoſed *Numitor*, him re-inthrone;
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feaſts, immur'd with ſtone.
Now *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* Sires to war.
Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates unbar,
To death with armlets preſt; her treaſons meed,
The *Sabine* Sires like ſilent Wolves proceed
T' invade their ſleeping ſons, and ſeek to ſeize
Upon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.
One *Juno* opens: though no noiſe at all
The hinges made; yet by the bars loud fall
To *Venus* known: who this had ſhut; but knew
That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undo.
Auſonian Nymphs the places bordering
To *Janus* held, inchaſed with a Spring
Their aid ſh' implores. The Nymphs could not deny
A ſute ſo juſt, but all their flouds untie.
As yet the Fane of *Janus* open ſtood:
Nor was their way impeached by the floud:
Beneath the fruitfull Spring they Sulphur turn;
Whoſe hollow veins with black Bitumen burn.
With theſe the vapours penetrate below;
And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* ſnow,
The fire it ſelf in fervour dare provoke;
Now both the poſts with flagrant moiſture ſmoke.
Theſe new-rais'd ſtreams the *Sabine* Power exclude,
Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their arms indu'd.
By *Romulus* then in battalia led:
The *Roman* fields the ſlaughtred *Sabines* ſpread;
Their own the *Romans*: Fathers, Sons-in-law,
With wicked ſteel, bloud from each other draw.
At length conclude a peace; nor would contend
Unto the laſt. Two Kings one throne aſcend
With equal rule. But noble *Tatius* ſlain,
Both Nations under *Romulus* remain.
When *Mars* laid by his ſhining caſk; and then
Thus ſpake unto the Sire of Gods, and men:
Now, Father, is the time (ſince *Rome* is grown
To ſuch a greatneſs, and depends on One)
To put in act thy never-failing word;
And *Romulus* an heavenly throne afford:

You, in a Synod of the Gods, profeſt
(Which ſtill I carry in my thankfull breaſt)
That one of mine (this O now ratifie!)
Should be advanc'd unto the ſtarry ſky.
Jove condeſcends: with clouds the day benights;
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the ſign of his aſſumption,
Leans on his Lance, and ſtrongly vaults upon
His bloudy chariot; laſhes his hot horſes
With ſounding whips, and their full ſpeed inforces;
Who, ſcouring down the airy region, ſtai'd
On fair mount *Palatine*, obſcur'd with ſhade:
There *Romulus* aſſumeth from his throne,
Rendring not King-like juſtice to his own.
Rapt through the air, his mortal members waſt,
Like melting bullets from a Slinger caſt:
More heavenly fair, more fit for lofty ſhrines;
Our great and ſcarlet rob'd *Quirinus* ſhines.
Then *Juno* to the ſaid *Herſilia*
(Loſt in her ſorrow) by a crooked way
Sent *Iris* to deliver this Command:
Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* Land;
Thy ſexes glory: worthy then, the vow
Of ſuch an husband, of *Quirinus* now;
Suppreſs thy tears. If thy deſire to ſee
Thy husband ſo exceed, then follow me
Unto thoſe woods which on mount *Quirin* ſpring;
And ſhade the Temple of the *Roman* King.
Iris obeys: and by her painted Bow
To earth deſcending, told *Herſilia* ſo.
When ſhe, ſcarce lifting up her modeſt eyes:
O Goddeſs (which of all the Deities
I know not; ſure a Goddeſs) thou clear light
Conduct me, O conduct me to the ſight
Of my dear Lord: which when the Fates ſhall ſhew;
They heaven on me, with all their gifts beſtow.
Then, with *Thaumantias*, entring the high
Romulian Hills, a Star ſhot from the ſky,
Whoſe golden beams inflam'd *Herſilia*'s hair:
When both together mount th' enlightned Air.
The builder of the *Roman* City took
Her in his arms, and forthwith chang'd her look;
To whom the name of *Ora* he aſſign'd.
This Goddeſs now is to *Quirinus* join'd.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Black ſtones convert to White. Pythagoras
In Ilium's *lingring war* Euphorbas *was.*
Of tranſmigrations, of the change of things,
And ſtrange effects, the learned Samian *ſings.*
Recur'd Hippolytus *is deify'd;*
Whom ſiſter Age, and name of Virbius *hide.*
Ægeria *thaws into a Spring. From Earth*
Prophetick Tages *takes his wondrous birth.*
A Spear a Tree. Grave Cippus *vertues ſhun*
The Crown, his horns preſent. Apollo's *Son*
Aſſumes a Serpent's ſhape. The Soul of War,
Great Cæſar, *ſlain, becomes a Blazing Star.*

MEan-while a man is ſought that might ſuſtain
So great a burthen, and ſucceed the reign
Of ſuch a King: when true Fore-ſhewing (Fame
To God-like *Numa* deſtinates the ſame.
He, with his *Sabine* rites unſatisfi'd,
To greater things his able mind appli'd
In Natures ſearch. Incited with theſe cares,
He leaves his Countrie *Cures*, and repairs
To *Croto*'s City: asks, what *Grecian* hand
Thoſe walls erected on *Italian* Land?
A Native then, in time and knowledge old,
Who much had heard and ſeen, this ſtory told;

Jove's son, enricht with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*
With happy steps: who, while his cattel fed
Upon the tender clover, entered
Heroick *Croto's* roof; a welcom Guest:
And his long travel recreates with rest.
Who said, departing; In the following age
A City here shall stand. A true presage.
There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*
Alemon's issue: in those times, no man
More by the Gods affected. He, who bears
The dreadfull Club, to him in sleep appears
And said: Be gone, thy Countreys bounds forsake;
To stony *Æsarus* thy journey take.
And threatens vengeance if he dis-obey.
The God and sleep together flew away.
He, rising, on the Vision meditates:
Which in his doubtfull Soul he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to go;
Death due to such as left their Countrey so.
Clear *Sol* in Seas his radiant fore-head vail'd,
Swart Night her brows exalts, with stars impal'd;
The self-same God the same command repeats:
And greater plagues to disobedience threats.
Afraid, he now prepares to change his own
For foreign seats. This through the City blown;
Accus'd for breach of Laws, arraign'd, and try'd;
They prove the fact, not by himself deni'd.
His hands and eyes then lifting to the sky:
O thou, whom twice Six Labours define;
Assist, that art the author of my crime!
White stones and black they us'd in former time;
The white acquit; the black the pris'ner cast:
And in such sort this heavy sentence past.
Black stones all threw into the fatal Urn:
But all to white, turn'd out to number, turn.
Thus by *Alcides* power the sad Decree
Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.
Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,
With a full fore-wind crost th' *Ionian* Seas.
Lacedemonian Tarentum past,
Fair *Sybaris*, *Neæthus* running fast
By *Salentinum*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,
High *Temesis*, and strong *Japygia*:

Scarce

Scarce ſearching all that ſhoars Sea-beaten bound,
The fatal mouth of *Æſarus* out-found.
A Tomb, hard by, the ſacred bones inclos'd
Of famous *Croto*: here, as erſt impos'd,
Alemons ſon erects his City-walls:
Which of th' intombed he *Crotona* calls.
Of this Original, this City boaſts:
Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coaſts:
Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flie
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyranny;
Preferring voluntary baniſhment:
Though far from heaven, his mind's divine aſcent
Drew near the Gods: what Natures ſelf denies
To humane ſight, he ſaw with his Souls eies.
All apprehended in his ample breaſt,
And ſtudious cares; his knowledge he profeſt
To ſilent and admiring men, and taught
The Worlds original, paſt humane thought:
What Nature was, what God: the cauſe of things;
From whence the Snow, from whence the Lightning
Whether *Jove* thunder, or the winds, that take (ſprings;
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
What courſe the Stars obſerv'd; what-e're lay hid
From vulgar ſenſe: and firſt of all forbid
With ſlaughtred creatures to defile our boards:
In ſuch, though unbeliev'd, yet learned Words.
Forbear your ſelves, O Mortals, to pollute
With wicked food: fields ſmile with corn, ripe fruit
Weighs down their boughs: plump grapes their vines at-
There are ſweet herbs, and ſavory roots, which fire (tire;
May mollifie; milk, honey redolent
With flowers of thyme, thy palate to content:
The prodigal Earth abounds with gentle food;
Affording banquets without death or bloud.
Bruit beaſts with fleſh their rav'nous hunger cloy;
And yet not all; in paſtures horſes joy:
So flocks and herds. But thoſe whom Nature hath
Indu'd with cruelty, and ſalvage wrath
(Wolves, Bears, *Armenian* Tigers, Lions) in
Hot bloud delight. How horrible a Sin,
That intrails bleeding intrails ſhould intomb!
That greedy fleſh, by fleſh ſhould fat become!
While by one creatures death another lives!
Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, gives:

Can nothing pleaſe, unleſs thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fate renew?
Nor ſatiate the greedy luxury
Of thy rude paunch, except another die:
But that old Age, that innocent eſtate,
Which we the Golden call; was fortunate
In herbs, and fruits, her lips with bloud undi'd.
Then Fowl through air their wings in ſafety pli'd;
The Hare, then fearleſs, wandred o're the plain;
Nor Fiſh by their credulity were ta'ne.
Not trecherous, nor fearing trechery,
All liv'd ſecure. When he, who did envy
(What God ſo'ere it was) thoſe harmleſs cates,
And cramb'd his guts with fleſh; ſet ope the gates
To cruel Crimes, Firſt, Slaughter without harm
(I muſt confeſs) to Piety, did warm.
(Which might ſuffice) the reeking ſteel in bloud
Of ſalvage Beaſts, which made our lives their food:
Though kill'd; not to be eaten. Sin now more
Audacious; the firſt ſacrifice, the Boar
Was thought to merit death; who bladed corn
Up-rooting, left the husbandman forlorn.
Vine-brouzing Goats at *Bacchus* altar ſlain,
Fed his revenge: in both, their guilt their bane.
You ſheep, what ill did you? a gentle beaſt,
Whoſe udders ſwell with *Nectar*, born t'inveſt
Expoſed man with your ſoft wool: and are
Alive, then dead, more profitable far.
Or what the Ox? a creature without guile,
So innocent, ſo ſimple; born for toil.
He moſt ungratefull is, deſerving ill
The gift of corn; that can un-yoke, then kill
His painfull Hind: that neck with ax to wound
In ſervice gall'd, that had the ſtubborn ground
So often till'd; ſo many crops brought in.
Yet not content therewith, t'aſcribe the ſin
To guiltleſs Gods: as if the Powers on high
In death of labour-bearing Oxen joy.
A ſpotleſs ſacrifice, fair to behold,
('Tis death to pleaſe) with ribbands trickt, and gold,
Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unknown!
And ſees the meal upon his fore-head thrown,
Got by his toil: the knife ſmear'd in his gore,
By fortune in the Layer ſeen before.

The

The entrals, from the panting body rent,
Forthwith they ſearch, to know the Gods intent.
Whence ſprings ſo dire an appetite in man
To interdicted food? O mortals, can,
Or dare you feed on fleſh? henceforth forbear,
I you intreat, and to my words give ear:
When limbs of ſlaughtered Beeves become your meat;
Then think, and know, that you your ſervants eat.
Phœbus inſpires; his Spirit we obey:
My *Delphos*, heaven it ſelf, I will diſplay;
The Oracle of that great Power unfold:
And ſing what long lay hid; what none of old
Could apprehend. I long to walk among
The lofty ſtars: dull earth deſpis'd, I long
To back the clouds; to ſit on *Atlas* crown:
And from that height on erring men look down
That reaſon want: thoſe thus to animate
That fear to die; t' unfold the book of Fate:
O you, whom horrours of cold death affright;
Why fear you *Styx*, vain names, and endleſs Night;
The dreams of Poets, and feign'd miſeries
Of forged Hell? Whether laſt flames ſurprize,
Or Age devour your bodies; they nor grieve,
Nor ſuffer pains. Our Souls for ever live:
Yet evermore their ancient houſes leave
To live in new; which them, as Gueſts, receive.
In *Trojan* wars, (I do remember well)
Euphorbas was *Panthous* ſon; and fell
By *Menelaus* Lance: my ſhield again
At *Argos* late I ſaw, in *Juno*'s Fane
All altar, nothing finally decays:
Hither and thither ſtill the Spirit ſtrays;
Gueſt to all Bodies: out of beaſts it flies
To men, from men to beaſts; and never dies.
As pliant wax each new impreſſion takes;
Fixt to no form, but ſtill the old forſakes;
Yet it the ſame: ſo ſouls the ſame abide,
Though various figures their reception hide.
Then leſt thy greedy belly ſhould deſtroy
(I propheſie) depreſſed Piety,
Forbear t' expulſe thy kindreds Ghoſts with food
By death procur'd, nor nouriſh blood with blood.
Since on ſo vaſt a Sea, my Sails unfurl'd,
And ſtretcht to riſing winds; in all the World

There's

There's nothing permanent; all ebb and flow:
Each image form'd to wander to and fro.
Even time, with restless motion slides away
Like living streams: nor can swift Rivers stay,
Nor light-heel'd Hours. As billow billow drives,
Driven by the following; as the next arrives
To chase the former: times so flie, pursue
At once each other; and are ever new:
What was before, is not; what was not, is:
All in a moment change from that to this.
See, how the Night on Light extends her shades:
See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades.
Nor such Heav'ns hue, when Midnight crowns repose,
As when bright *Lucifer* his taper shows:
Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
Th'enlightned World resigns to *Phœbus* sway.
His raised Shield, Earths shadow scarcely fled,
Looks ruddy; and low-sinking, looks as red,
Yet bright at Noon; because that purer skie
Doth far from Earth, and her contagion flie.
Nor can Night-wandring *Dian*'s wavering light
Be ever equal, or the same: this night
Less then the following, if her horns she fill;
If she contract her Circle, greater still.
Doth not the image of our age appear
In the successive quarters of the year?
The Spring-tide, tender-sucking infancy
Resembling: then *the juicefull* blade sprouts high;
Though tender, weak; yet hope to plough-men yields:
All things then flourish: flowers the gaudy fields
With colours paint: no virtue yet in leaves.
Then following Summer greater strength receives:
A lusty Youth: no age more strength acquires,
More fruitfull, or more burning in desires.
Maturer Autumn, heat of Youth allay'd,
The sober mean 'twixt youth and age, more stai'd
And temperate, in Summers wane repairs:
His reverent temples sprinkled with gray hairs.
Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
With trembling steps; his head or bald or white:
So change our bodies without rest or stay.
What we were yesterday, nor what to day,
Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men
The seeds and hope; the womb our mansion when:

Kind

Kind Nature ſhew'd her cunning; not content
That our vext bodies ſhould be longer pent
In mothers ſtretched intrails, forthwith bare
Them from that priſon, to the open air.
We ſtrengthleſs lie, when firſt of light poſſeſt;
Straight creep upon all four, much like a Beaſt:
Then, ſtaggering with weak nerves, ſtand by degrees,
And by ſome ſtay ſupport our feeble knees:
Now, luſty, ſwiftly run. Our Youth then paſt,
And thoſe our milder times, we poſt in haſt
To inevitable Age: this laſt devours
The former, and demoliſheth their powers.
Old *Milo* wept when he his arms beheld,
Which late the ſtrongeſt beaſt in ſtrength excell'd,
Big, as *Alcides* brawns, in flaggy hide
Now hanging by ſlack ſinews: *Helen* cri'd
When ſhe beheld her wrinkles in her Glaſs;
And asks her ſelf why ſhe twice raviſht was.
Stil-eating Time, and thou O envious Age,
All ruinate: diminiſht by the rage
Of your devouring teeth. All that have breath
Conſume, and languiſh by a lingring death.
Nor can theſe Elements ſtand at a ſtay:
But by exchanging alter every day.
Th'eternal World four bodies comprehends,
Ingendring all. The heavy Earth deſcends
To Water, clog'd with weight: to light, aſpire,
Depreſt by none; pure Air, and purer Fire.
And though they have their ſeveral ſeats; yet all
Of theſe are made, to theſe again they fall.
Reſolved Earth to Water rarifies;
To Air extenuated Waters riſe;
The Air, when it it ſelf again refines
To elemental Fire extracted, ſhines.
They in like order back again repair:
The groſſer Fire condenſeth into Air;
Air into Water: Water thickning, then
Grows ſolid, and converts to Earth agen.
None holds his own: for Nature ever joys
In changes, and with new form the old ſupplies.
In all the World not any periſh quite:
But onely are in various habits dight.
For, to begin to be, what we before
Were not, is to be born; to die, no more.

Then

Then ceasing to be such: although the frame
Be changeable, the substance is the same,
For nothing long continues in one mold.
You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold;
To Brass from Silver; and to Iron from Brass.
Even places of such change of fortunes pass:
Where once was solid Land, Seas have I seen;
And solid Land, where once deep Seas have been.
Shells, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
And anchors have on mountain tops been found.
Torrents have made a valley of a plain;
High hills by deluges born to the Main
Deep standing lakes suckt dry by thirsty sand;
And on late thirsty earth now lakes do stand.
Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
Sends forth new fountains; there shuts up the old.
Streams, with impetuous earth-quakes, heretofore
Have broken forth; or sunk, and run no more.
So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,
Takes in another world his second birth.
So *Erasinus*, now is hid, now yields
His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.
And *Mysus*, his first head and banks disclaim'd,
Elsewhere ascends, and is *Caicus* nam'd.
Cool *Amasenus* watering *Sicily*,
Now fills his banks, now leaves his channel dry.
Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* streams:
Not to be drunk (if any thing by dreams
The Poets tell) since *Centaurs* therein washt
Their wounds, by great *Alcides* arrows gasht.
So *Hypanis* deriv'd from *Scythian* hills,
Long sweet, with bitter streams his channel fills.
Antissa, *Tyrus*, and *Ægyptian Phare*,
The floods imbrac't: yet now no Islands are.
Th' old Planter knew *Lucadia* Continent:
Which now the Sea hath from *Epirus* rent:
So *Zancle* once in *Italy* confin'd;
Till interposing waves their bounds dis-join'd.
If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Grecian* Towns)
You seek; behold, the Sea their glory drowns:
Whose buildings, and declined walls, below
Th' ambitious flood as yet the Sailers show.
An Hill by *Pythean Trœzen* mounts, uncrown'd
With sylvan shades, which once was level ground.

For

For furious winds (a ſtory to admire)
Pent in blind caverns, ſtruggling to expire;
And vainly ſeeking to enjoy th' extent
Of freer air, the priſon wanting vent;
Puffs up the hollow earth extended ſo,
As when with ſwelling breath we bladders blow.
The tumor of the place remained ſtill,
In time grown ſolid, like a lofty hill.
To ſpeak a little more of many things,
Both heard and known; New habits ſundry Springs
Now give, now take. Horn'd *Hammons* at high Noon
Is cold; hot at Sun-riſe, and ſetting Sun.
Wood, put in bubling *Athamas* is fir'd,
The Moon then fartheſt from the Sun retir'd:
Ciconian ſtreams congeal his guts to ſtone
That thereof drinks: and what therein is thrown.
Crathis, and *Cybaris* (from your mountains told)
Colour the hair like Amber, or pure Gold.
Some Fountains, of a more prodigious kind,
Not onely change the body, but the mind.
Who hath not heard of obſcene *Salmacis*?
Of th' *Æthiopian* Lake? for who of this,
But onely taſt, their wits no longer keep,
Or forthwith fall into a deadly ſleep.
Who at *Critorius* Fountain thirſt remove;
Loath wine, and abſtinent, meer water love.
Whether it by antipathy expel
Deſire of wine; or (as the Natives tell)
Melampus having with his herbs and charms,
Snatcht *Fratus* frantick daughters from the harms
Of entred Furies, their wits phyſick caſt
Into this Spring; infuſing ſuch diſtaſt.
With ſtreams to theſe oppos'd, *Lynceſtas* flows:
They reel, as drunk, who drink too much of thoſe.
A Lake in fair *Arcadia* ſtands of old,
Call'd *Phenem*; ſuſpected, as two-fold:
Fear, and forbear, to drink thereof by night:
By night unwholeſome, wholeſom by day-light.
So other lakes and ſtreams have other power.
Ortygia floated once, fixt at this hour:
Once *Argo* fear'd the juſtling *Cyanei*;
Which rooted now, reſiſt both winds and Seas.
Nor *Ætna*, burning with embowel'd fire,
Shall ever, or did alwaies, flames expire.

For

For whether *Tellus* be an Animal,
Have lungs, and mouths that smoking fumes exhale;
Her organs alter, when her motions close
These yawning passages, and open those.
Or whether winds, in caves impris'ned, rave;
Justling the stones, and minerals which have
The seed of fire, inkindled with their rage;
Their furious flames the falling winds assuage.
Or if Bitumen do the fire provoke;
Or Sulphur burning with more subtil smoke:
When Earth that food and oily nourishment
Withdraws, the matter by long feeding spent;
The hungry fire of sustenance bereft,
Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left.
In *Hyperborean Pallene* live
A People, if to fame we credit give,
Who, diving three times thrice in *Triton*'s lake,
Of fowl the feathers and the figure take:
The like they say the *Scythian* Witches do
With Magick Oils: incredible, though true,
If we may trust to trial: see you not
Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot?
Bury your slaughtred Steer (a thing in use)
And his corrupted bowels will produce
Flow'r-sucking Bees; who, like their parent slain,
Love labour, fields, and toil in hope of gain.
Hornets from buried horses take their birth.
Break off the Crabs bent claws, and in the earth
Bury the rest; a Scorpion without fail
From thence will creep, and menace with his tail.
The Caterpillars, who their cob-webs weave
On tender leaves (as Hinds from proof receive)
Convert to pois'nous Butterflies in time.
Green Frogs, ingendred by the seed of slime,
First without feet, then legs assume; now strong
And apt to swim, their hinder-parts more long
Then are their former, fram'd to skip and jump.
The Bears deformed birth is but a lump
Of living flesh: when licked by the Old,
It takes a form agreeing with the mold.
Who sees the Young of honey-bearing Bees
In their sexangular inclosure, sees
Their bodies limb-less: these unformed things
In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.

The

The ſtar-imbelliſht Fowl, which *Juno* loves
Jove's Armour-bearer, *Cytherea*'s Doves,
And birds of every kind; did we not know
Them hatcht of eggs, who would conjecture ſo?
Some think the pith of dead-men, Snakes becomes;
When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
Yet theſe from others do derive their birth.
One onely Fowl there is in all the Earth,
Call'd by th' *Aſſyrians* Phœnix, who the wane
Of age repairs, and ſows her ſelf again.
Nor feeds on grain nor herbs, but on the gum
Of Frankincenſe, and juicy Amomum.
Now, when her life five ages hath fullfill'd;
A neſt her horned beak and talons build
Upon the crownet of a trembling Palm:
This ſtrew'd with Caſſia, Spikenard, precious Balm,
Bruis'd Cinnamon, and Myrrh; thereon ſhe bends
Her body, and her age in Odours ends.
This breeding Corps a little Phœnix bears:
Which is it ſelf to live as many years.
Grown ſtrong; that load now able to transfer,
Her cradle, and her parents ſepulcher,
Devoutly carries to *Hyperion*'s town:
And on his flamy Altar lays it down.
If theſe be wonderfull, admire like ſtrange
Hyæni's, who their ſex ſo often change:
Thoſe foodleſs creatures, fed by air alone;
Who every colour, which they touch, put on.
The Lynx, firſt brought from conquered *India*
By vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot piſs, they ſay,
Congeals to ſtone. So Coral, which below
The Water is a limber weed, doth grow
Stone-hard, when toucht by air. But Day will end,
And *Phœbus* panting Steeds to Seas deſcend,
Before my ſcant Oration could purſue
All ſorts of ſhapes, that change their old for new.
For this we ſee in all is general,
Some Nations gather ſtrength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powerfull, which ſo proudly ſtood:
That could for ten years ſpend ſuch ſtreams of bloud;
For buildings, onely her old ruines ſhows;
For riches, tombs; which ſlaughtred Sires incloſe:
Sparta, *Mycenæ*, were of *Greece* the flowers;
So *Cecrop*'s City, and *Amphion*'s towers:

Now

Now glorious *Sparta* lies upon the ground;
Lofty *Mycenæ* hardly to be found.
Of *Oedipus* his *Thebes* what now remains,
Or of *Pandion*'s *Athens*, but their names?
Now fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardan*'s sons
Begins to rise, where yellow *Tyber* runs
From fountfull *Apennines*; and there the great
Foundation of so huge a fabrick seat.
This therefore shall by changing propagate,
And give the World an Head. Of such a fate
The Prophets have divin'd. And this of old,
As I remember, *Priams Helen* told
To sad *Æneas*, of all hope forlorn,
In sinking *Troy*'s eclipse. O Goddess-born,
If our *Apollo* can presage at all;
Troy, thou in safety, shalt not wholly fall,
Both fire and sword shall give thy virtue way:
Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt convey;
Untill thou find a Land, as yet unknown,
To *Troy* and thee, more friendly then thy own.
A City built by *Phrygians* I fore-see,
So great none ever was, is, or shall be.
Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth
Springs from *Iulus*, Sovereign of the Earth,
He, having rul'd the World, shall then ascend
Æthereal thrones, and heaven shall be his end.
This, I remember, with propbetick tongue,
Sage *Helen* to divine *Æneas* sung.
We joy to see our kindreds City grow;
The *Phrygian*'s happy in their over-throw.
But lest our heedless Steeds too far should range
From their proposed course; All suffer change:
The heavens themselves, what under them is found;
Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.
We, of the World apart, since we as well
Have Souls as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell:
To those, which may our parents Souls invest,
Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least:
Let us both safety and respect afford:
Nor heap their bowels on *Thyestes* boord.
How ill inur'd! to shed the bloud of man,
How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
Asunder cut the throat of Calves, and hears
The bellowing breeder with relentless ears,

Or silly Kids, which like poor infants cry,
Stick with his knife! or his voracity
Feed with the fowl he fed! O to what ill
Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill!
Let oxen till the ground and die with age:
Let sheep defend thee from the Winters rage:
Goats bring their udders to thy pail. Away
With nets, gins, snares, and arts that do betray:
Deceive not birds with lime, nor Deer inclose
With terrours, nor thy baits to fish expose.
The hurtfull kill: yet onely kill: nor eat
Defiling flesh, but feed on fitter meat.
With other, and the like Philosophy
Instructed, *Numa*, now return'd, was by
Th'intreating *Latins* crown'd. Taught by his Bride
The Nymph *Ægeria*, by the Muses guide,
Religion institutes, a People rude
And prone to war, with Laws and Peace indu'd.
His reign and age resign'd to funeral,
Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all
For *Numa* mourn. His wife the City fled:
Hid in *Aricia*'s Vale, the ground her bed,
The woods her throud, disturbs with groans and cries
Orestean, *Diana*'s sacrifice.
How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grove and Lake
Reprov'd her tears, and words of comfort spake!
How oft the *Thesean* Hero, Moderate
Thy sorrow, said! nor onely is thy fate
To be deplor'd: on worse misfortunes look,
And you will yours with greater patience brook.
Would mine were no example to appease
So sad a grief: yet mine your grief may ease.
Perhaps y'have heard of one *Hippolytus*,
By Step-dame's fraud, and father's credulous
Belief bequeath'd to death. Admire you may
That I am he, if credit, what I say:
Whom *Phædra* formerly solicited,
But vainly, to defile my fathers bed.
Fearing detection, or in that refus'd,
She turns the crime, and me of her accus'd.
My father, banishing the innocent,
Along with me his winged curses sent.
Toward *Pythean Trœzen* me my chariot bore:
And driving now by the *Corinthian* shoar,

The

The ſmooth Seas ſwell; a monſtrous billow roſe,
Which, rouling like a mountain, greater grows,
Then, bellowing, at the top aſunder rends:
When from the breach, breaſt-high, a Bull aſcends:
Who at his dreadfull mouth and noſtrils ſpouts
Part of the Sea. Fear all my followers routs:
But my afflicted mind was all this while
Unterrifi'd; intending my exile.
When the hot horſes ſtart, erect their ears:
With horrour rapt, and chaſed by their fears,
O're ragged rocks the totter'd chariot drew:
In vain I ſtrive their fury to ſubdue,
The bits all frotht with foam, with a'l my ſtrength
Pull the ſtretcht reins, I lying at full length:
Nor had their heady fright my ſtrength o're-gone,
Had not the fervent wheel, which rolls upon
The bearing Axletree, ruſht on a ſtump;
Which brake, and fell aſunder with that jump:
Thrown from my chariot, in the reins faſt bound,
My guts drag'd out alive, my ſinews wound
About the ſtump, my limbs in pieces hal'd;
Some ſtuck behind, ſome at the chariot trail'd;
My bones then breaking crackt, not any whole,
While I exhal'd my faint and weary Soul.
No part of all my partsyou could have found,
That might be known: for all was but one wound.
Now ſay, ſelf-torred Nymph, or can, or dare
You your calamities with ours compare?
I alſo ſaw thoſe Realms, to Day unknown:
And bath'd my wounds in ſmoking *Phlegeton*.
Had not *Apollo*'s Son imploi'd the aid
Of his great Art; I with the dead had ſtai'd.
But when by potent herbs, and *Paeon*'s skill,
I was reſtor'd, againſt ſtern *Pluto*'s will:
Left I, if ſeen, might envy have procur'd:
Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd:
And that, though ſeen, I might be hurt by none;
She added age, and left my face unknown.
Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet*;
Rejecting *Creet* and *Delos* as unmeet,
She plac'd me here. Nor would I ſhould retain
The memory of One by horſes ſlain:
But ſaid; Hence-forward *Virbius* be thy name
That wer't *Hippolytus*: though thou the ſame.

One

One of the leſſer Gods, here, in this Grove.
I *Cynthia* ſerve: preſerved by her love.
But others miſeries could not abate
Ægeria's ſorrows, nor prevent her fate.
Who, couched at the baſes of an hill,
Thaws into tears, that ſtream-like ran; untill
Apollo's ſiſter, pitying her woes,
Turn'd her t' a Spring; whoſe current ever flows.
The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd,
No leſs then when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd
Upon the fatal clod, that mov'd alone:
And for an humane ſhape, exchang'd its own.
With infant lips, what was but earth of late,
Reveal'd the myſteries of future fate:
Whom Natives *Tages* call'd. He firſt of all
Th' *Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befall.
Or when aſtoniſht *Romulus* of old
Did, on mount *Palatine*, his Launce behold
To flouriſh with green leaves: the fixed foot
Stood not on Steel, but on a living root.
Which, now no weapon, ſpreading arms diſplay'd,
And gave admirers unexpected ſhade.
Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid graſs
Beheld his horns, which his belief ſurpaſs.
Who lifting oft his fingers to his Brow,
Felt what before he ſaw: nor longer now
Condemns his ſight. Return'd with victory,
His eyes and horns erecting to the ſky:
You Gods, what e're theſe prodigies portend,
If proſperous, he ſaid, let them deſcend
On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be
Unfortunate, O let them fall on me.
An Altar then of living turf erects,
The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine injects,
And with the panting intrails of a beaſt
New ſlain, conſults, to know the Gods beheſt.
This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,
And ſaw therein endeavours that excel'd,
Although obſcure, he from the ſacrifice
To *Cippus* horns converts his ſteady eyes:
Hail King, to thee, and to thoſe horns of thine,
This place, and *Latian* towers, their rule reſign.
Delay not, enter thou the yielding gate.
Haſt, *Cippus*, haſt: ſuch is the Will of Fate.

Thou

Thou ſhalt be crown'd a King upon that day:
And ſafely an eternal Scepter ſway.
He, ſtarting back, from *Rome* diverts his face:
And ſaid, you Gods, far hence this Omen chaſe.
Better that I in baniſhment grow old,
Then me, a King, the Capitol behold.
Hiding his horns with leavy ornaments,
The people and grave Senate he convents,
Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,
And praying firſt (as was the cuſtom) ſaid:
Unleſs expel'd your City, here is one
Will be your King; though not by name, yet known
By his ſtrange horns. I heard the Augur ſay,
If once in *Rome*, you all ſhould him obey,
He might, unſtopt, have entred without fear:
But I withſtood; though none to me more near.
Be he, *Quirites*, into exile ſent:
Or, if he merit ſuch a puniſhment,
Bind him in heavy chains, and keep him ſure:
Or with the Tyrant's death your fears ſecure.
The troubled people ſuch a murmuring make;
As when far off the roaring ſurges rake
On ratling ſhoars; or when loud *Eurus* breaks
Through tufted Pines: then one diſtinctly ſpeaks
In this confuſion, asking, Which is he?
All ſeeking for the horns they could not ſee.
Cippus repli'd; 'Tis I for whom you look.
Then from his head, (with-held) his garland took;
And ſhew'd the horns which on his fore-head grew.
Not one but ſigh'd, and down his count'nance threw:
And thoſe clear brows (a thing beyond belief)
Adorn'd with merit, they behold with grief.
Nor ſuffer him his honour to debaſe:
But on his head a Laurel Garland place.
And ſince he his own entrance did withſtand:
The Nobles, in due favour, ſo much Land
To *Cippus* gave, as well two Oxen might
Round with a Plough from morning until night.
The monumental figure of his horns,
So much admir'd, the golden Poſts adorns.
Now Muſes, Goddeſſes of Verſe, relate
(You know, nor years your memory abate)
How *Æſculapius* in our City found
A Temple, by circumfluent *Tyber* bound.

A deadly

A deadly plague the *Latian* air defil'd:
Souls from their ſeats the pale diſeaſe exil'd.
Wearied with funerals, when phyſick fail'd;
Nor any humane induſtry prevail'd;
They ſeek celeſtial aid. To *Delphos* ſent,
Built in the round Earths navel, and preſent
Their prayers to *Phœbus*; that he would deſcend
To their relief, and give their woes an end.
His Temple, Laurel, and his Quiver ſhake:
Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod ſpake:
What here you ſeek, you nearer ſhould have ſought;
And ſeek it nearer yet. *Apollo* ought
Not now to cure you, but *Apollo*'s Seed.
Go with ſucceſs; and fetch my ſon with ſpeed.
The Senate having heard this Oracle,
The City ſearch, where *Phœbus* Son ſhould dwell:
The ſhoar of *Epidaure* the Legate ſeeks:
Their anchouring, h'intreats th'aſſembled *Greeks*
To ſend their God: who might th' *Auſonian* State
To health reſtore; and urg'd the charge of Fate.
They vary in opinion, ſome aſſent
To ſend this ſuccour; many, not content
To loſe their own in giving others aid,
Strive to retain him, and the reſt diſſwade.
While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light:
And Earth-born ſhadows cloth'd the world in Night.
The Health-giving God, in ſleep, appears to ſtand
As in his Fane: a ſtaff in his left hand;
And ſtroking with his right his reverend beard;
From his hope-rendring breaſt theſe words were heard:
Fear not, I come; my ſhape I will forſake:
View, and mark well this ſtaff-infolding Snake:
Such will I ſeem, yet ſhew of greater ſize;
So great as may a Deity comprize.
He with the Voice, with him and Voice away
Sleep flew: fled Sleep purſu'd by chearfull Day.
The ſtars now vanquiſht by the morning flame;
The doubtfull Nobles to the Temple came,
Intreat him by celeſtial ſigns to ſhew
Whether he were content to ſtay or go.
This hardly ſaid, the God in Serpents ſhroud,
His high creſt gold-like gliſtering, hiſt aloud.
His Statue, Altar, Gates, the Marble floor,
And golden roof, ſhook at th' approaching Pow'r.

He,

He, in his Fane, breast-high his body rais'd:
Rolling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
All tremble. The chast Priest, his tresles ty'd
With sacred fillet, knew the God, and cry'd,
'Tis he! 'tis he! all you that present are
Pray with your hearts and tongues: O heav'nly Fair,
Propitious prove to these who thee implore!
All that were there the present Power adore!
Reiterating what the Priest had said:
With heart and tongue the *Romans* also pray'd.
He, by the motion of his lofty crest,
And doubled hisses, signs to their request.
Then sliding down the polisht stairs, his look
Reverts on his old altars; now forsook:
Salutes his shrine, and Temple deckt with towers;
Then creeping on the ground, strewd with fresh flowers,
Indenteth through the City; stopping where
The Harbour is defended by a Peer.
The following troops, and those whose zeals assist
In honouring him, with gentle looks dismist.
He climbs th' *Ausonian* ship: which felt the weight,
And sunk with bearing of so great a fraight.
The joyfull *Romans* offering on the strand
A Bull to *Neptune*: anchor weigh, and land
Forsake with easie gales. Rais'd on his train,
He, leaning, looks upon the blue-wav'd Main.
Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* born,
They fell with *Italy* on the sixth morn.
Lacinian Juno's-Fane, *Scylæan* shoars,
Japygia past, they shun with nimble oars
Amphrysian rocks; *Ceraunian*, whether cleft;
Romeckium, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left;
Sicilian Straits o'recome, and wrackfull Seas;
Sail by the mansion of *Hippodates*:
By *Temesa*, in metals fruitfull; by
Leucosia, and the *Pæsian* Rosary.
Near *Capree*, and *Minerva*'s Fore-land row,
Surrentine hills, where wines so generous grow;
Heraclea, *Stabiæ*, *Naples* born to ease,
Cumæan Sibyls Temple: next to these,
Hot Baths; *Linternum*, sweet with Mastick flow'rs,
Vulturnus, who his sandy channel scours,
Sinuessa, swarming with white Snakes, ill-air'd,
Minturnæ, and where piety prepar'd

His

His Nurse a tomb: forthwith the mansion make
Of fell *Antiphates*; and the Lake-
Besieged *Trachar*: thence directly bore
To *Circe*'s Isle, and *Antium*'s solid shore.
The Sea now swelling high, this harbour holds
The Sail-wing'd ship. The God his wreaths unfolds;
And, with huge doublings, o're the yellow sand
Slides to his father's Temple on that strand:
Rough waves aswag'd the *Epidaurian* Guest
His fathers Altar leaves; to Seaward prest,
Slicing the sandy shore with rustling scales:
And, by her stern the ship ascending, sails:
Till he to *Castrum*, to *Lavina*'s name-
Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.
All hither throng; sons, daughters, mothers, sires;
The Nuns who keep the *Phrygian Vesta*'s fires,
With loud salutes of joy. On either side
The River, as the Vessel stems the tide,
Altars, with incense fed, the air perfume:
And knives from sacrifices heat assume.
Rome entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about
The lofty Mast; and from on high thrusts out
His glittering head, to chuse a fitting place.
The arms of *Tyber* do an Isle embrace,
Which equal stream from either bank divides;
Thither *Apollo*'s sacred Serpent slides,
Who now cœlestial shape assuming, finds
Their miseries, and health to all extends.
He here, a forreign Power, makes his abode.
In his own City *Cæsar* is a God.
Glorious in Peace and War: whom wars surcease
With triumphs crown'd, his government in peace.
Nor race of wonder with such quickness run;
More make a blazing Star, then his great Son.
For of all *Cæsars* acts, none may compare
With his adopting so divine an Heir.
For, was it more t'o'recome the *Brittish* Isle;
Fill the seven mouths of paper-bearing *Nile*
With conquering sails? *Numidian* rebelling
Cinyphian Juba, *Pontus* proudly swelling
In *Mithridates* to subject to *Rome*?
Meriting many, to triumph for some?
Then him beget, in whose dominion
The Gods so abundantly have favour'd man?
To the other they a Deity decreed?

That this might not from mortal birth proceed.
Which when fair *Venus* saw; and saw withal,
Conspiring weapons threat the High-Priests fall;
Her colour fled: to every God she met,
She said, behold, what snares for me are set!
To murther me in him how Treason strives;
Who onely of *Iulus* race survives!
Still must I undeserv'd afflictions bear!
How lately wounded by *Tydides* spear!
Now ill defended *Troy* again is lost:
My son *Æneas*, with long terrours tost
On wrathfull Seas, I saw descend to Hell!
Then war with *Turnus*; or, the truth to tell,
With *Juno* rather. How remember I
Old harms sustain'd in my posterity!
I, through this fear, all former fears forget.
Lo, they their wicked swords against me whet:
O help! restrain their furies! nor, for shame,
With th' High-Priests bloud extinguish *Vesta*'s flame.
Thus through all heav'n, her sorrows vainly speak;
And melt the Gods: who since they could not break
The ancient Sisters adamantine doom,
By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come.
Arms, clashing in the air with clouds o're-cast:
Terrible Trumpets, and the Cornet's blast,
Proclaim the murther: *Sol*'s afflicted look,
And pale eclipse, the World with terrour strook.
Oft, Meteors through the air their flames extend:
Oft, drops of bloud from purple clouds descend.
Black rust obscures dim *Lucifer*'s aspect:
And *Cynthia*'s chariot bloudy stains infect.
The *Stygian* Owl each where disturbs their sleep
With ominous screeches: Ivory Statues weep.
The sacred Groves resound with yelling cries,
And fearfull menaces. No sacrifice
The Gods appease: the headless inwards show
Signs of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Wo.
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
And holy Temples howl. From sad abodes
The Dead arise, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling, both with Earthquakes, and with fear.
These warnings of the Gods no changes wrought
In Fate, or Treason. Murd'rous swords were brought
Into the Temple: for no place might sort
With such a slaughter, but the sacred Court.

The

Then *Venus* ſmote her breaſt: who ſought to ſhrowd
And ſnatch him thence in that Æthereal cloud,
Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage convey'd:
And freed *Æneas* from *Tydides* blade.
Daughter, ſaid *Jove*, canſt thou reſiſt the doom
Of conquering Fates? Into their manſion come:
There ſhalt thou ſee Decrees that needs muſt paſs,
Writ in huge folds of ſolid ſteel and braſs,
Which ſafe, eternal, ever fixed there,
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine fear.
In laſting Adamant there maiſt thou read,
What ſhall to thy great Progeny ſucceed.
I read, remember well, and will relate
What may inform thee in ſucceeding fate.
He, whom thou ſtriv'ſt to ſave, his Race hath run
Of Time and Glory: whom thou, and his Son
Shall make in heav'n a God; on Earth, with pray'r
The Temples digniſi'd. His names great Heir
Alone his load ſhall bear; and ſtrongly ſhall
By our conduct revenge his Fathers fall.
By his good fortune *Mutina* ſhall ow
To him her peace: *Pharſalian* fields ſhall flow
With bloud; bloud twice *Philippi* ſhall imbrue:
On red *Sicilian* Seas he ſhall ſubdue
A mighty name. Th' *Ægyptian* Spouſe ſhall fall,
Ill truſting to her *Roman* General:
To make our ſtately *Capitol* obey
Her proud *Canopus*, ſhall in vain aſſay.
What need I of thoſe barbarous people tell,
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
He ſhall the habitable Earth command;
And ſtretch his Empire over Sea and Land.
Peace giv'n to Earth; he ſhall convert his care
To civil Rule, juſt Laws; and by his fair
Example virtue guide. Then looking to
The future times, and Nephews to enſue:
A Son ſhall bleſs him from an holy womb,
To him he ſhall reſign his name, and room.
Nor ſhall, till full of age, aſcend th' abodes
Of heav'nly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
Meanwhile from this ſlain corps his Soul convey
Unto the ſtars, and give it a clear Ray:
That *Julius* may with friendly influence
Shine on our Capitol and Court from thence.
This ſaid: inviſible fair *Venus* ſtood

Amid the Senate; from his corps, with bloud
Defil'd, her *Cæsar's* new-fled spirit bare
To heaven, nor suffer'd to resolve to air.
And, as in her soft bosom born, the might
Perceive it take a Power, and gather light,
When once let loose, it forthwith upward flew;
And after it long blazing tresses drew.
The radiant Star his Sons great acts beheld;
Out-shining his: and joy'd to be excell'd.
Though he would have his Fathers deeds prefer'd
Before his own: yet free-tongu'd Fame deter'd
By no commandment, yields th' avoided Bayes
To his clear brows; and but in this gain-saies:
So *Atreus* yields to *Agamemnon's* fame;
Ægeus so to *Theseus*: *Pelens* name
Stoops to *Achilles*. That I may confer
Th' illustrious to their equals, *Jupiter*
So *Saturn* tops. *Jove* rules the arched sky;
And triple world; the Earths vast Monarchy
T' *Augustus* bowes: both Fathers, and both sway.
You Gods, *Æneas* guides, who made your way
Through fire and sword; you Gods of men become;
Quirinus, Father of triumphant *Rome*;
Thou *Mars*, invincible *Quirinus* Sire,
Chast *Vesta*, with thy ever-burning fire,
Among Great *Cæsar's* Houshold-Gods inshrin'd;
Domestick *Phœbus*, with his *Vesta* join'd;
Thou *Jove* whom in *Tarpeian* towers we adore;
And You, all You, whom Poets may emplore:
Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,
Leaving the Earth, shall unto heav'n repair;
And favour those that seek to him by prayer.

And now the work is ended, which *Jove's* rage,
Nor fire, nor sword shall raze, nor eating Age.
Come when it will my deaths uncertain hour;
Which of this body onely hath a power:
Yet shall my better part transcend the skie;
And my immortal name shall never die.
For wheresoe're the *Roman* Eagles spred
Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read:
And, if we Poets true presages give,
I, in my Fame eternally shall live.

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